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THE CLAPHAM SECT, OR THE COTERIE
OF WILBERFORCE.

From the Edinburgh Review.

1. *The Life of Isaac Milner, D.D., F.R.S., Dean of Carlisle, President of Queen's College, and Professor of Mathematics in the University of Cambridge; comprising a portion of his Correspondence and other Writings, hitherto unpublished.* By his Niece, MARY MILNER. 8vo. London.
2. *Memoir of the Life and Correspondence of John Lord Teignmouth.* By his Son, LORD TEIGNMOUTH. 2 vols. 8vo. London: 1843.

IN one of those collections of Essays which have recently been detached from the main body of this Journal (we following herein the policy of Constantine and of Charlemagne, when dividing their otherwise too extensive Empires into distinct though associated sovereignties), there occur certain pleasant allusions, already rendered obscure by the lapse of time, to a religious sect or society, which, as it appears, was flourishing in this realm in the reign of George III. What subtle theories, what clouds of learned dust, might have been raised by future Bingham's, and Du Pins

yet unborn, to determine what was *The Patent Christianity*, and what *The Clapham Sect* of the nineteenth century, had not the fair and the noble authors before us appeared to dispel, or at least to mitigate, the darkness! Something, indeed, had been done aforesaid. The antiquities of Clapham, had they not been written in the *Britannia* of Mr. Lysons? Her beauties, had they not inspired the muse of Mr. Robins? But it was reserved for Mrs. Milner, and for Lord Teignmouth, to throw such light on her social and ecclesiastical state as will render our facetious colleague* intelligible to future generations. Treading in their steps, and aided by their information, it shall be our endeavor to clear up still more fully, for the benefit of ages yet to come, this passage in the ecclesiastical history of the age which has just passed away.

Though living amidst the throes of Empires, and the fall of Dynasties, men are not merely warriors and politicians. Even in such times they buy and sell, build and plant, marry and are given in marriage. And thus it happened, that during the war with revolutionary France, Henry Thornton, the then representative in Parliament

* The Rev. Sydney Smith.

of the borough of Southwark, having become a husband, became also the owner of a spacious mansion on the confines of the villa-cinctured common of Clapham.

It is difficult to consider the suburban retirement of a wealthy banker esthetically (as the Germans have it); but, in this instance, the intervention of William Pitt imparted some dignity to an occurrence otherwise so unpoetical. He dismissed for a moment his budgets and his subsidies, for the amusement of planning an oval saloon to be added to this newly purchased residence. It arose at his bidding, and yet remains, perhaps a solitary monument of the architectural skill of that imperial mind. Lofty and symmetrical, it was curiously wainscoted with books on every side, except where it opened on a far-extended lawn, reposing beneath the giant arms of aged elms and massive tulip trees.

Few of the designs of the great Minister were equally successful. Ere many years had elapsed, the chamber he had thus projected became the scene of enjoyments which, amidst his proudest triumphs, he might well have envied, and witnessed the growth of projects more majestic than any which ever engaged the deliberations of his Cabinet. For there, at the close of each succeeding day, drew together a group of playful children, and with them a knot of legislators, rehearsing, in sport or earnestly, some approaching debate; or travellers from distant lands; or circumnavigators of the worlds of literature and science; or the Pastor of the neighboring Church, whose look announced him as the channel through which benedictions passed to earth from heaven; and, not seldom, a youth who listened, while he seemed to read the book spread out before him. There also was still a matronly presence, controlling, animating, and harmonizing the elements of this little world, by a kindly spell, of which none could trace the working, though the charm was confessed by all. Dissolved in endless discourse, or rather in audible soliloquy, flowing from springs deep and inexhaustible, the lord of this well-peopled enclosure rejoiced over it with a contagious joy. In a few paces, indeed, he might traverse the whole extent of that patriarchal dominion. But within those narrow precincts were his Porch, his Studio, his Judgment-Seat, his Oratory, and 'the Church that was in his house,'—the reduced but not imperfect resemblance of that innumerable company which his Catholic spirit

embraced and loved, under all the varying forms which conceal their union from each other, and from the world. Discord never agitated that tranquil home; lassitude never brooded over it. Those demons quailed at the aspect of a man in whose heart peace had found a resting-place, though his intellect was incapable of repose.

Henry was the second son of John Thornton, a merchant renowned in his generation for a munificence more than princely, and commended to the reverence of posterity by the letters and the poetry of Cowper. The father was one of those rare men, in whom the desire to relieve distress assumes the form of a master passion; and if faith be due to tradition, he indulged it with a disdain, alternately ludicrous and sublime, of the good advice which the eccentric have to undergo from the judicious. Conscious of no aims but such as might invite the scrutiny of God and man, he pursued them after his own fearless fashion—yielding to every honest impulse, relishing a frolic when it fell in his way, choosing his associates in scorn of mere worldly precepts, and worshipping with any fellow-Christian whose heart beat in unison with his own, however inharmonious might be some of the articles of their respective creeds.

His son was the heir of his benevolence, but not of his peculiarities. If Lavater had been summoned to divine the occupation of Henry Thornton, he would probably have assigned to him the highest rank among the Judges of his native land. Brows capacious and serene, a scrutinizing eye, and lips slightly separated, as of one who listens and prepares to speak, were the true interpreters of the informing mind within. It was a countenance on which were graven the traces of an industry alike quiet and persevering, of a self-possession unassailable by any strong excitement, and of an understanding keen to detect, and comprehensive to reconcile distinctions. The judicial, like the poetical nature, is a birthright; and by that imprescriptible title he possessed it. Forensic debates were indeed beyond his province; but even in Westminster Hall, the noblest of her temples, Themis had no more devoted worshipper. To investigate the great controversies of his own and of all former times, was the chosen employment, to pronounce sentence in them the dear delight, of his leisure hours.

Nothing which fell within the range of his observation, escaped this curious in-

quiry. His own duties, motives, and habits, the characters of those whom he loved best, the intellectual resources and powers of his various friends and companions, the prepossessions, hereditary or conventional, to which he or they were subject, the maxims of society, the dogmas of the Church, the problems which were engaging the attention of Parliament or of political economists, and those which affected his own enterprises—all passed in review before him, and were all in their turn adjudicated with the grave impartiality which the keeper of the great seal is expected to exhibit. Truth, the foe of falsehood—truth, the antagonist of error—and truth, the exorcist of ambiguity—was the object of his supreme homage; and so reverential were the vows offered by him at her shrine, that he abjured the communion of those less earnest worshippers, who throw over her the veil of fiction, or place her in epigrammatic attitudes, or disguise her beneath the mask of wit or drollery. To contemplate truth in the purest light, and in her own fair proportions, he was content that she should be unadorned by any beauties but such as belong to her celestial nature, and are inseparable from it. Hence his disquisitions did not always escape the reproach of drought and tediousness, or avoided it only by the cheerful tone and pungent sense with which they were conducted. He had as little pretension to the colloquial eloquence as to the multifarious learning and transcendental revelations of Samuel Taylor Coleridge. Yet the pilgrimages to Clapham and to Highgate were made with rival zeal, and the relics brought back from each were regarded as of almost equal sanctity. If the philosophical poet dismissed his audience under the spell of theories compassing all knowledge, and of imagery peopling all space, the practical philosopher sent his hearers to their homes instructed in a doctrine, cheerful, genial, and active—a doctrine which taught them to be sociable and busy, to augment to the utmost of their power the joint stock of human happiness, and freely to take, and freely to enjoy, the share assigned to each by the conditions of that universal partnership. And well did the teacher illustrate his own maxims. The law of social duty, as expounded in his domestic academy, was never expounded more clearly or more impressively than by his habitual example.

Having inherited an estate, which, though not splendid, was enough for the

support of his commercial credit, he adjudged that it ought never to be increased by accumulation nor diminished by sumptuousness; and he lived and died in the rigid practice of this decision. In the division of his income between himself and the poor, the share he originally assigned to them was nearly six-sevenths of the whole; and as appeared after his death, from accounts kept with the most minute commercial accuracy, the amount expended by him in one of his earlier years, for the relief of distress, considerably exceeded nine thousand pounds. When he had become the head of a family, he reviewed this decree, and thenceforward regarded himself as trustee for the miserable, to the extent only of one-third of his whole expenditure. The same faithful record showed that the smallest annual payment ever made by him on this account, amounted to two thousand pounds. As a legislator, he had condemned the unequal pressure of the direct taxes on the rich and the poor; but instead of solacing his defeat with the narcotic of virtuous indignation combined with discreet parsimony, he silently raised his own contribution to the level of his speech. Tidings of the commercial failure of a near kinsman embarked him at once on an inquiry, how far he was obliged to indemnify those who might have given credit to his relative, in a reliance, however unauthorized, on his own resources; and again the coffers of the banker were unlocked by the astuteness of the casuist. A mercantile partnership (many a year has passed since the disclosure could injure or affect any one), which, without his knowledge, had obtained from his firm large and improvident advances, became so helplessly embarrassed, that their bankruptcy was pressed on him as the only chance of averting from his own house the most serious disasters. He overruled the proposal, on the ground that they whose rashness had given to their debtors an unmerited credit, had no right to call on others to divide with them the consequent loss. To the last farthing he therefore discharged the liabilities of the insolvents, at a cost of which his own share exceeded twenty thousand pounds. Yet he was then declining in health, and the father of nine young children. Enamored of truth, the living spirit of justice, he yielded the allegiance of the heart to justice, the outward form of truth. The law engraven on the tablet of his conscience, and executed by the ministry of his affections, was strictly interpreted

by his reason as the supreme earthly judge. Whatever might be his topic, or whatever his employment, he never laid aside the Ermine.

And yet, for more than thirty years, he was a member of the unreformed parliament, representing there that people, so few and singular, who dare to think, and speak, and act for themselves. He never gave one party vote, was never claimed as an adherent by any of the contending factions of his times, and, of course, neither won nor sought the favor of any. An impartial arbiter, whose suffrage was the honorable reward of superior reason, he sat apart and aloft, in a position which, though it provoked a splenetic sarcasm from Burke, commanded the respect even of those whom it rebuked.

To the great Whig doctrines of Peace, Reform, Economy, and Toleration, he lent all the authority of his name, and occasionally the aid of his voice. But he was an infrequent and unimpressive speaker, and sought to influence the measures of his day rather by the use of his pen, than by any participation in its rhetoric. His writings, moral, religious, and political, were voluminous, though destitute of any such mutual dependence as to unite them into one comprehensive system; or any such graces of execution as to obtain for them permanent acceptance. But in a domestic liturgy, composed for the use of his own family, and made public after his death, he encountered, with as much success as can attend it, the difficulty of finding thoughts and language meet to be addressed by the ephemeral dwellers on the earth to Him who inhabiteth eternity. It is simple, grave, weighty, and reverential; and forms a clear, though a faint and subdued, echo of the voice in which the Deity has revealed his sovereign will to man. That will he habitually studied, adored, and labored to adopt. Yet his piety was reserved and unobtrusive. Like the life-blood throbbing in every pulse and visiting every fibre, it was the latent though perennial source of his mental health and energy.

A peace, perfect and unbroken, seemed to possess him. His tribute of pain and sorrow was paid with a submission so tranquil, as sometimes to assume the appearance of a morbid insensibility. But his affections, unimpaired by lawless indulgence, and constant to their proper objects, were subject to a control to be acquired by no feebler discipline. Ills from without

assailed him, not as the gloomy ministers of vengeance, but as the necessary exercise of virtues not otherwise to be called into activity. They came as the salutary lessons of a father, not as the penal inflictions of a judge. Nor did the Father, to whom he so meekly bowed, see fit to lay on him those griefs, under the pressure of which the bravest stagger. He never witnessed the irruption of death into his domestic paradise, nor the rending asunder by sin, the parent of death, of the bonds of love and reverence which united to each other the inmates of that happy home—a home happy in his presence from whose lips no morose, or angry, or impatient word ever fell; on whose brow no cloud of anxiety or discontent was ever seen to rest. Surrounded to his latest hours by those whom it had been his chief delight to bless and to instruct, he bequeathed to them the recollection of a wise, a good, and a happy man; that so, if in future life a wider acquaintance with the world should chill the heart with the skepticism so often engendered by such knowledge, they might be reassured in the belief that human virtue is no vain illusion; but that, nurtured by the dews of heaven, it may expand into fertility and beauty, even in those fat places of the earth which romance disowns, and on which no poet's eye will condescend to rest.

A goodly heritage! yet to have transmitted it (if that were all) would, it must be confessed, be an insufficient title to a place amongst memorable men. Nor, except for what he accomplished as the associate of others, could that claim be reasonably preferred on behalf of Henry Thornton. Apart, and sustained only by his own resources, he would neither have undertaken, nor conceived, the more noble of those benevolent designs to which his life was devoted. Affectionate, but passionless—with a fine and indeed a fastidious taste, but destitute of all creative imagination—gifted rather with fortitude to endure calamity, than with courage to exult in the struggle with danger—a lover of mankind, but not an enthusiast in the cause of our common humanity—his serene and perspicacious spirit was never haunted by the visions, nor borne away by the resistless impulses, of which heroic natures, and they alone, are conscious. Well qualified to impart to the highest energies of others a wise direction and inflexible perseverance, he had to borrow from them the glowing

temperament which hopes against hope, and is wise in despite of prudence. He had not far or long to seek for such an alliance.

On the bright evening of a day which had run its course some thirty or forty summers ago, the usual groups had formed themselves in the library already celebrated. Addressing a nearer circle, might be heard above the unbusy hum the voice of the Prefector, investigating the characteristics of Seneca's morality perhaps; or, not improbably, the seizure of the Danish fleet; or, it might be, the various gradations of sanity as exhibited by Robert Hall or Joanna Southcote; when all pastimes were suspended, and all speculations put to flight, to welcome the approach of what seemed a dramatic procession, emerging from the deep foliage by which the further slopes of the now checkered lawn were overhung. In advance of the rest two noisy urchins were putting to no common test the philanthropy of a tall shaggy dog, their play-fellow, and the parental indulgence of the slight figure which followed them. Limbs scarcely stouter than those of Asmodeus, sustaining a torso as unlike as possible to that of Theseus, carried him along with the agility of an antelope, though under the weight of two coat-pockets, protuberant as the bags by which some learned brother of the coif announces and secures his rank as leader of his circuit. Grasping a pocket volume in one hand, he wielded in the other a spud, caught up in his progress through the garden, but instinct at his touch with more significance than a whole museum of horticultural instruments. At one instant, a staff on which he leant and listened to the projector at his elbow developing his plan for the better copping of ships' bottoms, at the next it became a wand, pointing out to a portly constituent from the Cloth Hall at Leeds some rich effect of the sunset; then a truncheon, beating time to the poetical reminiscences of a gentleman of the Wesleyan persuasion, looking painfully conscious of his best clothes and of his best behavior; and ere the sacred cadence had reached its close, a cutlass raised in mimic mutiny against the robust form of William Smith, who, as commodore of this ill-assorted squadron, was endeavoring to convoy them to their destined port. But little availed the sonorous word of command, or the heart-stirring laugh of the stout member for Norwich, to shape a straight course for the volatile representative of the

county of York, now fairly under the canvass of his own bright and joyous fancies. He moved in obedience to some impulse like that which prompts the wheelings of the swallow, or the dodgings of the barbel. But whether he advanced, or paused, or revolved, his steps were still measured by the ever-changeable music of his own rich voice, ranging over all the chords expressive of mirth and tenderness, of curiosity or surprise, of delight or of indignation *Eheu, fugaces!* Those elder forms are all now reposing beneath the clods of the valley; those playful boys are venerable dignitaries of the Church; and he who then seemed to read while he listened silently, is now, in the garrulity of declining years, telling old tales, and distorting, perhaps in the attempt to revive them, pictures which have long since been fading from the memory. But for that misgiving, how easy to depict the nearer approach of William Wilberforce, and of the tail by which, like some Gaelic Chief or Hibernian demagogue, he was attended! How easy to portray the joyous fusion of the noisy strollers across the lawn, with the quieter but not less happy assemblage which had watched and enjoyed their pantomime—to trace the confluence of the two streams of discourse, imparting grace and rapidity to the one, and depth and volume to the other—to paint the brightening aspect of the grave censor, as his own reveries were flashed back on him in picturesque forms and brilliant colors—or to delineate the subdued countenance of his mercurial associate, as he listened to profound contemplations on the capacities and the duties of man!

Of Mr Wilberforce, we have had occasion to write so recently, and so much at large, that though the Agamemnon of the host we celebrate—the very sun of the Claphamic system—we pause not now to describe him. His fair demesne was conterminous with that of Mr. Thornton; nor lacked there sunny banks, or sheltered shrubberies, where, in each change of season, they revolved the captivity under which man was groaning, and projected schemes for his deliverance. And although such conclaves might scarcely be convened except in the presence of these two, yet were they rarely held without the aid of others, especially of such as could readily find their way thither from the other quarters of the sacred village.

It is not permitted to any Coterie alto-

gether to escape the spirit of Coterie. Clapham Common, of course, thought itself the best of all possible commons. Such at least was the opinion of the less eminent of those who were entitled to house-bote and dinner-bote there. If the common was attacked, the whole homage was in a flame. If it was laughed at, there could be no remaining sense of decency amongst men. The commoners admired in each other the reflection of their own looks, and the echo of their own voices. A critical race, they drew many of their canons of criticism from books and talk of their own parentage; and for those on the outside of the pale, there might be, now and then, some failure of charity. Their festivities were not exhilarating. New faces, new topics, and a less liberal expenditure of wisdom immediately after dinner, would have improved them. Thus, even at Clapham, the discerning might perceive the imperfections of our common nature, and take up the lowly confession of the great Thomas Erskine—'After all, gentlemen, I am but a man.'

But if not more than men, they were not less. They had none of the intellectual coxcombry since so prevalent. They did not instil philosophic and political Neology into young ladies and officers of the Guards, through the gentle medium of the fashionable novel. They mourned over the ills inseparable from the progress of society, without shrieks or hysterics. They were not epicures for whose languid palates the sweets of the rich man's banquet must be seasoned with the acid of the poor man's discontent. Their philanthropy did not languish without the stimulant of satire; nor did it degenerate into a mere ballet of tender attitudes and sentimental pirouettes. Their philosophy was something better than an array of hard words. Their religion was something more than a collection of impalpable essences; too fine for analysis, and too delicate for use. It was a hardy, serviceable, fruit-bearing, and patrimonial religion.

They were the sons, by natural or spiritual birth, of men who, in the earlier days of Methodism, had shaken off the lethargy in which, till then, the Church of England had been entranced—of men, by whose agency the great evangelic doctrine of faith, emerging in its primeval splendor, had not only overpowered the contrary heresies, but had perhaps obscured some kindred truths. This earlier generation of the evangelic school had been too ingenuous, and

too confident in the divine reality of their cause, to heed much what hostility they might awaken. They had been content to pass for fools, in a world whose boasted wisdom they accounted folly. In their one central and all-pervading idea, they had found an influence hardly less than magical. They had esteemed it impossible to inculcate too emphatically, or too widely, that truth which Paul had proclaimed indifferently to the idolaters of Ephesus, the revellers of Corinth, the sophists of Athens, and the debauched citizens of sanguinary Rome.

Their sons adopted the same creed with equal sincerity, and undiminished earnestness, but with a far keener sense of the hinderances opposed to the indiscriminate and rude exhibition of it. Absolute as was the faith of Mr. Wilberforce and his associates, it was not possible that the system called 'Evangelical,' should be asserted by them in the blunt and uncompromising tone of their immediate predecessors. A more elaborate education, greater familiarity with the world and with human affairs, a deeper insight into science and history, with a far nicer discernment of mere conventional proprieties, had opened to them a range of thought, and had brought them into relations with society, of which their fathers were comparatively destitute. Positiveness, dogmatism, and an ignorant contempt of difficulties, may accompany the firmest convictions, but not the convictions of the firmest minds. The freedom with which the vessel swings at anchor, ascertains the soundness of her anchorage. To be conscious of the force of prejudice in ourselves and others, to feel the strength of the argument we resist, to know how to change places internally with our antagonists, to understand why it is that we provoke this scorn, disgust, or ridicule—and still to be unshaken, and still to adhere with fidelity to the standard we have chosen;—this is a triumph, to be won by those alone on whom is bestowed not merely the faith which overcomes the world, but the pure and peaceable wisdom which is from above.

And such were they whom the second generation of the Evangelical party acknowledged as their secular chiefs. They fell on days much unlike those which we, their children, have known—days less softened by the charities and courtesies, but less enervated by the frivolities of life. Since the fall of the Roman republic, there

had not arisen within the bosom, and armed with the weapons, of civilization itself, a power so full of menace to the civilized world as that which then overshadowed Europe. In the deep seriousness of that dark era, they of whom we speak looked back for analogies to that remote conflict of the nations; and drew evil auguries from the event of the wars which, from Sylla to Octavius, had dyed the earth with the blood of its inhabitants, to establish at length a military despotism—ruthless, godless, and abominable. But they also reverted to the advent, even at that age of lust and cruelty, of a power destined to wage successful war, not with any external or earthly potentate, but with the secret and internal spring of all this wretchedness and wrong—the power of love, incarnate though divine—of love exercised in toils and sufferings, and at length yielding up life itself, that from that sacrifice might germinate the seeds of a new and enduring life—the vital principle of man's social existence, of his individual strength, and of his immortal hopes.

And as, in that first age of Christianity, truth, and with it heavenly consolation, had been diffused, not alone or chiefly by the lifeless text, but by living messengers proclaiming and illustrating the renovating energy of the message intrusted to them; so to those who, at the commencement of this century, were anxiously watching the convulsions of their own age, it appeared that the sorrows of mankind would be best assuaged, and the march of evil most effectually stayed, by a humble imitation of that inspired example. They therefore formed themselves into a confederacy, carefully organized and fearlessly avowed, to send forth into all lands, but above all into their own, the two witnesses of the Church—Scripture and Tradition;—Scripture, to be interpreted by its divine Author to the devout worshippers—tradition, not of doctrinal tenets, but of that unextinguishable zeal, which, first kindled in the apostolic times, has not wanted either altars to receive, or attendant ministers to feed and propagate, the flame. Bibles, schools, missionaries, the circulation of evangelical books, and the training of evangelical clergymen, the possession of well attended pulpits, war through the press, and war in Parliament, against every form of injustice which either law or custom sanctioned—such were the forces by which they hoped to extend the kingdom of light, and to re-

sist the tyranny with which the earth was threatened.

Nor was it difficult to distinguish or to grapple with their antagonists. The slave trade was then brooding like a pestilence over Africa; that monster iniquity which fairly outstripped all abhorrence, and baffled all exaggeration—converting one quarter of this fair earth into the nearest possible resemblance of what we conceive of hell, reversing every law of Christ, and openly defying the vengeance of God. The formation of the holy league, of which we are the chroniclers, synchronized with that unhappy illness which, half a century ago, withdrew Thomas Clarkson from the strife to which he was set apart and consecrated; leaving his associates to pursue it during the twelve concluding years, unaided by his presence, but not without the aid of his example, his sympathy, and his prayers. They have all long since passed away, while he still lives (long may he live!) to enjoy honors and benedictions, for which the diadem of Napoleon, even if wreathed with the laurels of Goethe, would be a mean exchange. But, alas! it is not given to any one, not even to Thomas Clarkson, to enjoy a glory complete and unalloyed. Far from us be the attempt to pluck one leaf from the crown which rests on that time-honored head. But with truth there may be no compromise, and truth wrings from us the acknowledgment, that Thomas Clarkson never lived at Clapham. Not so that comrade in his holy war, whom, of all that served under the same banner, he seems to have loved the best. At the distance of a few bow-shots from the house of Henry Thornton, was the happy home in which dwelt Granville Sharpe; at once the abiding guest and the bosom friend of his more wealthy brothers. A critic, with the soul of a churchwarden, might indeed fasten on certain metes and bounds, hostile to the parochial claims of the family of Sharpe; but in the wider ken and more liberal judgment of the historian, the dignity of a true Claphamite is not to be refused to one whose evening walk and morning contemplations led him so easily and so often within the hallowed precincts.

Would that the days of Isaac Walton could have been prolonged to the time when Granville Sharpe was to be committed to the care of the biographers! His likeness from the easel of the good old Angler would have been drawn with an outline as correct and firm, and in colors as soft and as

transparent, as the portraits of Hooker or of Herbert, of Doane or of Watton. A narrative, no longer than the liturgy which they all so devoutly loved, would then have superseded the annals which now embalm his memory beneath that nonconforming prolixity which they all so devoutly hated.

The grandson of an Archbishop of York, the son of an Archdeacon of Northumberland, the father of a Prebendary of Durham, Granville Sharpe, descending to the rank from which Isaac Walton rose, was apprenticed to a linen-draper of the name of Halsey, a Quaker who kept his shop on Tower Hill. When the Quaker died, the indentures were transferred to a Presbyterian of the same craft. When the Presbyterian retired, they were made over to an Irish Papist. When the Papist quitted the trade, they passed to a fourth master, whom the apprentice reports to have had no religion at all. At one time a Socinian took up his abode at the draper's, and assaulted the faith of the young apprentice in the mysteries of the Trinity and the Atonement. Then a Jew came to lodge there, and contested with him the truth of Christianity itself. But blow from what quarter it might, the storm of controversy did but the more endear to him the shelter of his native nest, built for him by his forefathers, like that of the swallow of the Psalmist, in the courts and by the altar of his God. He studied Greek to wrestle with the Socinian—he acquired Hebrew to refute the Israelite—he learned to love the Quaker, to be kind to the Presbyterian, to pity the Atheist, and to endure the Roman Catholic. Charity (so he judged) was nurtured in his bosom by these early polemics, and the affectionate spirit which warmed to the last the current of his maturer thoughts, grew up, as he believed, within him, while alternately measuring crapes and muslins, and defending the faith against infidels and heretics.

The cares of the mercer's shop engaged no less than seven years of a life destined to be held in grateful remembrance as long as the language or the history of his native land shall be cultivated among men. The next eighteen were consumed in the equally obscure employment of a clerk in the office of Ordnance. Yet it was during this period that Granville Sharpe disclosed to others, and probably to himself, the nature, so singular and so lovely, which distinguished him—the most inflexible of human wills, united to the gentlest of human hearts—an almost audacious freedom of

thought, combined with profound reverence for hoar authority—a settled conviction of the wickedness of our race, tempered by an infantine credulity in the virtue of each separate member of it—a burning indignation against injustice and wrong, reconciled with pity and long-suffering towards the individual oppressor—all the sternness which Adam has bequeathed to his sons, wedded to all the tenderness which Eve has transmitted to her daughters.

As long as Granville Sharpe survived, it was too soon to proclaim that the age of chivalry was gone. The Ordnance clerk sat at his desk with a soul as distended as that of a Paladin bestriding his war-horse; and encountered with his pen such giants, hydras, and discourteous knights, as infested the world in the eighteenth century. He found the lineal representative of the Willoughbys de Parham in the person of a retired tradesman; and buried himself in pedigrees, feoffments, and sepulchral inscriptions, till he saw his friend enjoying his ancestral privileges among the peers of Parliament. He combated, on more than equal terms, the great Hebraist, Dr. Kennicott, in defence of Ezra's catalogue of the sacred vessels, chiefs, and families. He labored long, and with good success, to defeat an unjust grant made by the Treasury to Sir James Lowther, of the Forest of Inglewood, and the manor and castle of Carlisle. He waged a less fortunate war against the theatrical practice of either sex appearing in the habiliments of the other. He moved all the powers of his age, political and intellectual, to abolish the impressment of seamen, and wound up a dialogue, with Johnson, on the subject, by opposing the scriptural warning, 'woe to them that call evil good, and good evil,' to what he described as the 'plausible sophistry and important self-sufficiency' of the Sage. Presenting himself to the then Secretary of State, Lord Dartmouth, he denounced, with prophetic solemnity, the guilt of despoiling and exterminating in the Charib war that miserable remnant of the aboriginal race of the Antilles. As a citizen of London, he came to the rescue of Crosby, the Lord Mayor, in his struggle with the House of Commons. As a citizen of the world, he called on earth and heaven to stay the plagues of slavery and the slave-trade, and advocated the independence of America with such ardor as to sacrifice to it his own. Orders had reached his office to ship munitions of war to the revolted colonies. If

his hand had entered the account of such a cargo, it would have contracted in his eyes the stain of innocent blood. To avoid that pollution he resigned his place, and his means of subsistence, at a period of life when he could no longer hope to find any other lucrative employment. But he had brothers who loved and supported him; and his release from the fatigues of a subordinate office left him free to obey the impulses of his own brave spirit, as the avenger of the oppressed.

While yet a chronicler of gunpowder and small arms, a negro, abandoned to disease, had asked of him alms. Silver and gold he had none, but such as he had he gave him. He procured for the poor sufferer medical aid, and watched over him with affectionate care until his health was restored. The patient, once more become sleek and strong, was an object on which Barbadian eyes could not look without cupidity; and one Lisle, his former master, brought an action against Granville Sharpe for the illegal detention of his slave.—Three of the infallible doctors of the Church at Westminster—Yorke, Talbot, and Mansfield—favored the claim; and Blackstone, the great expositor of her traditions, hastened, at their bidding, to retract a heresy on this article of the faith into which his uninstructed reason had fallen. Not such the reverence paid by the hard-working clerk to the inward light which God had vouchsafed to him. He conned his entries, indeed, and transcribed his minutes all day long, just as if nothing had happened; but throughout two successive years he betook himself to his solitary chamber, there, night by night, to explore the original sources of the Law of England, in the hope that so he might be able to correct the authoritative dogmas of Chancellors and Judges. His inquiries closed with the firm conviction that, on this subject at least, these most learned persons were but shallow pretenders to learning. In three successive cases he struggled against them with various and doubtful success; when fortune, or, be it rather said, when Providence, threw in his way the negro Somerset.

For the vindication of the freedom of that man, followed a debate, ever memorable in legal history for the ability with which it was conducted;—for the first introduction to Westminster Hall of Francis Hargrave;—for the audacious assertion then made by Dunning, of the maxim, that a new brief will absolve an advocate from the disgrace

of publicly retracting any avowal however solemn, of any principle however sacred;—for the reluctant abandonment by Lord Mansfield of a long-cherished judicial error;—and for the recognition of a rule of law of such importance, as almost to justify the poets and rhetoricians in their subsequent embellishments of it;—but above all, memorable for the magnanimity of the prosecutor, who, though poor and dependent, and immersed in the duties of a toilsome calling, supplied the money, the leisure, the perseverance, and the learning, required for this great controversy—who, wholly forgetting himself in his object, had studiously concealed his connection with it, lest, perchance, a name so lowly should prejudice a cause so momentous—who, denying himself even the indulgence of attending the argument he had provoked, had circulated his own researches in the name, and as the work, of a plagiarist who had republished them—and who, mean as was his education, and humble as were his pursuits, had proved his superiority as a Jurist, on one main branch of the law of England, to some of the most illustrious Judges by whom that law had been administered.

Never was abolitionist more scathless than Granville Sharpe by the reproach to which their tribe has been exposed, of insensibility to all human sorrows, unless the hair be thick as wool, and the skin as black as ebony. His African clients may indeed have usurped a larger share of his attachment than the others; and of his countless schemes of beneficence, that which he loved the best was the settlement at Sierra Leone of a free colony, to serve as a *point-d'appui* in the future campaigns against the slave trade. But he may be quoted as an experimental proof of the infinite divisibility of the kindly affections. Much he wrote, and much he labored, to conciliate Great Britain and America; much to promote the diffusion of the Holy Scriptures; much to interpret the prophecies contained in them; much to refute the errors of the Socinians; much to sustain the cause of Grattan and the Irish volunteers; much to recommend reform in parliament; and much, it must be added, (for what is man in his best estate?) to dissuade the emancipation of the Catholics. Many also were the benevolent societies which he formed or fostered; and his publications, who can number? Their common aim was to advance the highest interests of man-

kind: but to none of them, with perhaps one exception, could the praise either of learning or of originality be justly given. For he possessed rather a great soul than a great understanding; and was less admirable for the extent of his resources, than for the earnest affection and the quiet energy with which he employed them.

Like all men of that cast of mind, his humor was gay and festive. Among the barges which floated on a summer evening by the villa of Pope, and the chateau of Horace Walpole, none was more constant or more joyous than that in which Granville Sharpe's harp or kettle-drum sustained the flute of one brother, the hautboy of another, and the melodious voices of their sisters. It was a concord of sweet sounds, typical, as it might seem, of the fraternal harmony which blessed their dwelling on the banks of that noble river. Much honest mirth gladdened that affectionate circle, and brother Granville's pencil could produce very passable caricatures when he laid aside his harp, fashioned, as he maintained, in exact imitation of that of the son of Jesse. To complete the resemblance, it was his delight, at the break of day, to sing to it one of the songs of Zion in his chamber—raised by many an intervening staircase far above the Temple gardens, where young students of those times would often pause in their morning stroll, to listen to the not unpleasing cadence, though the voice was broken by age, and the language was to them an unknown tongue.

On one of their number he condescended to bestow a regard—the memory of which would still warm the heart, even were it chilled by as many years as had then blanched that venerable head. The one might have passed for the grandson of the other; but they met with mutual pleasure, and conversed with a confidence not unlike that of equals. And yet, at this period, Granville Sharpe was passing into a state which, in a nature less active and benevolent than his, would have been nothing better than dotage. In him it assumed the form of a delirium, so calm, so busy, and giving birth to whims so kind-hearted, as often to remind his young associate of Isaac Walton's saying, that the very dreams of a good man are acceptable to God. To illustrate by examples the state of a mind thus hovering on the confines of wisdom and fatuity, may perhaps suggest the suspicion that the old man's infirmities were contagious; but even at that risk they shall be hazarded, for few

of the incidents of his more vigorous days delineate him so truly.

William Henry, the last Duke of Gloucester, (who possessed many virtues, and even considerable talents, which his feeble talk and manners concealed from his occasional associates,) had a great love for Granville Sharpe; and nothing could be more amiable than the intercourse between them, though the one could never for the moment forget that he was a prince of the blood-royal, and the other never for a moment remembered that he was bred up as a linen-draper's apprentice. Beneath the pompous bearing of the Guelph lay a basis of genuine humility, and the free carriage of the ex-clerk of Ordnance was but the natural expression of a lowliness unembarrassed by any desire of praise or dread of failure. A little too gracious, perhaps, yet full of benignity, was the aspect and the attitude of the Duke, when, at one of the many philanthropic assemblages held under his presidency, Granville Sharpe (it was no common occurrence) rose, and requested leave to speak. He had, he said, two schemes, which, if recommended by such advocates, must greatly reduce the sum of human misery. To bring to a close the calamities of Sierra Leone, he had prepared a law for introducing there King Alfred's frank pledge, a sovereign remedy for all such social wounds. At once to diminish the waste of human life in the Peninsula, and to aid the depressed workmen in England, he had devised a project for manufacturing portable woolpacks; under the shelter of which ever-ready intrenchments our troops might, without the least danger to themselves, mow down the ranks of the oppressors of Spain.

A politician, as well as a strategist, he sought and obtained an interview with Charles Fox, to whom he had advice of great urgency to give for conducting the affairs of Europe. If the ghost of Burke had appeared to lecture him, Fox could hardly have listened with greater astonishment, as his monitor, by the aid of the Little Horn in Daniel, explained the future policy of Napoleon and of the Czar. "The Little Horn! Mr. Sharpe, at length exclaimed the most amiable of men, what in the name of wonder do you mean by the Little Horn?" "See there," said the dejected interpreter of prophecy to his companion, as they retired from the Foreign Office—"See there the fallacy of reputation! Why, that man passes for a states-

man; and yet it is evident to me that he had never before so much as heard of the Little Horn!"

As his end drew nearer, he became less and less capable of seizing the distinction between the prophecies and the newspapers. It rained as heavily on the 18th of February, 1813, as on the afternoon when Isaac Walton met the future Bishop of Worcester at Bunhill Row, and found in the public-house which gave them shelter, that double blessing of good ale and good discourse which he has so piously commemorated. Not such is the fortune of the young Templar, who, in a storm at least as pitiless, met Granville Sharpe at the later epoch moving down Long Acre as nimbly as ever, with his calm thoughtful countenance raised gently upwards, as was usual with him—as though gazing on some object which it pleased him well to look upon. But his discourse, though delivered in a kind of shower-bath, to which his reverie made him insensible, was as characteristic, if not as wise, as that of the learned Sanderson. "You have heard," he began, "my young friend, of this scandalous proceeding of the Rabbi Ben Mendoli? No? Why, then, read this brief account of it which I have been publishing. About a year ago the Rabbi being then at Damascus, saw a great flame descend, and rest on one of the hills which surround the city. Soon after, he came to Gibraltar. There he discovered how completely that celestial phenomenon verified my interpretation of the words—'Arise, shine, for thy light is come,' &c.; and now he has the audacity not only to deny that he ever saw such a flame, but to declare that he never pretended to have seen it. Can you imagine a clearer fulfilment of the predicted blindness and obduracy of Israel before their restoration?"

That great event was to have taken place within a few months, when the still more awful event which happens to all living, removed this aged servant of God and man from the world of shadows to the world of light. To die at the precise moment when the vast prophetic drama was just reaching its sublime catastrophe, was a trial not easily borne, even by a faith so immovable as his. But death had no other sting for him. It awakened his pure spirit from the dreams which peopled it during the decay of his fleshly tabernacle; and if that change revealed to him that he had ill-interpreted many of the hard sentences of old, it gave

him the assurance that he had well divined the meaning of one immutable prophecy—the prophecy of a gracious welcome and an eternal reward to those who, discerning the brethren of their Redeemer in the hungry, the thirsty, the stranger, the naked, the sick, and the prisoner, should for His sake feed, and shelter, and clothe, and visit, and comfort them.

United in the bonds of that Christian charity, though wide as the poles asunder in theological opinions, were Granville Sharpe and William Smith; that other denizen of Clapham who has already crossed our path. He lived as if to show how much of the coarser duties of this busy world may be undertaken by a man of quick sensibility, without impairing the finer sense of the beautiful in nature and in art; and as if to prove how much a man of ardent benevolence may enjoy of this world's happiness, without any steeling of the heart to the wants and the calamities of others. When he had nearly completed fourscore years, he could still gratefully acknowledge that he had no remembrance of any bodily pain or illness; and that of the very numerous family of which he was the head, every member still lived to support and to gladden his old age. And yet, if he had gone mourning all his days, he could scarcely have acquired a more tender pity for the miserable, or have labored more habitually for their relief. It was his ill fortune to provoke the invective of Robert Southey, and the posthumous sneers of Walter Scott—the one resenting a too well merited reproach, the other indulging that hate of Whigs and Whiggery which, in that great mind, was sometimes stronger than the love of justice. The enmity even of such men he, however, might well endure, who possessed, not merely the attachment and confidence of Charles Fox and his followers, but the almost brotherly love of William Wilberforce, of Granville Sharpe, and of Thomas Clarkson. Of all their fellow-laborers, there was none more devoted to their cause, or whom they more entirely trusted. They, indeed, were all to a man *homousians*, and he a disciple of Belsham. But they judged that an erroneous opinion respecting the Redeemer's person would not deprive of his gracious approbation, and ought not to exclude from their own affectionate regards, a man in whom they daily saw a transcript, however imperfect, of the Redeemer's mercy and beneficence.

Thirty-seven years have rolled away since

these men met at Clapham in joy, and thanksgiving, and mutual gratulation, over the abolition of the African slave-trade. It was still either the dwelling-place, or the haunt, of almost every one of the more eminent supporters of that measure; and it may be that they exulted beyond the measure of sober reason in the prospects which that success had opened to them. Time has brought to light more than they knew or believed of the inveteracy of the evil; and of the impotency of law in a protracted contest with avarice. But time has also ascertained, that throughout the period assigned for the birth and death of a whole generation of mankind, there has been no proof, or reasonable suspicion, of so much as a single evasion of this law in any one of the transatlantic British colonies. Time has shown that to that law we may now confidently ascribe the deliverance of our own land from this blood-guiltiness for ever. Time has ascertained that the solemn practical assertion then made of the great principles of justice, was to be prolific of consequences, direct and indirect, of boundless magnitude. Time has enlisted on our side all the powers and all the suffrages of the earth: so that no one any longer attempts to erase the brand of murder from the brow of the slave-trader. Above all, time has shown that, in the extinction of the slave-trade, was involved, by slow but inevitable steps, the extinction of the slavery which it had created and sustained. This, also, was a result of which, as far as human agency is concerned, the mainsprings are to be found among that sect to which, having first given a name, we would now build up a monument.

It is with a trembling hand that we inscribe on that monument the name of Zachary Macaulay; for it is not without some misgiving lest pain should be inflicted on the living, while we pass, however reverently, over the half-extinguished ashes of the dead. The bosom shrines, erected in remembrance of them, may be yet more intolerably profaned by rude eulogy than by unmerited reproach, and the danger of such profanation is the more imminent when the judgment, though unbiassed by any ties of consanguinity, is not exempt from influences almost as kindly and as powerful. It is, however, an attempt which he who would write the sectarian history of Clapham could not wholly decline, without an error like that of omitting the name of Grotius in a sectarian history of the Armenians.

A few paces separate from each other,

in the church of Westminster, are three monuments, to which, in God's appointed time, will be added a fourth, to complete the sepulchral honors of those to whom our remotest posterity will ascribe the deliverance of mankind from the woes of the African slave-trade, and of colonial slavery. There is a yet more enduring temple, where, engraven by no human hands, abides a record, to be divulged in its season, of services to that cause, worthy to be commemorated with those of William Wilberforce, of Granville Sharpe, of Zachary Macaulay, and of Thomas Clarkson. But to that goodly fellowship the praise will be emphatically given. Thomas Clarkson is his own biographer, and pious hands have celebrated the labors of two of his colleagues. Of Mr. Macaulay no memorial has been made public, excepting that which has been engraved on his tomb in Westminster Abbey, by some eulogist less skilful than affectionate. It is no remediless omission, although it would require talents of the highest order, to exhibit a distinct and faithful image of a man whose peculiarity it was to conceal as far as possible his interior life, under the veil of his outward appearance. That his understanding was proof against sophistry, and his nerves against fear, were, indeed, conclusions to which a stranger arrived at the first interview with him. But what might be suggesting that expression of countenance, at once so earnest and so monotonous—by what manner of feelings those gestures, so uniformly firm and deliberate, were prompted—whence the constant traces of fatigue on those overhanging brows, and on that athletic though ungraceful figure—what might be the charm which excited among his chosen circle a faith approaching to superstition, and a love rising to enthusiasm, towards a man whose demeanor was so inanimate, if not austere?—it was a riddle of which neither Gall nor Lavater could have found the key. That much was passing within, which that ineloquent tongue and those taciturn features could not utter; that nature had compensated her other bounties by refusing him the means of a ready interchange of thought; and that he had won, without knowing how to court, the attachment of all who approached him closely—these were discoveries which the most casual acquaintance might make, but which they whom he honored with his intimacy, and they alone, could explain.

To them he appeared a man possessed by

one idea, and animated by one master passion—an idea so comprehensive, as to impart a profound interest to all which indicated its influence over him—a passion so benevolent, that the coldest heart could not withhold some sympathy from him who was the subject of it. Trained in the hardy habits of Scotland in ancient times, he had received from his father much instruction in theology, with some Latin and a little Greek, when not employed in cultivating his father's glebe at Cardross, on the northern bank of Clyde. While yet a boy, he had watched as the iron entered into the soul of the slaves, whose labors he was sent to superintend in Jamaica; and abandoning with abhorrence a pursuit which had promised him early wealth and distinction, he pondered the question—How shall the earth be delivered from this curse? Turning to Sierra Leone, he braved for many years that deadly climate, that he might aid in the erection and in the defence of what was then the one city of refuge for the Negro race; and as he saw the slave-trade crushing to the dust the adjacent tribes of Africa, he again pondered the question—How shall the earth be delivered from this curse?

That God had called him into being to wage war with this gigantic evil, became his immutable conviction. During forty successive years, he was ever burdened with this thought. It was the subject of his visions by day, and of his dreams by night. To give them reality, he labored as men labor for the honors of a profession, or for the subsistence of their children. The rising sun ever found him at his task. He went abroad but to advance it. His commerce, his studies, his friendships, his controversies, even his discourse in the bosom of his family, were all bent to the promotion of it. He edited voluminous periodical works; but whether theology, literature, or politics were the text, the design was still the same—to train the public mind to a detestation of the slave-trade and slavery. He attached himself to most of the religious and philanthropic societies of the age, that he might enlist them as associates, more or less declared, in his holy war. To multiply such allies, he called into existence one great association, and contributed largely to the establishment of another. In that service he sacrificed all that man may lawfully sacrifice—health, fortune, repose, favor, and celebrity. He died a poor man, though wealth was within his reach.

He pursued the contest to the end, though oppressed by such pains of body as strained to their utmost tension the self-sustaining powers of the soul. He devoted himself to the severest toil, amidst allurements to luxuriate in the delights of domestic and social intercourse, such as few indeed can have encountered. He silently permitted some to usurp his hardly-earned honors, that no selfish controversy might desecrate their common cause. He made no effort to obtain the praises of the world, though he had talents to command, and a temper peculiarly disposed to enjoy them. He drew on himself the poisoned shafts of calumny; and while feeling their sting as generous spirits alone can feel it, never turned a single step aside from his path to propitiate or to crush the slanderers.

They have long since fallen, or are soon to fall, into unhonored graves. His memory will be ever dear to those who hate injustice and revere the unostentatious consecration of a long life to the deliverance of the oppressed. It will be especially dear to the few who closely observed, and who can yet remember how that self-devotion became the poetical element of a mind not naturally imaginative; what deep significance it imparted to an aspect and a demeanor not otherwise impressive; what energy to a temper, which, if not so excited, might perhaps have been phlegmatic; what unity of design to a mind constitutionally discursive; and what dignity even to physical languor and suffering, contracted in such a service. They never can forget that the most implacable enemy of the tyrants of the plantation and the slave-ship, was the most indulgent and generous and constant of friends; that he spurned, as men should spurn, the mere pageantry of life, that he might use, as men should use, the means which life affords of advancing the happiness of mankind; that his earthward affections, active and all enduring as they were, could yet thrive without the support of human sympathy, because they were sustained by so abiding a sense of the Divine presence, and so absolute a submission to the Divine will, as raised him habitually to that higher region, where the reproach of man could not reach, and the praise of man might not presume to follow him.

Although to repeat a mournful acknowledgment, the tent of Thomas Clarkson was pitched elsewhere, yet throughout the slave-trade abolition war, the other chiefs who hailed him as the earliest, and as

among the mightiest of their host, kept their communications open by encamping in immediate vicinity to each other. Even to Lord Brougham the same station may, with poetical truth at least, be assigned by the Homer who shall hereafter sing these battles; for though at that period his London domicile was in the walks of the Inner Temple, yet might he not seldom be encountered in the less inviting walks which led him to the suburban councils of his brethren in command. There he formed or cemented attachments, of which no subsequent elevation of rank, or intoxicating triumph of genius, or agony of political strife, have ever rendered him forgetful. Of one of those denizens of Clapham he has published a sketch of which we avail ourselves, not as subscribing altogether to the accuracy of it, but as we can thus fill up, from the hand of so great a master, a part of our canvass which must have otherwise remained blank and colorless:—"Mr. Stephen was a person of great natural talents, which, if accidental circumstances had permitted him fully to cultivate, and early enough to bring into play upon the best scene of political exertion, the House of Commons, would have placed him high in the first rank of English orators. For he had, in an eminent degree, that strenuous firmness of purpose and glowing ardor of soul, which lies at the root of all eloquence: he was gifted with great industry, a retentive memory, an ingenuity which was rather apt to err by excess than by defect. His imagination was, besides, lively and powerful; little, certainly, under the chastening discipline of severe taste, but often enabling him to embody his own feelings and recollections with great distinctness of outline and strength of coloring. He enjoyed, moreover, great natural strength of constitution, and had as much courage as falls to the lot of most men. But having passed the most active part of his life in one of the West Indian colonies, where he followed the profession of a barrister, and having, after his return, addicted himself to the practice of a court which affords no scope at all for oratorical display, it happened to him, as it has to many other men of natural genius for rhetorical pursuits, that he neither gained the correct taste which the habit of frequenting refined society, and above all, addressing a refined auditory, can alone bestow, nor acquired the power of condensation, which is sure to be lost altogether by those who address hearers compelled to listen, like judges and

juries, instead of having to retain them by closeness of reasoning, or felicity of illustration.

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It must have struck all who heard him when, early in 1808, he entered parliament under the auspices of Mr. Perceval, that whatever defects he had, arose entirely from accidental circumstances, and not at all from intrinsic imperfections; nor could any one doubt that his late entrance upon parliamentary life, and his vehemence of temperament, alone kept him from the front rank of debaters, if not of eloquence itself. With Mr. Perceval, his friendship had been long and intimate. To this the similarity of their religious character mainly contributed; for Mr. Stephen was a distinguished member of the evangelical party to which the minister manifestly leant without belonging to it; and he was one whose pious sentiments and devotional habits occupied a very marked place in his whole scheme of life. No man has, however, a right to question, be it ever so slightly, his perfect sincerity. To this his blameless life bore the most irrefragable testimony. A warm and steady friend—a man of the strictest integrity and nicest sense of both honor and justice—in all the relations of private society wholly without a stain—though envy might well find whereon to perch, malice itself, in the exasperating discords of religious and civil controversy, never could descry a spot on which to fasten. Let us add the bright praise, and which sets at nought all lesser defects of mere taste, had he lived to read these latter lines, he would infinitely rather have had this sketch stained with all the darker shades of its critical matter, than been exalted, without these latter lines, to the level of Demosthenes or of Chatham, praised as the first of orators, or followed as the most brilliant of statesmen. His opinions upon political questions were clear and decided, taken up with the boldness, felt with the ardor, asserted with the determination, which marked his zealous and uncompromising spirit. Of all subjects, that of the slave-trade and slavery most engrossed his mind. His experience in the West Indies, his religious feelings, and his near connexion with Mr. Wilberforce, whose sister he married, all contributed to give this great question a peculiarly sacred aspect in his eyes; nor could he either avoid mixing it up with almost all other discussions, or prevent his views of its various relations from

influencing his sentiments on other matters of political discussion."*

The author of the preceding portrait enjoyed the happiness denied to the subject of it, not merely of witnessing, but of largely participating in, the last great act by which the labors borne by them in common, during so many preceding years, were consummated. It was a still more rare bounty of Providence, which reserved the abolition of slavery throughout the British Empire as a triumph for the statesman who, twenty-seven years before, had introduced into the House of Commons the first great act of tardy reparation to Africa. Crowned with honor and with length of days, to Lord Grey it has further been given, by the same benignant power, to watch, in the calm evening of life, the issues of the works of justice and of mercy which God raised him up to accomplish. With the evil omens, and with the too glowing anticipations of former times, he has been able to contrast the actual solution of this great practical enigma. He has lived to witness eleven years of unbroken tranquillity throughout countries where, before, a single year undisturbed by insurrection was almost unknown—the extinction of feuds apparently irreconcilable—positions full of danger in former wars, now converted into bulwarks of our national power—an equal administration of justice in the land of the slave-courts and the cart-whip—a loyal and happy peasantry, where the soil was so lately broken by the sullen hands of slaves—penury exchanged for abundance—a population, once cursed by a constant and rapid decay, now progressively increasing—Christian knowledge and Christian worship universally diffused among a people so lately debased by Pagan superstitions—and the conjugal duties, with all their attendant charities, held in due honor by those to whom laws, written in the English language, and sanctioned by the kings of England, had forbidden even the marriage vow. If, with these blessings, have also come diminished harvests of the cane and the coffee plant, even they who think that to export and to import are the two great ends of the social existence of mankind, have before them a bright and not very distant futurity. But he, under whose auspices the heavy yoke was at length broken, is contemplating, doubtless, with other and far higher thoughts, the in-

terests of the world, from which, at no remote period, the inexorable law of our existence must summon him away. In that prospect, so full of awe to the wisest and the best, he may well rejoice in the remembrance that, in conferring on him the capacity to discern and the heart to obey the supreme and immutable will, God enabled him to grasp the only clew by which the rulers of the world can be safely guided amidst the darkness and the intricacy of human affairs.

Such at least is the doctrine which, if Clapham could have claimed him for her own, Clapham would have instilled into that Great Minister of the British crown, to whom, more than to any other, she was prompt to offer her allegiance. Politics, however, in that microcosm, were rather cosmopolitan than national. Every human interest had its guardian, every region of the globe its representative. If the African continent and the Charibbean Archipelago were assigned to an indefatigable protectorate, New Holland was not forgotten, nor was British India without a patron.

It was the special charge of Mr. Grant, better known to the present generation by the celebrity of his sons, but regarded at the commencement of this century as the real ruler of the rulers of the east, the Director of the court of Directors. At Leadenhall Street he was celebrated for an integrity exercised by the severest trials; for an understanding large enough to embrace, without confusion, the entire range and the intricate combinations of their whole civil and military policy; and for nerves which set fatigue at defiance. At Clapham, his place of abode, he was hailed as a man whose piety, though ever active, was too profound for much speech; a praise to which, among their other glories, it was permitted to few of his neighbors there, to attain or aspire to. With the calm dignity of those spacious brows, and of that stately figure, it seemed impossible to reconcile the movement of any passion less pure than that which continually urged him to requite the tribute of India by a treasure, of which he who possessed it more largely than any other of the sons of men, has declared, that the merchandise of it is better than the merchandise of silver, and the gain thereof than fine gold. No less elevated topic (so judged the inquisitive vicinage) could be the subject of his discourse, as he traversed their gorse-covered common, attended by a youth, who, but for the fire of his eye,

* *Speeches of Henry Lord Brougham.* Vol. I. pp. 402-5.

and the occasional energy of his bearing, might have passed for some studious and sickly competitor for medals and prize poems. If such were the pursuits ascribed by Clapham to her occasional visitant, it is but a proof that even "patent Christianity" is no effectual safeguard against human fallibility.

Towards the middle of the last century, John Martyn of Truro was working with his hands in the mines near that town. He was a wise man, who, knowing the right use of leisure hours, employed them so as to qualify himself for higher and more lucrative pursuits; and who, knowing the right use of money, devoted his enlarged means to procure for his four children a liberal education. Henry, the younger of his sons, was accordingly entered at the University of Cambridge, where, in January 1801, he obtained the degree of bachelor of arts, with the honorary rank of senior wrangler. There also he became the disciple and, as he himself would have said, the convert of Charles Simeon. Under the counsels of that eminent teacher, the guidance of Mr. Wilberforce, and the active aid of Mr. Grant, he entered the East India Company's service as a chaplain. After a residence in Hindostan of about five years, he returned homewards through Persia in broken health. Pausing at Shiraz, he labored there during twelve months with the ardor of a man, who, distinctly perceiving the near approach of death, feared lest it should intercept the great work for which alone he desired to live. That work (the translation of the New Testament into Persian) at length accomplished, he resumed his way towards Constantinople, following his Mihmander (one Hassan Aga) at a gallop, nearly the whole distance from Tabriz to Tocat, under the rays of a burning sun, and the pressure of continual fever. On the 6th of October 1812, in the thirty-second year of his age, he brought the Journal of his life to a premature close, by inscribing in it the following words, while he sought a momentary repose under the shadow of some trees at the foot of the Caramanian mountains: "I sat in the orchard, and thought with sweet comfort and fear of God—in solitude, my companion, my friend, and comforter. Oh, when shall time give place to eternity! When shall appear that new heaven and new earth, wherein dwelleth righteousness and love! There shall in nowise enter any thing that defileth; none of that wickedness which has made

man worse than wild beasts; none of those corruptions which add still more to the miseries of mortality, shall be seen or heard of any more." Ten days afterwards those aspirations were fulfilled. His body was laid in the grave by the hands of strangers at Tocat, and to his disembodied spirit was revealed that awful vision, which it is given to the pure in heart, and to them alone, to contemplate.

Amidst all the discords which agitate the Church of England, her sons are unanimous in extolling the name of Henry Martyn. And with reason; for it is in fact the one heroic name which adorns her annals from the days of Elizabeth to our own. Her apostolic men, the Wesleys and Elliots and Brainerds of other times, either quitted or were cast out of her communion. Her *Acta Sanctorum* may be read from end to end with a dry eye and an unquickened pulse. Henry Martyn, the learned and the holy, translating the Scriptures in his solitary bungalow at Dinapore, or preaching to a congregation of five hundred beggars, or refuting the Mohammedan doctors at Shiraz, is the bright exception. It is not the less bright, because he was brought within the sphere of those secular influences which so often draw down our Anglican worthies from the Empyrean along which they would soar, to the levels, flat though fertile, on which they must depasture. There is no concealing the fact, that he annually received from the East India Company an ugly allowance of twelve hundred pounds; and though he would be neither just nor prudent who should ascribe to the attractive force of that stipend one hour of Henry Martyn's residence in the east, yet the ideal would be better without it. Oppressively conclusive as may be the arguments in favor of a well-endowed and punctually paid "Establishment," they have, after all, an unpleasant earthly savor. One would not like to discover that Polycarp, or Bernard, or Boniface, was waited on every quarter-day by a plump bag of coin from the public treasury. To receive a thousand rupees monthly from that source, was perhaps the duty, it certainly was not the fault, of Henry Martyn. Yet it was a misfortune, and had been better avoided if possible.

When Mackenzie was sketching his *Man of Feeling*, he could have desired no better model than Henry Martyn, the young and successful competitor for academical honors; a man born to love with ardor and to

hate with vehemence; amorous, irascible, ambitious, and vain; without one torpid nerve about him; aiming at universal excellence in science, in literature, in conversation, in horsemanship, and even in dress; not without some gay fancies, but more prone to austere and melancholy thoughts; patient of the most toilsome inquiries, though not wooing philosophy for her own sake; animated by the poetical temperament, though unvisited by any poetical inspiration; eager for enterprise, though thinking meanly of the rewards to which the adventurous aspire; uniting in himself, though as yet unable to concentrate or to harmonize them, many keen desires, many high powers, and much constitutional dejection—the chaotic materials of a great character, destined to combine, as the future events of life should determine, into no common forms, whether of beauty and delight, or of deformity and terror.

Among those events, the most momentous was his connection with Charles Siméon, and with such of his disciples as sought learning at Cambridge, and learned leisure at Clapham. A mind so beset by sympathies of every other kind, could not but be peculiarly susceptible to the contagion of opinion. From that circle he adopted, in all its unadorned simplicity, the system called Evangelical—that system of which (if Augustine, Luther, Calvin, Knox, and the writers of the English Homilies, may be credited) Christ himself was the author, and Paul the first and greatest interpreter.

Through shallow heads and voluble tongues such a creed (or indeed any creed) filtrates so easily, that, of the multitude who maintain it, comparatively few are aware of the conflict of their faith with the natural and unaided reason of mankind. Indeed he who makes such an avowal will hardly escape the charge of affectation or of impiety. Yet if any truth be clearly revealed, it is, that the apostolic doctrine was foolishness to the sages of this world. If any unrevealed truth be indisputable, it is, that such sages are at this day making, as they have ever made, ill-disguised efforts to escape the inferences with which their own admissions teem. Divine philosophy divorced from human science—celestial things stripped of the mitigating veils woven by man's wit and fancy to relieve them—form an abyss as impassable at Oxford now, as at Athens eighteen centuries ago. To Henry Martyn the gulf was visible, the

self-renunciation painful, the victory complete. His understanding embraced, and his heart reposed in the two comprehensive and ever germinating tenets of the school in which he studied. Regarding his own heart as corrupt, and his own reason as delusive, he exercised an unlimited affiance in the holiness and the wisdom of Him, in whose person the divine nature had been allied to the human, that, in the persons of his followers, the human might be allied to the divine.

Such was his religious theory—a theory which doctors may combat, or admit, or qualify, but in which the readers of Henry Martyn's biography, letters, and journals, cannot but acknowledge that he found the resting-place of all the impetuous appetencies of his mind, the spring of all his strange powers of activity and endurance. Prostrating his soul before the real, though the hidden Presence he adored, his doubts were silenced, his anxieties soothed, and every meaner passion hushed into repose. He pursued divine truth (as all who would succeed in that pursuit must pursue it,) by the will rather than the understanding; by sincerely and earnestly searching out the light which had come into the world, by still going after it when perceived, by following its slightest intimation with faith, with resignation, and with constancy, though the path it disclosed led him from his friends and the home of his youth, across wide oceans and burning deserts, amidst contumely and contention, with a wasted frame and an overburdened spirit. He rose to the sublime in character, neither by the power of his intellect, nor by the compass of his learning, nor by the subtlety, the range, or the beauty of his conceptions, (for in all these he was surpassed by many,) but by the copiousness and the force of the living fountains by which his spiritual life was nourished. Estranged from a world once too fondly loved, his well-tutored heart learned to look back with a calm though affectionate melancholy on its most bitter privations. Insatiable in the thirst for freedom, holiness, and peace, he maintained an ardor of devotion which might pass for an erotic delirium, when contrasted with the Sadducean frigidity of other worshippers. Regarding all the members of the great human family as his kindred in sorrow and exile, his zeal for their welfare partook more of the fervor of domestic affection, than of the kind but gentle warmth of a diffusive philanthropy. Elevated

in his own esteem by the consciousness of an intimate union with the Eternal Source of all virtue, the meek missionary of the cross exhibited no obscure resemblance to the unobtrusive dignity, the unfaltering purpose, and indestructible composure of Him by whom the cross was borne. The ill-disciplined desires of youth, now confined within one deep channel, flowed quickly onward towards one great consummation; nor was there any faculty of his soul, or any treasure of his accumulated knowledge, for which appropriate exercise was not found on the high enterprise to which he was devoted.

And yet nature, the great leveller, still asserting her rights even against those whose triumph over her might seem the most perfect, would not seldom extort a burst of passionate grief from the bosom of the holy Henry Martyn, when memory recalled the image of her to whom, in earlier days, the homage of his heart had been rendered. The writer of his life, embarrassed with the task of reconciling such an episode to the gravity befitting a hero so majestic, and a biography so solemn, has concealed this passage of his story beneath a veil, at once transparent enough to excite, and impervious enough to baffle curiosity. A form may be dimly distinguished of such witchery as to have subdued at the first interview, if not at the first casual glance, a spirit soaring above all the other attractions of this sublunary sphere. We can faintly trace the pathway, not always solitary, of the pious damsel, as she crossed the bare heaths of Cornwall on some errand of mercy, and listened, not unmoved, to a tremulous voice, pointing to those heights of devotion from which the speaker had descended to this lower worship. Then the shifting scene presents the figure—alas! so common—of a mother, prudent and inexorable, as if she had been involved in no romance of her own some brief twenty years before; and then appears the form (deliciously out of place) of the apostolic Charles Simeon, assuming, but assuming in vain, the tender intervenient office. In sickness and in sorrow, in watchings and in fastings, in toils and perils, and amidst the decay of all other earthly hopes, this human love blends so touchingly with his divine enthusiasm, that even from the life of Henry Martyn there can scarcely be drawn a more valuable truth, than that, in minds pure as his, there may dwell together in most harmonious concord, affections which a coarse,

low-toned, ascetic morality, would describe as distracting the heart between earth and heaven.

Yet it is a life pregnant with many other weighty truths. It was passed in an age when men whom genius itself could scarcely rescue from abhorrence, found in their constitutional sadness, real or fictitious, not merely an excuse for grovelling in the style of Epicurus, but even an apology for deifying their sensuality, pride, malignity, and worldly-mindedness, by hymns due only to those sacred influences, by which our better nature is sustained, in the warfare with its antagonist corruptions. Not such the gloom which brooded over the heart of Henry Martyn. It solicited no sympathy, was never betrayed into sullenness, and sought no unhallowed consolation. It assumed the form of a depressing consciousness of ill desert, mixed with fervent compassion for a world which he at once longed to quit and panted to improve. It was the sadness of an exile gazing wistfully towards his distant home, even while soothing the grief of his brethren while in captivity. It was a sadness akin to that which stole over the heart of his Master, while, pausing on the slope of the hills which stand round about Jerusalem, he wept over her crowded marts and cloud-capped pinnacles, hastening to a desolation already visible to that prescient eye, though hidden by the glare and tumult of life from the obdurate multitude below. It was a sadness soon to give place to an abiding serenity in the presence of that compassionate Being who had condescended to shed many bitter tears, that he might wipe away every tear from the eyes of his faithful followers.

Tidings of the death of Henry Martyn reached England during the Parliamentary debates on the renewal of the East India Company's charter; and gave new impetus to the zeal with which the friends and patrons of his youth were then contending for the establishment of an Episcopal see at Calcutta, and for the removal of all restraints on the diffusion of Christianity within its limits. In the roll of names most distinguished in that conflict, scarcely one can be found which does not also grace the calendar of Clapham. It was a cause emphatically Claphamic. John Venn, to whom the whole sect looked up as their pastor and spiritual guide, was at that time on his deathbed. He had been the projector, and one of the original founders, of the society for sending missionaries of the Anglican communion to

Africa and the East—a body which, under the name of the 'Church Missionary Society,' now commands a wider field of action, and a more princely revenue, than any Protestant association of the same character. To him who prompted the deeper meditations, partook the counsels, and stimulated the efforts of such disciples, some memorial should have been raised by a Church which to him, more than to any of her sons, is indebted for her most effective instrument for propagating her tenets and enlarging her borders. But, linked though that name was to the kindest and the holiest thoughts of so many of the wise and good, it must be passed over in this place with this transient notice; lest the reverence due to it should be impaired, as it certainly could not be strengthened, by a tribute in which might not unjustly rest some grave suspicion of partiality.

The shepherd was taken from his flock immediately after the success of the Parliamentary contest, and while their exultations, and the forebodings of their opponents, predicted the glorious or the disastrous results of Episcopacy, and of missions in India. At this distance of time, we know that these prophecies, whether of good or of evil, were uninspired. Neither Hindoos nor Musselmen have revolted on the discovery that their European sovereigns have a belief and a worship of their own, which they seriously prefer to the faith of Brama or of Mahomet. But neither has Benares yet ceased to number her pilgrims by myriads; nor is the Rammadan violated from dawn to sunset. These results can hardly have surprised those who derived their anticipations of the future from a careful survey of the past.

The power before which the temples of pagan Rome fell down, (like the mighty agencies of the material creation,) is a silent, invisible influence, obedient to no laws which human wisdom can explore; though, at length, manifesting its reality in results which the dullest observation cannot overlook. It works by searching out affinities in the elements of man's moral and social nature; by separating such as are incongruous, and by combining the rest into organic forms, animated by a common life. It works by the repulsive force of mutual antipathies, and by the plastic force of self-denying love; and exhibits its presence in the Christian system, as in its noblest form, and most complete development. And though the prolific energies of

this renovating power may often appear to slumber, and though, even when roused into activity, it operates but slowly and imperfectly, yet is it the one vital principle of this otherwise corrupt and corrupting world; and is not less the source of light and of order now, than when it brooded over the dark primitive chaos.

Thus earth's history is but as some incoherent rhapsody of wild joys and maddening sorrows, if not regarded as the progressive fulfilment of the Supreme Will, effected by the ministry, sometimes spontaneous, at other times reluctant, of other wills subordinate to the Supreme. And that passage of history which is to unfold the religious and intellectual regeneration of Hindostan, will, like the rest, delineate the strife, the reverses, and the long delay, which must precede and allay the final triumph. It will tell of men devoting themselves, in constancy and resignation, to labors of which they must never witness the recompense; and obeying every intimation of the good pleasure of God, even when appearing to have abandoned to their own weakness the champions of his truth. It will trace the path of the heralds of peace, illuminated amidst the deep surrounding darkness by the inward light of faith, and by the outward light which the inspired records throw on the state, the prospects, and the duties of man. And it will also tell of the restoration of those records to the supremacy, for which their Divine Author destined them, among his instruments for the renewal of the image impressed on his moral creation, at the first dawn of its existence.

To effect that restoration, became the chief design of the devout men whose wiser Anglo-Catholic sons are now calling their fathers fools. Of that folly the ecumenical seat was in the immediate vicinity of our suburban common, reflecting from her glassy pools the mansions by which she is begirt. From them came forth a majority of the first members of the governing body of the 'Bible Society,' its earliest ministers or secretaries, and, above all, the first and greatest of its Presidents—John Lord Teignmouth; to the commemoration of whose life are dedicated the volumes from which our devious course commenced, and to which it at length returns.

As Mr. Carlyle has it, he was a noticeable man. While Napoleon had been founding an Empire in Europe, he had been ruling an Empire in Asia. The greatest of com-

mercial corporations had made him their viceroy. The greatest of religious societies had made him their head. He was a man of letters too, and a man of hair-breadth escapes and strange adventures. He had been the friend of Sir William Jones, the associate of Warren Hastings, the adviser of Henry Dundas, and the choice of William Pitt, when he had a trust to confer, superior in splendor, perhaps in importance, to his own. So, at least, said the chronicles of those times, but his own appearance seemed to say the contrary. If the *fascies* had really once been borne before the quiet, everyday-looking gentleman who was to be seen walking with his children on Clapham Common, or holding petty sessions of the peace for the benefit of his neighbors there, then Clapham Common had totally misconceived what manner of men governors-general are. The idea of the common was as magnificent as that of a Lord Mayor in the mind of Martinus Scriblerus. But a glance at our Arungzebe, in the Clapham coach, was enough to dispel the illusion. How a man, who had sat on the Musnud of Calcutta, could now sit so patiently between Messrs. Smith and Brown of St Mildred's, Cornhill, and listen to them on the Paving Rate Question, with such genuine and good-humored interest, was a question which long exercised the faith and the tongues of the commoners, and which has ever since remained one of the dark problems of parochial history.

Lord Teignmouth was an estimable, accomplished, and religious man, on whom Providence bestowed extraordinary gifts of fortune, without any extraordinary gifts of nature. He was exalted to one of the highest places of the earth, but was not endowed with the genius or the magnanimity for which such places afford their meet exercise and full development. The roll of British viceroys in India includes other names than those of the immortals. Clive, Hastings, and Wellesley, transmitted Empire, but could not transmit imperial minds to Amherst, or Minto, or to Shore. He was not one of those who enlarge our conceptions of the powers occasionally confided to man. He rose to the summit of delegated dominion, without any sublime endurance or heroic daring. He wrote many speculations, political, moral, and religious; but without rendering more clear our knowledge of the actual condition of mankind, or our conjectures respecting

what awaits them. He also wrote many verses; but can scarcely ever have awakened an echo in the hearts of others. The eminence of his position suggested comparisons which it would otherwise have been unmeaning to form. There is not room for many great men, in any age or in any dynasty; and he who, in the age of Napoleon and the dynasty of Clive, ruled with spotless virtue, and aimed only to consolidate the conquests of his predecessors, might justly deprecate the disparaging remark, that he was not cast in their gigantic mould. But the good Vespasian must always be prepared for invidious allusions to the mighty Julius.

The son of a supercargo, and the grandson of a captain in the marine of the East India Company, John Shore was destined from his youth to the service of the same employers. He was prepared for it at Harrow, where he recited Homer and Juvenal with Nathanael Halhead on the one hand, and Richard Brinsley Sheridan on the other; Samuel Parr being the common tutor of the three. On the same form were seen, nearly forty years later, three other boys since known to fame, as Lord Byron, Sir Robert Peel, and Sir George Sinclair. In the first of these triumvirates Halhead, in the second Sinclair, were pointed out by Harrovian divination as the men destined to illuminate and command the ages which had given them birth. The spirit of prophecy did not rest on the Hill of Harrow. Neither indeed was the United Company of Merchants, trading to the East Indies at the first of those eras, precisely a school of the prophets. The one qualification they required of the future ministers and judges of their Empire, was a sound acquaintance with book-keeping. Mr. Shore was accordingly removed from Harrow to a commercial school at Hackney. Among the students there, was one who, at the distance of half a century, he met again; the stately Marquis of Hastings, who then came to ask a lesson in the art of governing India, from the old school-fellow with whom he had once taken lessons in the art of double entry.

Enthusiasts are men of one idea. Heroes are men of one design. They who prosper in the world are usually men of one maxim. When Mr. Shore was toiling up the steep ascent trodden by writers, 'an old gentleman named Burgess' chanced to say to him, 'make yourself useful, and you will succeed.' Old Mr. Burgess never said a better

thing in his life. It became the text on which the young civilian preached many a discourse to others, and to himself. With his own hand he compiled several volumes of the records of the secret political department. In a single year, he decided six hundred causes at Moorshedabad. He acquired the Hindostanee, Arabic, and Persian tongues; and was summoned to employ that knowledge at what was then called the Provincial Council at Calcutta. He revised one of the philippics launched by Francis against Warren Hastings, and lent his pen to prepare a memorial against the supreme court and Sir Elijah Impey. So useful, indeed, did he make himself to the opponents of Hastings, that he was appointed by that great man (oriental and occidental politics having much in common) to a seat in his supreme council of four. But, whatever might be his change of party, Mr. Shore never changed his maxim. He presided at the board of revenue. He acted as revenue commissioner in Dacca and Behar. He drew up plans of judicial reform. Ever busy, and ever useful, he remained in India till Hastings himself quit it, when they returned in the same ship to England—the ever-triumphant Hastings to encounter Burke and the House of Commons; the ever-useful Mr. Shore to receive from the court of directors a seat in the supreme council of three, established under Mr. Pitt's India bill.

Again he bent this way to the East, and again enjoyed, under the rule of Lord Cornwallis, abundant opportunities of acting up to the precept of old Mr. Burgess. He sustained nearly all the drudgery which in every such combination falls to the lot of some single person, assuming, as his peculiar province, the settlement of the revenues of Bengal, Behar, and Oresa. The result of his labors was that momentous decision, remaining in force to this day, which has recognized the right of the Zemindars to the land, in the double character of renters and landlords—a measure against which there is such an array of authority and argument, as to compel a doubt whether, on this occasion at least, Mr. Shore did not render a service useful rather to the sovereigns of India than to their subjects.

To himself the result was most important. The time had come when Mr. Pitt hoped to witness the introduction into India of the pacific system which, at his instance, parliament had enjoined. He committed

that task to Mr. Shore; wisely judging that the author of the territorial settlement possessed in an eminent degree the habits, the principles, and the temper, which qualify men for an unambitious and equitable course of policy. With that charge he sailed a third time for the East, in the character of Governor-General.

He had been eminently useful, and had succeeded eminently. But now the old maxim began to wear out. He who would climb an oak, must, as a great living writer has observed, change the nature of his efforts, and quicken his pace after he has once fairly set foot on the branches. Old Mr. Burgess had taught how the highest advancement might be obtained. He had not taught how it might be improved. Sir John Shore (such was now the title of the Governor-General) brought to that commanding station, knowledge, industry, courage, and disinterestedness; with a philanthropy as pure as ever warmed the bosom of any of the rulers of mankind. But he did not bring to it the wide survey, the prompt decision, and the invincible will, of the great statesmen who, before and after him, wielded that delegated sceptre. The sense of subordination, and the spirit of a subordinate, still clung to him. To be useful to the Board of Control, to be useful to the Court of Directors, to be useful to the Civil Service, to be useful to the Indian Army, limited his ambition as an administrator; and though the happiness of the nations of India was the object of his highest aspirations, his rule over them was barren, not only of any splendid enterprise, but even of any memorable plan for their benefit.

The four years of Sir John Shore's government was a period of peace, interrupted only by a single battle with the Rohilla chiefs. But it was a peace pregnant with wars, more costly and dangerous than any in which the British Empire in the East had been involved since the days of Clive and Laurence. The charges advanced against Sir John Shore by the more adventurous spirits who followed him, are all summed up in the one accusation—that his policy was temporizing and timid. He acquiesced as an inert spectator in the successful invasion of the dominions of the Nizam by the Mahrattas. He fostered the power and the audacity of that warlike nation. He unresistingly permitted the growth of a French subsidiary force, in the service of three of the most considerable native powers. He thwarted Lord Hobart's

efforts for extending the dominion or influence of Great Britain in Ceylon, in the Carnatic, and in Tanjore. He allowed the growth and the aggressions in Northern India of that power which, under Runjeet Sing, afterwards became so formidable. He looked on passively while Tippoo was preparing for the contest into which he plunged, or was driven, to his own ruin, and to our no light peril.

These, and such as these, are the charges. The answer is drawn from the pacific injunctions of Parliament, and the pacific orders of the Company; and from the great truth, that ambitious wars are the direst curse, and peace the most invaluable blessing to mankind. In the course of his correspondence, Lord Teignmouth takes frequent occasion to announce the new or philosophical maxim, which as Governor-General he had substituted for his old or utilitarian maxim as a writer. It was that incontrovertible verity, that 'honesty is the best policy.' Sound doctrine, doubtless; but whether it is the best policy to be honest now and then, may admit of more dispute. Millions of men never lived together under a rule more severely just in intention than was that of Sir John Shore. But the Rohillas distrusted his equity. The Mahrattas had no belief in his courage. The Nizam could not be convinced of his good faith. The oppressed Ryots were incredulous of his benevolence. Integrity, which, being only occasional and transient, passes for weakness and caprice, may work out evils even more intolerable than those of a consistent, resolute, and systematic injustice. Under their pacific Governor-General, the people of the East remembered the conquests of his predecessors, and were preparing to counteract, by secret or open hostilities, the further conquests of the pro-consuls who were to succeed him. His individual conscience could justly applaud the retrospect of his Asiatic dominion; but the national conscience of which we have lately heard, had it any cause to exult in a pause of four years in an otherwise unbroken chain of successful aggressions on the princes and people of Hindostan?

When Napoleon wrote bulletins about the star of Austerlitz and the fulfilment of his destiny, we were all equally shocked at his principles and his style. Yet the apologies still ringing in our ears for the wars of Afghanistan, of Scinde, and of Gwalior, though made but yesterday by the highest authorities on either side of the

House of Commons, were but a plagiarism from the Emperor of the French, in more correct, though less animated language. Nor could it be otherwise. Empire cannot be built up either in the west or in the east, in contempt of the laws of God, and then be maintained according to the Decalogue. When the vessel must either drive before the gale or founder, the helmsman no longer looks at the chart. When the pedestals of the throne are terror and admiration, he who would sit there securely must consult other rules than those of the Evangelists. Sir John Shore was the St. Louis of Governors-General. But if Clive had been likeminded, we should have had no India to govern. If Hastings had aspired to the title of 'The Just,' we should not have retained our dominion. If Wellesley had ruled in the spirit of his conscientious predecessor, we should infallibly have lost it. With profound respect for the contrary judgment of so good a man, we venture to doubt, whether the severe integrity which forbade him to bear the sceptre of the Moguls as others had borne it, should not have also forbidden his bearing it at all. Needlessly to assume incompatible duties, is permitted to no man. Cato would have ceased to be himself had he consented to act as a lieutenant of the Usurper. The British viceroy who shall at once be true to his employers, and strictly equitable to the princes of India and their subjects, need not despair of squaring the circle.

Returning a third time to his native land, Lord Teignmouth fell into the routine of common duties, and of common pleasures, with the ease of a man who had taken no delight in the pomp or in the exercise of power; but whose heart had been with his home and with his books, even while Nabobs and Rajahs were prostrating themselves before him. He became eminent at the Quarter Sessions, took down again the volumes in which Parr had lectured him, thinned out his shrubberies, visited at countryseats and watering-places, watched over his family and his poor neighbors, sent letters of good advice to his sons, (to the perusal of which the public are invited with perhaps more of filial than of fraternal piety;) and, in short, lived the life so pleasant in reality, so tedious in description, of a well-educated English gentleman, of moderate fortune, moderate desires, and refined tastes; with a fruitful vine on the walls of his house, and many olive branches round about his table.

If, as all Englishmen believe, this is the

happiest condition of human existence, it illustrates the remark, that happiness is a serious, not to say a heavy thing. The exhibition of it in these volumes is rather amiable than exhilarating. India-house traditions tell, that when a young aspirant for distinction there, requested one of the Chairs to inform him what was the proper style of writing political despatches, the Chair made answer, 'the style we prefer is the *humdrum*.' This preference for the humdrum, enjoined perhaps by the same high authority, clung to Lord Teignmouth even after his return to Europe. He wrote as if to baffle the critics, and lived as if to perplex the biographers. A foreigner amongst us might perhaps have sketched him as a specimen of a class peculiar to England. But the portrait is too familiar for exhibition to English eyes, though none is dearer to English hearts. Who that has contemplated and loved (as who has not?) the wise, cheerful, and affectionate head of some large household, filling up without hurry or lassitude the wide circle of domestic, neighborly, and magisterial duties, and aiming at nothing more—let him say whether the second Lord Teignmouth could have rendered animating in description the tranquil years which the first Lord Teignmouth probably found the most grateful of his life in reality.

They were gliding quietly away, cheered by such retrospects as few have enjoyed, and gilded by hopes which few could so reasonably indulge, when the Society, then for the first time formed, for the circulation of the Bible, placed him at their head; not as a mere titular chief, but as the President by whom all their deliberations were to be controlled, and as the dignitary by whom the collective body were to be represented. So high a trust could not have fallen into hands more curiously fitted for the discharge of it. There met and blended in him as much of the spirit of the world, and as much of the spirit of that sacred volume, as could combine harmoniously with each other. To the capacious views of a statesman, he united a submission the most child-like to the supreme authority of those sacred records. To the high bearing of one for whose smile rival princes had sued, he added that unostentatious simplicity which is equally beyond the reach of those who solicit, and of those who really despise, human admiration. Conversant with mankind under all political and social aspects, and in every gradation of rank, it was at once his habit and delight to withdraw from that in-

discriminate intercourse into the interior circle, where holy thoughts might be best nourished; and into the solitude, where alone the modesty of his nature would permit the utterance of his devout affections. An Oriental scholar of no mean celebrity, and not without a cultivated taste for classical learning, he daily passed from such pursuits to the study of the Sacred Oracles—as one who, having sojourned in a strange land, returns to the familiar voices, the faithful counsels, and the well-proved loving-kindness of his father's house. To scatter through every tongue and kindred of the earth the inspired leaves by which his own mind was sustained and comforted, was a labor in which he found full scope and constant exercise for virtues, hardly to be hazarded in the government of India.

Of India, indeed, and of the fame of his Indian administration, he had become strangely regardless—witnessing silently, if not with indifference, the overthrow of his policy, and the denial of his claims to the respect and gratitude of mankind. Ordinary men, it is true, are but seldom agitated by the temperament by which men of genius expiate their formidable eminence; but Lord Teignmouth seems to have had more than his due share of constitutional phlegm. He governed an Empire without ambition, wrote poetry without inspiration, and gave himself up to labors of love and works of mercy without enthusiasm. He was in fact, rather a fatiguing man—of a narcotic influence in general society—with a pen which not rarely dropped truisms; sedate and satisfied under all the vicissitudes of life; the very antithesis and contradiction of the hero, whose too tardy advent Mr. Carlyle is continually invoking. Yet he was one of those whom we may be well content to honor, while we yet wait the promised deliverer. He was a witness to the truth, that talents such as multitudes possess, and opportunities such as multitudes enjoy, may, under the homely guidance of perseverance and good sense, command the loftiest ascent to which either ambition or philanthropy can aspire; if that steep path be trodden with a firm faith in the Divine wisdom, a devout belief in the Divine goodness, and a filial promptitude of conformity to the Divine will.

To Lord Teignmouth, and to the other founders of the Bible Society, an amount of gratitude is due, which might, perhaps, have been more freely rendered, if it had been a little less grandiloquently claimed

by the periodic eloquence of their followers. Her annual outbursts of self-applause are not quite justified by any success which this great Protestant *propaganda* has hitherto achieved over her antagonists. Rome still maintains and multiplies her hostile positions—heathen and Mahomedan temples are as numerous and as crowded as before—ignorance and sin continue to scatter the too fertile seeds of sorrow through a groaning world—and it is no longer doubtful that the aspect of human affairs may remain as dark as ever, though the earth be traversed by countless millions of copies of the Holy Text. The only wonder is, that such a doubt should ever have arisen—that reasonable people should have anticipated the renovation of man to the higher purposes of his being by any single agency—without an apparatus as complex as his own nature—or without influences as vivifying as those which gave him birth. To quicken the inert mass around us, and to render it prolific, it is necessary that the primeval or patriarchal institute of parental training should be combined with an assiduous education; with the various discipline of life; with the fellowship of domestic, civil, and ecclesiastical society; and, above all, with the re-creative power from on High devoutly implored and diligently cherished. The wicked habitations by which our globe is burdened, might, alas! be wicked still, though each of them were converted into a biblical library. And yet with the belief of the inspiration, whether plenary or partial, of the Scriptures, who can reconcile a disbelief of the momentous results with which the mere knowledge of them by mankind at large must be attended? Who will presume to estimate the workings of such an element of thought in such a world?—or to follow out the movements resulting from such a voice, when raised in every tongue and among all people, in opposition to the rude clamor from without, or the still harsher dissonance from within?—or who will take on him to measure the consequences of exhibiting amongst all the tribes of men one immutable standard of truth—one eternal rule of duty—one spotless model for imitation?

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favor of one who sat in Newton's seat, a station among men of science; which, in an age not propitious to such studies, few had the wish, and fewer still the power, to contest. No scientific work or discovery illustrates his name, except the discovery, much insisted on by his biographer, and much rejoiced in by himself, that the invisible girl of Leicester Square was not a Fairy enshrined in the brazen ball from which her speaking trumpets issued; but an old woman in the next room squeaking through hidden tubes, the orifices of which were brought into nice contact with corresponding apertures in the lips of those magical trumpets. On the opposite side of the same Square rose an observatory, where, a hundred years earlier, his great predecessor had investigated enigmas of greater significance. In literature, Dr. Milner was chiefly known as the Editor of the two last volumes of his brother's Church History, which apparently received great additions and improvements from his hands. They have been extolled as containing the most comprehensive and authentic account of the Reformation in Germany, and of the character of the great German Reformer;—a praise to which it is impossible to subscribe, for this, if for no other reason, that neither the Author nor the Editor had ever seen, or would have been able to read, one line of the many volumes written by Luther in his mother tongue, and even yet untranslated into any other. A biographical preface of a few pages, prefixed to a posthumous volume of the same brother's sermons, with two controversial pamphlets, complete the catalogue of the literary labors of more than half a century of learned and well-beneficed leisure. Of those pamphlets one was an assault on the ecclesiastical history of the late Dr. Haweis. The other made havoc of the person and writings of Herbert Marsh, the late Bishop of Peterborough. Marsh had denounced the sin and danger of giving people the Bible to read unyoked to the prayer-book; and Milner answered him by an examination, much more curious than civil, into the question—'Who, and what is Dr. Herbert Marsh?' The indignant liturgist replied by an equally courteous attempt to determine the who, and the what, touching Dr. Isaac Milner. With cassocks torn, and reputations not much exalted, the combatants retired from the field, and never again appeared among the aspirants to literary

renown. Adulation whispered to them both that such glory was already theirs, and in her harlotry and her blandishments betrayed them into the belief of that too welcome assurance.

But Isaac Milner was no ordinary person. His body (the very image of the informing mind) was athletic and capacious, yet course and clumsy withal, and alive, far more than is usual with the giant brood, to every vicissitude of pleasure and of pain. His muscular and his nervous structure seemed to belong to two different men, or rather to be of different sexes. The sense of vast physical power was unattended by animal courage; and the consciousness of great intellectual strength animated him to no arduous undertakings. Robust as he was and omnivorous, he was haunted by imaginary maladies and ideal dangers; shuddering at the east wind, and flying to a hiding-place at the sound of thunder. In the pursuit of knowledge, he was as an elephant forcing his way through saplings, and bending them to his purpose with a proboscis alike firm and flexible; yet at the next moment obeying the feeblest hand, alarmed by the most transient blaze, and turned out of his way by the first mournful gong or joyous cymbal. He was a kind of Ajax-Andromache, combining such might with such sensibility as made him at once admirable, loveable, and inefficient. Call at the lodge at Queen's in the evening, and you heard him with stentorian lungs tumbling out masses of knowledge, illuminated by remarks so pungent, and embellished with stories, illustrations, gestures, and phrases, so broad and uncereemonious, that you half expected the appearance of the Lady Margaret, to remind the master of the house that she had built that long gallery, and those oriel windows, for meditation and studious silence. Call again in the morning, and you found him broken-hearted over some of the sorrows to which flesh is heir, or agitated by some collegiate controversy, or debating with his apothecary how many scruples of senna should enter into his next draught, as though life and death were in the balances. Thus erratic in all his pursuits, and responsive to every outward impression, he failed in that stern perseverance, without which none may become the teachers, the rulers, or the benefactors of mankind, and with which perhaps but few can be much courted as companions, or much loved as friends.

But to be so loved and courted, should not be regarded as a mere selfish luxury. A wise and good man, and such was Isaac Milner, will regard popular acceptance an advantage convertible to many excellent uses; and so he considered it. His great talents were his social talents. In talk, ever ready, ever animated, and usually pregnant with profound meaning, he found the law and fulfilled the end of his sublunary existence. He talked with children (his chosen associates) inimitably. It was like a theological lecture from Bunyan, or a geographical discourse from De Foe. He talked with the great and the rich, as one who was their equal in wealth, and their superior in worship. He talked with pugilists, musicians, and graziers, at once to learn and to interpret the mysteries of their several crafts. He talked with physicians to convince them that their art was empirical. He talked with politicians to rouse them to the dangers of Catholic emancipation. He talked on paper to his correspondents pleasantly and affectionately, though, on the chapter of his own affections, too abundantly. He talked also to his chosen and intimate friends, but not in the same fitful strain. To them, from the abundance of the heart, he spoke on the theme which alone gave any unity of design to the otherwise incongruous habits of his life; and which alone harmonized the passages, droll and melancholy, pompous and affectionate, bustling and energetic, of which it was composed. It was that theme which engages the latest thoughts of all men—the retrospect and the prospect; the mystery within, and the dread presence without; the struggle, and the triumph, and the fearful vengeance; and whatever else involved in the relations which subsist between mortal man and the eternal Source of his existence. To search into those relations, and into the duties and hopes flowing from them, was the end which Isaac Milner still proposed to himself, under all his ever-varying moods. From his brother he had derived the theological tenets, for the dissemination of which the History of the Church had been written. Reposing in them with inflexible constancy, he drew from them hopes which, notwithstanding his constitutional infirmities, imparted dignity to his character and peace to his closing hours. He was the intellectual chief of his party, and the members of it resorted to him at Cambridge, there to dispel doubts, and thence

to bring back responses, oracular, authoritative, and profound. Nor could they have made a better choice; for to his capacity, learning, and colloquial eloquence, he added a most absolute sincerity and good faith. He had an instinct which could detect at a glance, and a temper which loathed all manner of cant and false pretension; and he estimated at their real worth, the several kinds of religious theatricals, liveries, and free-masonries.

Kind-hearted, talkative, wise, old man! from the slumbers of many bygone years how easy is it to raise his image—joyful, as when he exulted over his exorcism of the clothes-tearing ghost of Sawston; or jocund, as when he chuckled over the remembrance of the hearty box he inflicted on the ears of Lord Archibald Hamilton, who, in all the pride of pugilism, had defied the assault of unscientific knuckles; or grandiloquent, as when he reviewed the glories of his first vice-chancellorship, in which he had expelled from the Senate Lucius Catalina Frend; or the triumphs of his second consulate, when, having thundered his philippics against Marcus Antonius Brown, he was hailed as *Pater Academiae*. Well! he is gone, and Alma Mater has still her heads of houses, men of renown; but if once again the table could be spread in that hospitable old dining-room at Queen's, with the facetious Dean at the head of it, there is not among the incomparable wranglers, and conversing Encyclopædias of them all, any one who would be fit to sit over against him as Croupier.

As a member of the Confederation of the Common, the Dean of Carlisle administered the province assigned to him rather by the weight of his authority, than by any active exertions. Under the shelter of his name, his college flourished as the best cultured and most fruitful nursery of the evangelical neophytes of Cambridge.—From a theological school maintained at Elland, in Yorkshire, at the charge of the Clapham exchequer, an unbroken succession of students were annually received there; destined, at the close of their academical career, to ascend and animate the pulpits of the national church. But if to the President of Queen's belonged the dignity of *Præpositus* of the evangelical youth of the University, the far more arduous and responsible office of *Archididasculus* was occupied by a fellow of the adjacent royal college.

Long Chamber at Eton, has been the

dormitory of many memorable men, and King's has been to many a famous Etonian little better than a permanent dormitory. But about seventy years ago was elected, from the one to the other of those magnificent foundations, a youth, destined thenceforward to wage irreconcilable war with the slumbers and the slumberers of his age. Let none of those (and they are a great multitude) who have enshrined the memory of Charles Simeon in the inner sanctuary of their hearts, suppose that it is in a trifling or irreverent spirit that the veil is for a moment raised, which might otherwise conceal the infirmities of so good a man. He was indeed one of those on whom the impress of the divine image was distinct and vivid. But the reflecting glory of that image (such was his own teaching) is heightened, not tarnished, by a contrast with the poverty of the material on which it may be wrought, and of the ground from which it emerges.

They who recollect the late Mr. Terry, the friend of Walter Scott, may imagine the countenance and manner of Charles Simeon. To a casual acquaintance he must frequently have appeared like some truant from the green-room, studying in clerical costume for the part of Mercutio, and doing it scandalously ill. Such adventurous attitudes, such a ceaseless play of the facial muscles, so seeming a consciousness of the advantages of his figure, with so seeming an unconsciousness of the disadvantages of his carriage—a seat in the saddle so triumphant, badinage so ponderous, stories so exquisitely unbecoming him about the pedigree of his horses or the vintages of his cellar—the caricaturists must have been faithless to their calling, and the under-graduates false to their nature, if pencil, pen, and tongue, had not made him their prey. Candid friends were compelled (of course by the force of truth and conscience) to admit that he was not altogether clear of the sin of coxcombry; and the worshippers of Bacchus and of Venus gave thanks that they were jolly fellows, and not like this Pharisee.

To the reproach of affectation and conceit, his disciples made answer, that their master had shed his original manner as soon and completely as his original teeth; and that the new or artificial manner was not only more deeply rooted than the old, but was in fact as natural; being but the honest though awkward effort of the soul within, to give vent to the most genuine

feelings for which it could find no other utterance. To the charge of hypocrisy, they replied, that it was related to truth in that sense only in which opposites and contradictions are related. They maintained that even the superficial weaknesses of their teacher ministered to his real designs; just as the very offal of the Holocaust feeds the sacred flame by which the offering is consumed. Here, they said, was a man beset by difficulties enough to have baffled the whole school of Athens, as brought together by the imagination of Raphael D'Urbino—by inveterate affectations, by the want of learning, by the want of social talents, by the want of general ability of any kind, by the want of interest in the pursuits of his neighbors, by their want of sympathy in his pursuits, by the want of their good-will, nay, by the want of their decided and hearty animosity. Yet thus unprovided for the contest, he gained a victory which the sternest cynic in that glorious assemblage might have condescended to envy, and the most eloquent of the half-inspired sages there, to extol. Slowly, painfully, but with unfaltering hopes, he toiled through more than fifty successive years, in the same narrow chamber and among the same humble congregation—requited by no emolument, stimulated by no animating occurrences, and unrewarded, until the near approach of old age, by the gratitude or the cordial respect of the society amidst which he lived. Love soaring to the Supreme with the lowliest self-abasement, and stooping to the most abject with the meekest self-forgetfulness, bore him onward, through fog or sunshine, through calm or tempest. His whole life was but one long labor of love—a labor often obscure, often misapplied, often unsuccessful, but never intermitted, and at last triumphant.

At the close of each academical year, a crowd of youths, just entering into the business of life, received from Charles Simeon his parting counsels and benediction.—They had been his pupils, his associates, and his grateful admirers. Without money and without price he had sedulously imparted to them a science, which to many a simple mind compensated for the want of any other philosophy; and which to the best and ripest scholars disclosed the fountains whence all the streams of truth are salient, and the boundless expanse of knowledge towards which they are all convergent. It was the science of which God himself is the author, and men sent of God

the interpreters, and revelation, conscience, and history, the records. It was that science which explains the internal connexion of this world's history; in which law and ethics and politics have their common basis; which alone imparts to poetry and art their loftier character; without which the knowledge of mind and of mental operations is an empty boast, and even the severer problems of the world's material economy are insoluble. It was that science for the diffusion of which the halls and colleges of that learned university had been almost exclusively founded—the only science which Cambridge neglected, and which Charles Simeon taught. And yet the teacher was neither philosopher, historian, poet, artist, lawyer, politician, nor physiologist. He was simply a devout and believing man, who, in the language of Bunyan, 'dwelt far from the damp shadows of Doubting Castle,' amidst the sunshine of those everlasting hills whence stout Mr. Greatheart and brave Mr. Hopeful, in days of yore, surveyed the boundless prospect, and inhaled the fresh breezes which welcomed them at the close of their pilgrimage. Thither their modern follower conducted his pilgrims by a way which Mr. Worldly-wisdom could never find, and which Mr. Self-confidence despised when it was pointed out to him.

In the Church of the Holy Trinity at Cambridge, every Sunday during more than half a century witnessed the gathering of a crowd which hung on the lips of the preacher; as men hearken to some unexpected intelligence of a deep but ever varying interest. Faces pale with study or furrowed by bodily labor, eyes failing with age or yet undimmed by sorrow, were bent towards him with a gaze, of which (with whatever other meaning it might be combined) fixed attention was the predominant character. Towards the close of that long period, the pulpit of St. Mary's was, occasionally, the centre of the same attraction, and with a still more impressive result. For there were critics in theology, and critics in style and manner, and critics in gastronomy, thronging and pressing on each other, as once on Mars' Hill, to hear what this babbler might say; listening with the same curiosity, and adjudicating on what they had heard, in very much the same spirit. Yet he to whom this homage was rendered, was a man of ungraceful address; with features which ceased to be grotesque only when they became impassioned;

with a voice weak and unmusical, and to whom no muse was propitious. His habits, and his very theory of composition, were such as seemed to promise empty pews and listless auditors; for every discourse was originally constructed (to use his own phrase) as a "skeleton," with all the hard processes and the fine articulations as prominent as his logical anatomy could render them—the bony dialectic being then clothed with the fibrous and muscular rhetoric, in such manner as the meditations of the preceding or the impulses of the passing hour might suggest. Such was his faith in this new art of oratory, that, in a collection entitled "*Horæ Homileticæ*," he gave to the world many hundred of these preparations, to be afterwards arrayed by other preachers in such fleshy integuments as might best cover their ghastliness. Deplorable as the operation must have been in other hands than those of the inventor, he well knew how to make his dry bones live. They restrained the otherwise undisciplined ardor of his feelings, and corrected the tendency of that vital heat to disperse all solidity, and to dissolve all coherence, of thought. His argumentation might occasionally irritate the understanding, his illustrations wound the taste, and his discourses provoke the smiles of his audience. But when, as was his wont, he insisted on fundamental truths, or enforced the great duties of life, or detected the treacheries of the heart, or traced the march of retributive justice, or caught and echoed the compassionate accents in which the Father of mercies addresses his erring children, it was a voice which penetrated and subdued the very soul. It was an eloquence which silenced criticism. It was instinct with a contagious intensity of belief. It sounded as the language of one to whom the mysteries and the futurities of which he spoke had been disclosed in actual vision, and so disclosed as to have dissipated every frivolous thought, and calmed every turbid emotion.

If the Church of England were not in bondage with her children to certain Acts of Parliament, she would long ere now have had a religious order of the Simeonites; and would have turned out of her catalogue some of her saints of equivocal character, and some of doubtful existence, to make room for St. Charles of Cambridge. What have Dunstan, and George of Cappadocia, and Swithun the bishop, and Margaret the virgin, and Crispin the martyr, done for us,

that they should elbow out a man who, through a long life, supplied from the resources of his own mind, to the youth of one of our universities, the theological education not otherwise to be obtained there; and who, from the resources of his own hereditary fortune, supplied the means of purchasing, in the most populous cities of England, from forty to fifty advowsons, that so the ecclesiastical patronage of those vital organs of our commonwealth might be ever thenceforward exercised in favor of zealous, devout, and *evangelical* ministers?

In that last ugly epithet lies all the mischief. 'He is not a Jansenist, may it please your majesty, but merely an Atheist,' was once accepted as a sufficient excuse of a candidate for royal favor. He is not an evangelical clergyman, but merely a Parson Trulliber, was an equally successful apology with the dispensers of fame and promotion in the last age. Among them was the late Bishop Jebb, who, in his posthumous correspondence, indulges in sneers on the gospeller of Cambridge, as cold and as supercilious as if he had himself belonged to the Trulliber school of divinity; instead of being, as he was, an elegant inquirer into the curiosities of theological literature. So great a master of parallelisms and contrasts might have perceived how the splendor of his own mitre waned before that nobler episcopate to which Charles Simeon had been elevated, as in primitive times, by popular acclamation. His diocese embraced almost every city of his native land, and extended to many of the remote dependencies which then, as now, she held in subjection. In every ecclesiastical section of the Empire he could point out to teachers who revered him as the guide of their youth, and the counsellor of their later years. In his frequent visitations of the churches of which he was the patron or the founder, love and honor waited on him. His infirmities disappeared or were forgotten, in the majesty of a character animated from early youth to extreme old age by such pursuits as, we are taught to believe, are most in harmony with the Divine will, and most conducive to the happiness of mankind. He had passed his long life in the midst of censors, who wanted neither the disposition nor the power to inflict signal chastisement upon any offence which could be fastened on him; but he descended to the grave unassailed by any more formidable weapons than a thick and constant flight of harmless epigrams. He descended thither amidst the

tears and the benedictions of the poor; and with such testimonies of esteem and attachment from the learned, as Cambridge had never before rendered even to the most illustrious of her sons; and there he was laid, in that sure and certain hope on which he enabled an almost countless multitude to repose, amidst the wreck of this world's promises, and in the grasp of their last and most dreaded enemy.

What is a party, political or religious, without a Review? A bell swinging without a clapper. What is any society of men, if not recruited from the rising generation? A hive of neutral bees. Reviewless, Clapham had scarcely been known beyond her own common. Youthless, her memory had never descended to the present age. At once wrapped into future times, and thoughtful of her own, she addressed the world on the first day of each successive month through the columns of the 'Christian Observer;' and employed the pen of him on whom her hopes most fondly rested, to confer splendor and celebrity on pages not otherwise very alluring. To Mr. Macaulay was assigned the arduous post of Editor. He and his chief contributors enjoyed the advantage, permitted, alas! to how few of their tribe, of living in the same village, and meeting daily in the same walks or at the same table, and lightening, by common counsel, the cares of that feudal sovereignty. The most assiduous in doing suit and service to the Suzerain, was Henry Thornton. But he whose homage was most highly valued, and whose fealty was attested by the richest offerings, was the young, the much loved and the much lamented John Bowdler.

He was the scion of a house singularly happy in the virtues and talents of its members; and was hailed by the unanimous acclamation of the whole of that circle of which Mr. Wilberforce was the centre, as a man of genius, piety, and learning, who, in the generation by which they were to be succeeded, would prosecute their own designs with powers far superior to theirs. A zeal too ardent to be entirely discreet, which gave to the world two posthumous volumes of his essays in verse and prose, has, unintentionally, refuted such traditions as had assigned to him a place among philosophers, or poets, or divines. And yet so rare were the component parts of his character, and so just their combination, that, but for his premature death, the bright auguries of his early days could hardly have

failed of their accomplishment. His course of life was, indeed, uneventful. A school education, followed by the usual training for the bar—a brilliant, though brief success, closed by an untimely death, complete a biography which has been that of multitudes. But the interior life of John Bowdler, if it could be faithfully written, would be a record which none could read without reverence, and few without self-reproach.

To those who lived in habitual intercourse with him, it was evident that there dwelt on his mind a sense of self-dedication to some high and remote object; and that the pursuits, which are as ultimate ends to other men, were but as subservient means to him. So intent was he on this design, as to appear incapable of fatigue, frail as were his bodily powers; and as to be unassailable by the spirit of levity, though fertile and copious in discourse almost to a fault. It is the testimony of one who for nearly twelve months divided with him the same narrow study, that during the whole of that period he was never heard to utter an idle word, nor seen to pass an idle minute. He stood aloof from all common familiarities, yielding his affection to a very few, and, to the rest, a courtesy somewhat reserved and stately. His friends were not seldom reminded how awful goodness is, as they watched his severe self-discipline, and listened, not without some wandering wishes for a lighter strain, to colloquies, didactic rather than conversational, in which he was ever soaring to heights and wrestling with problems inaccessible to themselves. But they felt and loved the moral sublimity of a devotion so pure and so devout to purposes the most exempt from selfishness. They were exulting in prospects which it appeared irrational to distrust, and were hailing him as the future architect of plans, to be executed or conceived only by minds like his, when from the darkness which shrouds the counsels of the Omniscient went forth a decree, designed, as it might seem, at once to rebuke the presumption of mortal man, and to give him a new assurance of his immortality. It rent asunder ties as many and as dear as ever bound to this earth a soul ripe for translation to a higher sphere of duty; and was obeyed with an acquiescence as meek and cheerful as ever acknowledged the real presence of fatherly love under the severer forms of parental discipline. His profound conviction of the magnitude of the trust, and the endowments confided to him, was really

justified even when seemingly defeated by the event; for it showed that those powers had been destined for an early exercise in some field of service commensurate with the holy ardor by which he had been consumed. Of those who met around his grave, such as yet live are now in the wane of life; nor is it probable that, in their retrospect of many years, any one of them can recall a name more inseparably allied than that of John Bowdler to all that teaches the vanity of the hopes which terminate in this world, and the majesty of the hopes which extend beyond it.

And thus closes, though it be far from exhausted, our chronicle of the worthies of Clapham, of whom it may be said, as it was said of those of whom the world was not worthy, 'These all died in faith.' With but very few exceptions, they had all partaken largely of those sorrows which probe the inmost heart, and exercise its fortitude to the utmost. But sweet, and not less wise than sweet, is the song in which George Herbert teaches, that when the Creator had bestowed every other gift on his new creature man, he reserved Rest to himself, that so the wearied heart in search of that last highest blessing might cheerfully return to him who made it. They died in the faith that for their descendants, at no remote period, was reserved an epoch glorious, though probably awful, beyond all former example. It was a belief derived from the imitations, as they understood them, of the prophets of Israel; but it was also gathered from sources which to many will seem better entitled to such confidence.

Revolving the great dramatic action of which this earth has been the scene, they perceived that it was made up of a protracted conflict between light and darkness. They saw that, on the one side, science and religion—on the other, war and superstition—had been the great agents on this wide theatre. They traced a general movement of events towards the final triumph of good over evil; but observed that this tendency was the result of all-controlling Providence, which had almost invariably employed the bad passions of man as the reluctant instruments of the Divine mercy—sending forth a long succession of conquerors, barbarous or civilized, as missionaries of woe, to prepare the way for the heralds of peace. They saw, or thought they saw, this economy of things drawing to its close. Civilization and, in name at least, Christianity, had at length possessed the far greater and nobler

regions of the globe. Goths and Vandals were now the foremost among the nations. Even the Scythians had now become members of a vast and potent monarchy. The Arabs had again taken refuge in their deserts. If Genghis or Timour should reappear, their power would be broken against the British Empire of Hindostan. The mightiest of warriors had triumphed and had fallen; as if to prove how impregnable had become the barriers of the European world against such aggressions. On every side the same truth was proclaimed, that military subjugation was no longer to be the purifying chastisement of Christendom.

But the religion of Christ was conquering and to conquer. Courting and exulting in the light, it had made a straight alliance with philosophy—the only faith which could ever endure such an association. Amidst the imbecility and dotage of every other form of belief and worship, it alone flourished in perennial youth and indomitable vigor. If any thing in futurity could be certain, it was the ultimate and not very remote dominion, over the whole earth, of the faith professed by every nation which retained either wisdom to investigate, or energy to act, or wealth to negotiate, or power to interpose in the questions which most deeply affect the entire race of man. If any duty was most especially incumbent on those who exercised an influence in the national councils of England, it was that of contributing, as best they might, to speed onwards the approaching catastrophe of human affairs—the great consummation whence is to arise that new era with which creation travails and is in birth, which poets have sung and prophets foretold, and which shall justify to the world, and perhaps to other worlds, all that Christians believe of the sacrifice surpassing thought and language, made for the deliverance and the exaltation of mankind.

When such thoughts as these force themselves on the German mind, it forthwith soars towards the unapproachable, and indites the unutterable. When the practical Englishman is the subject of them, he betakes himself to form societies, to collect subscriptions, to circulate books, to send forth teachers, to build platforms, and to afflict his neighbors by an eloquence of which one is tempted to wish that it was really unutterable. Such was the effect of these bright anticipations on the Clapham mind—an effect perceptible in many much bet-

ter things, but, among the rest, in much equivocal oratory, and in at least one great effort of architecture.

Midway between the Abbey of Westminster and the Church of the Knights Templars, twin columns, emulating those of Hercules, fling their long shadows across the strait through which the far-resounding Strand pours the full current of human existence into the deep recesses of Exeter Hall. Borne on that impetuous tide, the mediterranean waters lift up their voice in a ceaseless swell of exulting or pathetic declamation. The changeful strain rises with the civilization of Africa, or becomes plaintive over the wrongs of chimney-boys, or peals anathemas against the successors of Peter, or in rich diapason calls on the Protestant churches to awake and evangelize the world. No hard task to discover here the causes *corruptæ eloquentiæ*! If the shades of Lucian or of Butler hover near that elevated stage, how readily must they detect the anti-types of Peregrinus or of Ralpho! Criticise, for there is no lack of extravagance. Laugh, for there is no stint of affectation. Yet refuse not to believe, that, grotesque as her aspect may occasionally be, Exeter Hall has a history, a doctrine, and a prophecy, of no common significance.

Of that history, the preceding pages may afford some general intimation. The doctrine is that of an all-embracing, all-enduring charity—embracing every human interest, enduring much human infirmity.—The prophecy is a higher and more arduous theme.

It is a prophetic age. We have Nominalists who, from the monosyllable 'Church,' educe a long line of shadowy forms, hereafter to arise and reign on Episcopal or patriarchal thrones—and Realists, who foresee the moral regeneration of the land by means of union workhouses, of emigrant ships, or of mechanics' institutes—and Mediævals, who promise the return of Astræa in the persons of Bede and Bernard *redivivi*—and Mr. Carlyle, who offers most eloquent vows for the reappearance of the heroes who are to set all things right—and profound interpreters of the Apocalypse, who discover the woes impending over England in chastisement of the impiety which moved Lord Melbourne to introduce Mr. Owen to the Queen of England. In the midst of all these predictions, Exeter Hall also prophecies. As to the events which are coming upon us, she adopts the theory of her Claphamic progenitor.

SAINT MARC GIRARDIN'S "LECTURES
ON THE DRAMA."

From the Foreign Quarterly Review.

*Cours de Littérature Dramatique: ou, de
l'Usage des Passions dans le Drame.*
(On the Employment of the Passions in
the Drama.) Par M. Saint Marc Girar-
din. Paris. 1843.

M. SAINT MARC GIRARDIN is a philo-
sophic statesman, a writer in the 'Journal
des Débats,' and professor at the Faculté
des Lettres.* The present work consists
of the lectures delivered by him at the
Collège de France, to crowded and enthu-
siastic audiences; and well did they merit
their success. Mistake not, reader, M.
Saint Marc Girardin for his namesake, M.
Emile Girardin, who married Delphine
Gay (la Muse de la Patrie), who shot Ar-
mand Carrel, who invented '*la presse à
quarante sous*,' who, born poor, has made
and dissipated some millions of francs; a
man of boundless audacity and of great no-
toriety, a man not without talent, but a man
of very different character and calibre from
the professor of the Collège de France.
M. Saint Marc Girardin is an honor to the
journalism of France, an honor to the
literature of France. Learned without
pedantry, and acute without flippancy, he
possesses all the qualities which make a
writer estimable. He has keen insight,
sound judgment, healthy morality, varied
acquirements, and an elegant style. We
have not read a work for some time which
has given us such satisfaction as the '*Cours
de Littérature Dramatique*.' The subject
is interesting, the execution brilliant. It
is a work which awakens all kinds of pleas-
ant recollections, and rouses attention to
some of the most beautiful passages of an-
cient and modern art. It is a book emi-
nently suggestive. It not only gives new
views, but suggests others in abundance;
and (this, perhaps, is the most valuable
quality a book can possess. In this and
other respects it reminds us of the '*Laokoon*'
of Lessing.

We do not say it equals that incompara-
ble work; but it resembles it in the leading
characteristics. The '*Laokoon*' is a model
and a masterpiece of critical writing,
which surpasses every thing in its kind;
yet strange to say, it is comparatively un-
known in England, and the translation,

* He has very recently been elected a member
of the Academy.

published some years ago, fell still-born
from the press. We know of no other work
in which such varied learning is so skilfully
brought to illustrate such pregnant thoughts.
It is as full of thought as an egg is full of
meat; and this thought is profound, clear
as crystal, and suggestive of whole trains
of novel speculation. Then what a style!
clear, sparkling, epigrammatic, and felici-
tous: unceasing in its vivacity, undimmed
by a spot of affectation or obscurity. A
style such as no other German ever wrote;
and which, if Germans would but imitate,
they would enhance a hundred-fold the val-
ue of their works. A style which renders
a dull subject attractive; in this the reverse
of German writing, which generally con-
trives to make an attractive subject dull.
There are men who profess to think the
question of style a trivial one; we confess,
to us it is most important. Style is not, as
generally asserted, the mere dress of the
thought, the outward and insignificant ma-
terial, which none but coxcombs would
compare with the form it clothes. Style is
not *dress*, but *form*. It is the shape assum-
ed by the thought. It is the vase which
contains the thought, and if made of earth-
enware, the light of the thought will fail to
penetrate it; if made of alabaster it will
shine softly; if made of crystal it will shine
resplendently. Germans generally use the
commonest earthenware; some few alabas-
ter; Goethe and Lessing crystal.

The '*Cours de Littérature Dramatique*'
resembles the '*Laokoon*' in the admirable
co-ordination of its materials, in strength of
argument and clearness of exposition, and
in the acuteness and suggestiveness of the
thoughts. It also owes something to the
'*Laokoon*:' but even in its obligations we
see the workings of an independent mind.
M. Saint Marc Girardin's object is to ex-
amine the manner in which the ancient
poets, and those of the seventeenth century,
expressed the natural passions of mankind,
such as love, parental love, love of life,
jealousy, honor, &c., and the manner in
which they are expressed by the moderns.
His book has a double aim; to point out
the true, in a criticism of the ancients, and
the false, in a criticism of the moderns.
The rules of good taste and sound healthy
feeling are exemplified in the one; the ex-
cesses of caprice and falsehood are signal-
ized in the other. This work is an inval-
uable guide to the young poet; because it
not only lays down general principles, it
illustrates them fully; in this respect, a

striking contrast to the lectures of A. W. Schlegel, which we recently examined. We will endeavor, in a brief notice, to convey some notion of its contents.

The first condition of dramatic poetry is that its passion be true. And at the theatre no passion is true but that which is general; that which all the world feels. The heart of the audience is to be moved only by that which is common to all men; psychological curiosities, idiosyncrasies, bizarreries, and exceptions, may interest, but they do not move. Here lies the difference between the ancient and modern drama, between Racine and Victor Hugo. The old poet selects for his subjects the most universal passions; and these passions, which are simple in their nature, he represents with simplicity. The modern poet, on the contrary, seeks exceptional and bizarre cases with as much diligence as the ancient poet avoided them. Take the example of Love. When the drama has exhausted the emotions which the exhibition of the simple passion excites, it seeks emotion in the painting of singular and fantastic passions; this singularity rapidly leads to extravagance in the incidents, and melodrama triumphs; for what is melodrama but the substitution of physical for mental effects? 'Marion de Lorme' is an example of the over-refining tendency of modern poets. Victor Hugo has there painted the purity of love in the breast of a courtesan; the thing is possible, but not *vraisemblable*; it is an exception, a contrast, and therefore undramatic. Modern literature manifests a striking tendency towards the exceptional in character and passion; it loves to elevate the exception into the importance of the rule; it prefers idiosyncrasies to natural passions; it seizes on a detail, a feature, or a contrast, and out of this makes a character. But idiosyncrasies and exceptions have two great faults; monotony and exaggeration.

Exceptions and curiosities soon become monotonous. Bizarre people are only amusing for an hour; we afterwards become tired of seeing their ideas and sentiments revolving in the same eccentric circle. There is, in truth, something more tedious than being like all the world, and that is being always the same. Commonplace people are more tolerable than monotonous people. Remember also that bizarrerie is easily imitated. Consisting as it does of only one particular *trait*, a detail, not an *ensemble*, it is easily copied. Hence the multiplicity of

Manfreds, Antonys, sentimental villains, and virtuous courtesans.

The second defect inherent in the choice of singularities and exceptions in matters of passion, is exaggeration. When a poet represents a simple natural passion, he has a rule and measure: he sees how passions act upon men, and what he sees he paints. But when he represents a character which is an exception to the ordinary rules of human feeling, where is his measure? In endeavoring to imagine what *would be* the thoughts and feelings of such a person, he leaves the general ground of experience to plunge into the regions of fancy: the result is the portrait of a madman. Let us also remember that when the passions are exaggerated they all resemble each other, and lose their distinctive characteristics. On entering a theatre at the close of a modern play, and on seeing the heroine a prey to a convulsive frenzy, on hearing her cries and sobs as she wrings her hands and drags herself along the ground, how are we to know whether it is grief, rage, love, or hate, which drives her to these excesses? Passions are only various and distinguishable from each other whilst they are moderate: they have then their natural language and gestures, and they interest by their diversity. When they become excessive they become uniform; and exaggeration, which is supposed to give relief and contrast to passion, only destroys it.

If to the foregoing we add, that the tendency of modern art is material, that it seeks to excite the senses more than the feelings, and excites even the feelings only through the senses, we shall have tolerably expressed the general ideas of M. Saint Marc Girardin on the subject. Let us follow him now into some details.

"Every feeling," he says, "has its history; and this history is interesting because it is the abridgment of the history of humanity. Although the feelings do not change, yet they suffer from the effect of religious and political revolutions. They retain their nature, but they change their expression; and it is in studying these changes of expression that literary criticism writes, without meaning it, the history of the world."

His lectures are contributions towards such a history. The love of life is the first passion of which he treats: it is also the most elementary of all. There have been times when fashion has pretended to disown this love of life; when stoicism, or epicureanism, has erected contempt of

death into a system: but this has always been an affectation. At all times, and with all men, love of life has been a real and intense passion. At all times, when men have given a natural expression to their feelings, they have expressed their love of life. Achilles, the ideal of Greek manliness, and who was always willing to sacrifice his life to something greater, yet when complimented by Ulysses, who meets him in Hades, on his now commanding the dead, and thereby being greater than when he ruled over the living, Achilles mournfully replies that he would rather be a day-laborer and a slave if alive, than a king amongst the dead.—(Od. xi., 487.)

μη δὲ μοι θάνατον γὰρ παράνα φαίδιμ' Ὀδυσσεύ.
βουλομένη κ' ἱπάρκοντος ἐὼν θηγευμένη ἄλλω
ἀνδρὶ παρ' ἀκλήρω, ὃ μὴ βίωτος πολὺς εἴη,
ἢ πᾶσιν νεκροῖσι καταθήμενοισιν ἀνασσεῖν.

Compare also, 'hateful old age,' *γηραῖ τε στυγερὰ* (II. xix. 356), which energetically expresses his love of life. This would appear contemptible to Stoicism, but in their secret hearts all men sympathize with it. M. Girardin selects as illustrations of the love of life, the 'Ajax' and 'Antigone' of Sophocles, the 'Iphigenia' and 'Polyxena' of Euripides, the 'Polyxena' of Seneca, the 'Iphigénie' of Racine, and the 'Catarina' of Victor Hugo. Let us follow him in his course.

Antigone, Polyxena, and Iphigenia, are three maidens sacrificed in the flower of their age. Neither of them affects a courage or contempt she does not feel; neither of them resigns willingly her youth and hopes; all three weep without shame: weep and yet resign themselves. We see here a triumph of art which excites pity without exhausting it; which mixes the plaint with the resignation, that they may excite pity and respect, and that these two feelings may temper each other in the spectator's breast. Antigone is a martyr, sacrificing herself to her religious sentiments; but she has not the resignation of a martyr. In bidding adieu to life she knows and feels what she is quitting:

Behold me, fellow-citizens;
I tread the last path—
I see the last beam of the sun—
I shall see it no more.
For the all-reposing Hades leads me
To the Acherontic shores.
No hymeneal rites may charm me,
No nuptial hymn be sung.*

* Antigone, ed. Böckh, v. 775.

And she compares herself to Niobe, whom,

Like encircling ivy
The eager-growing rock subdued—

a strong illustration of her horror of death. She subsequently reproaches the Thebans with indifference to her fate, and the gods with injustice. Iphigenia is less proud and less resolute, and her passionate entreaties for life are expressed without reserve. She, too, regrets the light of the day; she, too, dreads the shades; she, too, revolts instinctively against death: an unhappy life, she says, is preferable to a splendid death; *κακὸς ζῆν κρείσσον, ἢ θανεῖν καλῶς*.^{*} And the audience sympathize with her. So would the reader, could he but read her touching speech; but the splendid original we dare not, and Potter's feeble translation we will not, quote.

Polyxena is more resigned, because she has less to regret. Homeless and fatherless, she can only live to be a slave; and she resigns herself to death, but without pomp, without stoical affectation. The Polyxena of Seneca, on the contrary, invites death with bravado, her magnanimity borders upon fury, and she terrifies Pyrrhus, who is to immolate her:—

Audax virago non tulit retro gradum:
Conversa ad ictum stat, truci vultu ferox.
Tam fortis animus omnium mentes ferit,
Novumque monstrum, est Pyrrhus ad cædem piger.†

This is the poetry of stoicism, of disease, of ennui, and affectation. By the stoics, death was considered as nothing. *Mors est non esse*. It is not an evil, but the absence of all evil: *mors adeò extra omne malum est, ut sit extra omnem malorum metum*. There is nothing after death, for death itself is nothing.

Post mortem nihil est, ipsaque mors nihil.*

Such was the doctrine. What was the practice? At that period of languor and luxury, as M. Nisard well says,§ a period of monstrous effeminacies, of appetites to which the world could scarcely suffice, of perfumed baths, of easy and disorderly intrigues, there were daily men of all ranks, of all fortunes, of all ages, who released themselves from their evils by suicide. Marcellinus|| is attacked with a painful

* Iphig. in Aul. v. 1252. Compare also 'Troades,' v. 629-30.

† Seneca, 'Troades,' 1151.

‡ 'Troades.'

§ 'Etudes sur les poètes Latines,' i. p. 95.

|| Seneca, Epist. lxxvii.

but curable malady; he is young, rich, has slaves, friends, every thing to make life pleasant—no matter, he conceives the fancy of dying. He assembles his friends and consults them as if he were about to marry. After discussing with them the project of suicide, he puts it to the vote. Some advise him to do as he pleases, but a stoic present bids him die bravely. He followed the advice and killed himself. Suicide was a fashion. The great teacher of the doctrine ended his contemptible existence according to his precepts; but it was by the order of Nero; during his life he had shown no contempt of life's enjoyments. He had been Nero's pander, and he received a pander's wages. These were not trifles; besides his villas and superbly furnished palace, his hard cash alone amounted to 300,000 sesteritia, or 2,421,800*l.* sterling of our money. (Tacit. xiii. 42.) After this, we may be permitted to doubt the *sincerity* of stoicism; nothing can stagger our conviction of its absurdity.

In the 'Iphigénie' of Racine we see neither the Greek ingenuousness, nor the Roman affectation. She is resigned, but without bravado; she regrets life, but without terror, without violence. There is something touching in her respectful submission:

Je saurai, s'il le faut, victime obéissante
Tendre au fer de Calchas une tête innocente,
Et, respectant le coup par vous-même ordonné,
Vous rendre tout le sang que vous m'avez donné :

touching, because this submission is full of mute prayers for life; touching, because the life she sacrifices is dear to her, although her father's will is dearer. Listen to these sweet verses, which have the pathos of those in Euripides, from which they are imitated, together with an impress peculiarly Racinean.

Si pourtant ce respect, si cette obéissance
Paraît digne à vos yeux d'une autre récompense;
Si d'une mère en pleurs vous plaignez les ennuis,
J'ose vous dire ici qu'en l'état où je suis,
Peut être assez d'honneurs environnaient ma vie.
Pour ne pas souhaiter qu'elle me fût ravie,
Ni qu'en me l'arrachant un sévère destin
Si près de ma naissance en eût marqué la fin.
Fille d'Agamemnon, c'est moi qui la première,
Seigneur, vous appelai de ce doux nom de père;
C'est moi, si long temps le plaisir de vos yeux,
Vous ai fait de ce nom remercier les dieux.
Hélas! avec plaisir je me faisais conter
Tous les noms des pays que vous allez dompter;
Et déjà d'Ilion présageant la conquête,
D'un triomphe si beau je préparais la tête.

Pray, reader, notice the art of this pas-

sage; notice not merely the beauty of the verse, but the delicacy of the feeling; notice how fine the transition from obedience to the implied prayer. She offers herself as a victim, because it is her father's will. But *can* he will it? Can he slay the darling of his eyes, the child who first lisped the name of father, who listened to the warrior's exploits, and flattered him by asking him the names of the countries he was going to conquer? The conclusion of her speech is touched with the same delicate hand.

Ne craignez rien! mon cœur de votre honneur
jaloux,
Ne fera point rougir un père tel que vous;
Et si je n'avais eu que ma vie à défendre,
J'aurais su renfermer un souvenir si tendre.
Mais à mon triste sort, vous le savez, seigneur,
Une mère, un amant attachaient leur bonheur

Ma mère est devant vous, et vous voyez ses
larmes.

Pardonnez aux efforts que je viens de tenter,
Pour prévenir les pleurs que je vais leur couter.

There is nothing in Euripides at all equal to this. Her prayer has treble force, because it does not seem to be a prayer. She does not lose an inch of her dignity, not a jot of her filial obedience, but she alludes to all that can make life dear, and gently places before her father's mind the extent of the sacrifice which he demands. 'Iphigénie,' says M. Girardin, 'immolates her grief to paternal authority; she is anxious not to offend by too loud a murmur. This is what Christianity has made of the human heart.' Observe that Polyxena, in Seneca, braves death, because she despises life; Iphigénie meets death calmly, because it is her father's will, and for that father she has infinite and reverential love. The Iphigénie of Racine resembles more the Antigone of Sophocles than the Iphigenia of Euripides: indeed Racine, throughout, has nearer affinities to Sophocles, being the consummate flower of French art, as Sophocles was of the Greek; and we shall find a nearer resemblance to the passions of the Iphigenia of Euripides in the 'Catarina' of Victor Hugo: nearer, we mean, in respect of its unhesitating expression of the love of life, unmingled with any noble sentiments.

Angelo, the tyrant of Padua, tells Catarina that she must die, and bids her choose between the dagger or poison. She exclaims, 'No: 'tis horrible! I will not! I cannot! Think a little, while there is yet time. You are all-powerful, reflect. A

woman, a lonely woman, abandoned, without force and without defence, without parents, without friends! Assassinate her! Poison her in a miserable corner of her own house! O mother! mother! mother! . . . Bid me not have courage! Am I forced to have courage, I? I am not ashamed of being a feeble woman whom you ought to pity! I weep because death terrifies me. It is not my fault.'

Let us not be understood as comparing this melodramatic rubbish with the poetry of Euripides; our comparison rests on the horror both women unhesitatingly manifest for death. M. Girardin remarks on Catarina's passion that it is "the cry of the body in the agony, not the cry of the soul. It is the flesh which revolts against death; but it is a purely instinctive and material revolt, in which the soul takes no part. I witness the sensations of one condemned to death: I see the flesh quiver, the visage turn pale, the limbs trembling; I witness an agony. But why is the material death alone represented? Why do you suppress the most noble, the most elevated emotions of the dying creature, those which address themselves to the real pity of men, the pity which is reconciled with admiration and respect, and not that which borders on disgust? I am pleased to see Iphigénie regretting 'the light of the sun so sweet to see;' I am pleased with her terrors at the 'subterranean shades;' I am touched by her regrets for life, but in her plaints there is something beside the physical fear of death; and when she resigns herself, what nobility! what dignity! How that resignation touches our hearts; so that our pity for her can be prolonged without becoming a sort of uneasy pain. There is a truth, certainly, in the shrieks of Catarina; but it is a truth which, so to speak, belongs to natural history. In the plaints of Iphigénie there is a truth more elevated and more human."

To return to Iphigénie, M. Girardin points out the difference of the ideas entertained by the Greek and French poet: a difference indicative of that between ancient and modern society. The modern Iphigénie, daughter of the king of kings, and destined for the wife of Achilles, thinks of the honors which surround her, and these form the principal objects of her regret. The antique Iphigenia only regrets the loss of the blessed sunshine. Only the daughter of Agamemnon can talk like the heroine of Racine: there is no dying girl who could not repeat the verses of the

antique Iphigenia, for her regrets embrace those things which are universal benefits, the light, the beauty of the skies, the delight in nature. This is a characteristic of the love of life with the ancients. That which delights them is nature; that which delights the moderns is society. The Egmont of Goethe, when on the point of death, exclaims, 'No escape! Sweet life! beautiful and pleasant habit of existence and activity, must I part from thee!—part so abandoned! Not in the tumult of battle, amidst the clang of arms, dost thou bid me adieu!' Compare this with the soliloquy of Ajax (in Sophocles), who might also have regretted his arms, his combats, his renown; but who, like Antigone and Iphigenia, dwells only on the beams of the sun, the sacred land of his birth, the fountains and the rivers, the fields of Troy, and Athens his second country: and compare this also, as M. Girardin bids us, with the soliloquy of Hamlet, who speaks only of the whips and scorns of time. 'Thus differently,' exclaims our author, 'do men die in the north and in the south: in the north, bidding adieu to man and to society with satire or contempt; in the south, bidding adieu to nature in regrets full of love.' But in Shakspeare, as in Sophocles, the idea of death is one of terror; ergo, the love of life is strong. In Rome, not only the stoics, but the other poets, looked on death as a glorious exit.

The truth is, Rome was peopled with soldiers more than men; these soldiers had their contempt of death formed in perpetual campaigns. How little they regarded the life of others their whole history shows. The gladiatorial fights, brutal and relentless, must have hardened the minds of spectators; and there were no softening influences to counteract them. How different were the Greeks! They did not pretend to despise this beautiful life; they did not affect to be above humanity. Life was precious, and they treasured it; treasured it not with petty fear, but noble ingenuousness. They loved life, and they said so: when the time came to risk it for their honor, for their country, or for another, when something they loved better was to be gained by the sacrifice, they died unflinchingly.* The tears shed by Achilles and Ulysses did not unman them; they fought terribly, as they

* Compare the reply of Achilles to Xanthus, who foretells his death. 'Iliad.' xix. 420. Compare also Alcestis in Euripides.

had loved tenderly. Philoctetes in pain howls like a wild beast, because he is in agony and feels no shame in expressing it; but these shrieks have not softened his soul: he is still the same stern, implacable, terrible Philoctetes. The Romans, in their dread of becoming effeminate, became marble. They despised death, they despised pain. The gladiator was trained to be wounded, without a muscle indicating that the wound was painful; he was taught to look at impending death without a change of countenance. To be above pain was thought manly. They did not see that instead of being above humanity, in this they sunk miserably below it. You receive a blow, and you do not wince; so does a stone. You are face to face with death, and you have no regrets, you despise life; then are you unworthy of life. In Homer, not only the heroes, but the very gods express their pain, and the wounded Mars goes howling off the field. If it is a condition of our organization that we feel pain, it is only affectation to suppress the expression. Could silence stifle pain it were desirable; but to stifle the cry is not to stifle the feeling; and to have a feeling and pretend not to have it, is not being above, but below humanity. If you despise pain why not also pleasure? and if both, wherein are you superior to the vegetable? The same sensibility which causes pain, produces also pleasure; to be free from either is not to be human.

The passion of the love of life naturally leads us to the treatment of suicide in the ancient and modern drama; we will, therefore, accompany M. Saint Marc Girardin in his lectures on the subject. He justly remarks, that the idea of suicide is not an instinctive, but a reflective one; the proof is, that fashion generally regulates the form of self-destruction. In ancient times, men died as stoics or as epicureans. In our times, suicides are imitated from the heroes of novels and dramas. The victims are all enthusiastic, melancholy, full of disdain for society, full of anger against the laws: in a word, such as the theatre has made them; for in this respect the theatre does not borrow from society its suicidal ideas and passions, but society borrows them from the theatre.

Together with this species of suicide, wherein philosophy and passion unite, there is another species, which may be found in both ancient and modern society, and which is caused by the vehemence and

madness of passion, without any mixture of philosophy. This second species is the one most treated by ancient poets. Phædra, Ajax, and Dido, do not argue respecting their right to dispose of their lives: they yield to the counsels of despair, without argument, without subtilizing, without plunging into profound reveries like Hamlet, without experiencing the diseased weariness of Werther, without cursing society like Chatterton. Their deaths are the explosions of despair, not the conclusions of a philosophic debate. They have been impatient at grief, and in a moment of anguish they *have cast away life*.

Lucemque perosi
Projicere animas.

But death has quickly cured them of that hate of life! How gladly would they reappear on earth, once more to enjoy the light of day, even at the expense of suffering those evils which they believed insupportable!

Quam vellent æthere in alto
Nunc et pauperiem et duros perferre labores!
Fata obstant.*

In the tragedies of Seneca no one kills himself without asserting a philosophical right; to die in a moment of despair would be unworthy and unwise; a man must know that he is at liberty to kill himself if he pleases. Cædipus discusses this point with his daughter. 'I have resigned the empire of Thebes, but not the empire of myself. I have power over my own life and death;

. . . jus vitæ ac necis
Metæ penes me est.

No one can interdict my death. Death is every where; God, in his wisdom, has willed it so. *Ubique mors est; optime hoc cavet Deus.*' In Sophocles, on the contrary, Cædipus, though he longs for death, dares not inflict it: he only prays Apollo to hasten the hour of his deliverance.

Seneca's plays are despicable rubbish, if viewed poetically; but there is one light in which they may advantageously be studied: and that is, in comparison with those of Sophocles, with reference to the different feelings and ideas entertained by the Greeks and Romans. Suicide, for example, is never treated in Sophocles as a question of philosophy; in Seneca, always. In the Greek dramatist it is the effect of violent passion: hence dramatic. Even the suicide of Ajax, the most premeditated of all those in the

* 'Æneid.' vi. 436.

Greek drama, has nothing sententious or declamatory. Ajax, in a fit of insanity, has slain the flock of sheep, believing them to be his enemies. He soon discovers his error, and is overwhelmed with shame. He cannot reappear before the Greeks, and so resolves on death. His resolution is calm, but sad. He regrets life, though determined on quitting it.

In the modern drama, suicide is also philosophical and passionate; but the philosophy differs from stoicism. It is directed against society; it is dreamy and melancholy, skeptical and revolutionary. In the monologues of Hamlet, Manfred, and Karl von Moor, we may see the northern tendency of probing the mysteries of existence, and the vague terrors of infinity. In Werther and Chatterton, passion predominates over reflection; but in both suicide is a miserable weakness. Chatterton, in the play of M. Alfred de Vigny, kills himself because a journalist pretends that he is not the author of his own poems, and because the lord mayor humiliates him by the offer of a menial situation. Remark, also, that this trivial motive in this contemptible character appears so important to M. de Vigny, that he has not only made a play of it, but a novel also.

As the love of life is a healthy feeling, so is suicide a symptom of disease. If there are frequent examples of suicide daily recurring, it is because our age is full of anarchy and disease. It resembles Rome under the emperors. It has the same widely-spread skepticism, the same egotism, the same ennui, the same social anarchy. In such times quacks flourish, and 'neglected geniuses' complain. Reverie has usurped the place of action. Pretension supplants the fixed and resolute ambition of great men. The age of great deeds gives place to the age of great pretensions: '*Ote-toi que je m'y pose*,' is the general cry. The curse of the young men of the day is *ἀδυναμία* (*Unmuth*, as the Germans say), the want of vital energy, the want of faith in energy. They have talents enough, but their progress is rendered impossible by the vastness of their pretensions. This renders them uneasy and fretful: they fancy they belong to the great, because they have not the force of the vulgar. They have so profound a contempt for any thing 'mechanical,' for any thing like 'drudgery,' that they easily persuade themselves into regarding their idleness and weakness as signs of superiority. Undertaking subjects for which neither education

nor experience has qualified them, they look on failure as a personal insult; and the greater the neglect of the world, the bitterer their sarcasms on its malevolent envy and bad taste, and the greater the conviction of their own genius. The less praise the world bestows, the more they give themselves; and thus make up for ingratitude by a liberality which begins where it ends—at home:

Et de ses tristes vers, admirateur unique,
Plaindre, en les relisant, l'ignorance publique.
Boileau.

When, however, a *génie incompris*, exasperated by failure or desperate from poverty, sees that his calling in this world is not acknowledged, he commits suicide, as Chatterton did. Stobæus relates that a young man, forced to attend to agricultural employments, hanged himself, leaving a letter behind him, in which he said that agriculture was too monotonous; that it was necessary incessantly to sow and reap, and reap and sow, in one eternal circle, which made life insupportable. This idleness, affecting a disgust for labor, is a type of the suicides of the present day. Instead of there being any thing fine in this recklessness of life, it is to us unspeakably contemptible. Instead of its being made the subject of dramas and tragic tales, it should be held up to pitiless ridicule or stern contempt. It enervates by flattering the worst portions of our feeble nature. It dignifies weakness with the purple and fine linen of sentiment. 'For,' as M. Girardin well says, 'what is both curious and sad to notice is, that in proportion as suicides become more numerous, the causes become less serious. People do not kill themselves now for the sake of honor, as Pamela wished to do, nor for love, as Werther did; but from vanity, caprice, ennui, imitation. By dint of tending and cultivating the sensibility of our hearts, we have contracted a temperament like that of the sensitive plant: we shudder at the least touch, every movement is a shock, every scratch is a wound, every contradiction is a despair. The soul has become a Sybarite: it can no longer support the wrinkle of a rose-leaf.'

Connected with this subject is the remark of M. Girardin respecting the *goût de la mort*, which he finds characteristic of English literature. All that is profound and indefinite in the idea of death, all that it has of vague terrors, all the horrible—nay, disgusting associations which it ex-

cites, seem to have a peculiar fascination for our poets. Shakspeare forms an interesting study in this respect. Not only the melancholy Hamlet, but the young and passionate Julia, love to dwell on the idea of death. Juliet, about to drink the potion, does not dwell upon her love, upon her husband, or on the delight of once more being in his arms; she thinks only of the horrible tomb:

A vault, an ancient receptacle
Where for these many hundred years the bones
Of all my buried ancestors are packed;
Where bloody Tybalt yet but green in earth
Lies festering in his shroud; where as they say
At some hours in the night *spirits* resort.
Alack! alack! is it not like that I
So early waking—what with loathsome smells,
And shrieks like *mandrakes* torn out of the earth.
O! if I wake, shall I not be distraught
And madly play with my forefather's joints?
And pluck the mangled Tybalt from his shroud?
And in this rage, with some great kinsman's bone,
As with a club, dash out my desperate brains?

In the novel by Luigi da Porta, when Friar Lawrence proposes the drug to Juliet, he asks her if she will not be afraid of being placed in the same tomb with her cousin Tybalt; 'Oh, if it were necessary to pass through hell to recover my Romeo, I would not hesitate,' she replies. Here is the true Italian lover. This difference M. Girardin has stated with much ingenuity; but he has not understood the cause. He justly says that '*un fils du génie d'Homère ou de Sophocle, un amant Grec ou même Italien,*' would never think Juliet more lovely in death, as Romeo does. Sophocles makés Hæmon kill himself by the tomb of Antigone, as Romeo kills himself by the tomb of Juliet; but Sophocles does not exhibit to the eyes of the audience this scene of love and death; the lugubrious vaults are antagonistic to the Greek ideas of love; while, on the contrary, their very horror seems to redouble the ardor of Romeo, who passionately talks of taking up his abode with Juliet and the worms. The English Romeo delights in contemplating Juliet in her tomb, beautiful though lifeless. The Italian Romeo thinks only of Juliet as she was, thinks of her beautiful and living.

This difference is both curious and important, and M. Girardin deserves our thanks for having stated it; but, as we said, he does not appear to us to have quite comprehended the cause. He attributes it partly to Christianity, and partly to the influences of climate. That Christianity, in itself, has nothing to do with this matter, is

obvious, from the fact that Italy and Spain are equally Christian countries, and they manifest no love of images of death and horror. He himself has said that in the south, life and beauty are sacred things, from which men carefully shield the idea of death as a sort of profanation; in the north men willingly call up this idea, as if by force of contrast, to better enjoy the charm of life and beauty. Most true; but why did this truth not lead him further? why did he not see that this influence of climate and of race affected the whole constitution of the mind, making the one nation objective and the other subjective? For a refutation of this notion of the influence of Christianity, and a statement of the mode in which climate and race affect the national spirit, we beg to refer to our article on A. W. Schlegel.* Had M. Girardin seen the extent of his own admission respecting climate, he would hardly have attributed to Shakspeare that *dégout de la vie*, which he says makes suicide more frequent in England than elsewhere. It is not Shakspeare who has 'altered and perverted Christianity' in this respect; not Shakspeare, but Shakspeare's nation: had he not uttered the voice of his nation, he would not have filled the world with echoes of his name; but he was intensely national because supremely great; he was the greatest of Englishmen, and embalmed in immortal verse the spirit of his nation. Let us not forget this. There is a tendency, in these days, not only to the idolatry of Shakspeare, but to the refining away of all his characteristics. The cant of criticism, not satisfied with proclaiming him the greatest of men, endeavors, by pompous formulas and abstractions, to make him more than man; unsusceptible of human imperfections, not influenced, as other men were, by the accidents of his time. A stupid attempt. It is because Shakspeare was a man that we admire him; had he been exempt from human imperfections, from human influences, where would be the miracle of his all-surpassing power? The Germans have absurdly wanted to prove that Shakspeare was a cosmopolitan, not a national poet; that he belonged to the whole world, and not alone to England. They fancy that by doing away with his nationality, they make him greater. It is from no ridiculous nationality that we deny this, and claim Shakspeare as an English-

* No. LXIII. pp. 163-8.

man, it is because criticism suffers from errors like the one we combat. Shakspeare pleases in Germany; he is regarded there almost in the light of a national poet; but this is because the general character of the English and German spirit is the same. Shakspeare is admired in France and Italy; admired for his unmistakable power, not because he expresses their national spirit. He is not a household god, but a foreign divinity whom they admit into their Pantheon; for Shakspeare is not Italian in spirit, nor French; but eminently English; in his greatness, English; in his weakness, English; in his very buffooneries and trivialities, his recklessness and want of polish; in his careless prodigality and occasional perversity of dulness, he is English. Homer is not more intensely Greek; Racine not more characteristically French; Goethe not more German. If he is for all times and for all men, it is because intensely human, true, national; it is because his greatness is unparalleled; it is because his works contain food for all minds and for all ages; delight for the young and trivial, delirious amusement and endless thought; but with all this, English in every fibre; and the English character in its purest form; before sour puritanism had banished music and painting, and lusty revelry and boisterous mirth; before the brand of sin had been stamped on the innocent joys of life. Whoever reads Shakspeare, and confounds his spirit with that of any foreign poet, has but dim perceptions of the great boundaries of character.

To return from this digression. Shakspeare did not alter Christianity; he accepted it as his nation had accepted it; if there is alteration, the causes must be sought in the national spirit. M. Girardin has committed the error of attributing to one man the formation of a national spirit, when it is obvious that man must himself have partaken of the spirit, or the nation would not have listened. The error is not uncommon, but it bears no examination. There is another error, repeated from writer to writer, and accepted by M. Girardin, respecting the love of beauty, and its influence on Greek art, which we may here combat. He thus states it:

"We admire beauty, but we do not adore it. The Greeks both admired and adored it. They had no gods but those that were beautiful; Pluto himself was beautiful, although the god of the infernal regions. When the Greeks

represented men they had the same care of beauty: their painters and sculptors only represented handsome men. 'Who would paint thee,' says an ancient epigram, 'since no one would look at thee?' The Greeks abhorred portraits, i. e. the resemblance of ordinary men. The victors at the Olympic games had each a right to a statue; but only he who had thrice been victorious obtained the honor of a portrait; so much did the Greeks dread ugliness in the fine arts. With this horror of ugliness, the painters and sculptors were careful never to represent the excess of passion; the extremes of grief and rage border on contortion, and contortion is ugly. Timanthes, in his picture of the sacrifice of Iphigenia, veiled the head of Agamemnon; not that he despaired of rendering such grief, but because he could not express it without disfigurement. Sculpture has represented the children of Niobe, some dead, the others dying. But neither the dying nor the supplicants are represented in disordered attitudes, or violent gestures; their countenances and their persons express supplication, suffering, terror, and even death, with striking fidelity, but at the same time with dignity and beauty. Niobe herself, the mother, seeing her children perish, is lovely and majestic; the sculptor has seized on the moment, when having still one daughter whom she entreats the gods to spare, she has not yet arrived at the excess of grief. In truth, as long as grief has a glimmering of hope, the soul, and consequently the human face, preserves a sort of calmness and dignity, which is the moral and physical beauty that Greek art endeavored to express."

So far so good. M. Saint Marc Girardin has here done little more than adapt some striking pages from Lessing's 'Laokoon;' and as long as he continued in the company of so safe a guide, he was safe himself. But at this point he separated from Lessing, and maintains an opinion common enough in Germany, but which the whole scope of Lessing's work was to refute; the limits of poetry and painting, the subjects which they could each treat, and the manner of their different treatment, this was the object of the 'Laokoon,' and it was executed in such a style that we may express surprise at any one's ever blundering after it. M. Girardin however says:

"Do not fancy that the antique poetry was bolder than painting or sculpture, in representing the passions in excess. Thus when Niobe has arrived at the last degree of grief, poetry, instead of doing violence to art to represent the distraction of this desperate mother, changes her into a rock: it prefers the metamorphosis to the disfigurement of man. The ancient imagination believed that when the passion is excessive, the man disappears; a profound

idea, which lies at the bottom of the metamorphoses of Ovid. As soon as a passion exceeds the force of endurance, the ancient poet has recourse to a prodigy: preferring a miracle to exaggeration. He changes Biblis into a fountain, because he despairs of expressing the grief of a love at once incestuous and scorned.

"The art of the ancients, whether choosing with admirable tact the amount which precedes the excess of passion, or whether in passing beyond that and arriving at a prodigy which envelopes all in its shadow; this has greater effect on the imagination than modern art, which boldly endeavors to express passions in their excess. The pretension of modern art is to tell every thing: what then rests for the imagination to divine? Is it often well to trust to the spectator's completing the idea of the poet or sculptor?"

There is much ingenuity and some truth in this, but it rests, we believe, on a confusion of ideas. In the first place it is not true that the Greek poets refrained from expressing passions in their excess; it is not true that they avoided the introduction of moral and physical ugliness. Thersites, on the one hand, and Philoctetes or Œdipus on the other, may be instanced to the contrary. As to the expression of passion, we will set the dramatists aside, and only refer to Homer, and Homer's greatest character, Achilles, contenting ourselves with one example. When (Il. xviii. v. 22-35) the news arrived of the death of Patroclus, Achilles threw himself on the ground, heaped dust and ashes on his head, tore out his hair by handfuls, howled horribly (*σμερδαλέον δ' ὤμοσεν*), and was so frantic, that Antilochus feared much lest he should commit suicide. If this is not passion in excess we know not where to find it. Facts, therefore, are against M. Girardin. But, as we said, his opinion rests on a confusion of ideas: unable to deny the physical ugliness of the disease of Philoctetes, he says, 'it would, however, be wrong to fancy that he chose the subject from that love of the deformed which has for some time been one of the manias of modern literature.' Granted: does it follow, however, that because Sophocles had not the modern '*goût du laid*,' therefore the Greeks refused to represent the deformed? Clearly not. The Greeks were too poetical to prefer the deformed; too great artists not to see its occasional value as a contrast.*

* The fact alone that both Æschylus and Euripides had treated the subject of Philoctetes before Sophocles, is sufficient proof of what is advanced in the text. See Dio. Chrys. 52.

Misled by this dogma of the adoration felt for beauty by the Greeks, M. Girardin is led into inconsistency in his critique on the Philoctetes. Physical suffering was there too plainly represented to admit of denial; how then to make it accord with the notion of universal beauty? Thus: 'The Greeks,' he says, 'did not fear expressing physical suffering; but they submitted it to the laws of the beautiful.' This is one of those metaphysical phrases in which Schlegel and his followers delight. What meaning can it have applied to the scene with Achilles above quoted? What are the '*lois du beau*' to begin with? and where are they visible in that scene? M. Girardin has a few words in which he endeavors to analyze the impression made by Philoctetes: 'the pity which his sufferings inspire is never pushed too far, because it is elevated and replaced in time by another pity, more gentle and more noble, the pity of the soul, inspired by his emotions of joy and gratitude, and even by his anger and hatred. With this art of tempering the passions one by the other, excess, and consequently the moral or physical contortion, become impossible.' This is weak and sophistical; and it applies to the grief and phrensy of Gudule (in the passage quoted from '*Nôtre Dame de Paris*') quite as well as to Philoctetes, and not at all to the agony of Laokoon, when the serpents enfold him:

Perfusus sanie vittas atroque veneno;
Clamores simul horrendos ad sidera tollit:
Quales mugitus, fugit cum saucius aram
Taurus.*

There is no glimpse here either of '*les lois du beau*,' nor of emotions which temper each other and prevent contortion: on the contrary, the pain is physical and the contortion violent. If the reader wishes to learn the reason why the ancients admitted deformity, contortions, and excess, in poetry and not in sculpture, let him consult the '*Laokoon*' of Lessing: it is impossible to refuse assent to his reasoning.

The above errors are the only two of any consequence, which struck us in the whole of M. Girardin's work; the books are rare indeed of which we could say as much. Willingly would we accompany him in all

* '*Æneid*,' ii. 221. Let us also remember the story current respecting the Furies of Æschylus having terrified women to death. The story is apocryphal; but that it was ever circulated is a proof that the Furies were terrible to look upon.

his well-selected illustrations of the passions as treated by ancient and modern dramatists, but we have no space to do so. On the appearance of his second volume, we may perhaps find opportunity for resuming the subject. Meanwhile we cannot do better than close this notice with his reflections on literature as the expression of society.

"Is the alteration in the expression, a sign of the alteration in the generous sentiments of the heart? Do the men of our day love life with a more cowardly and effeminate love than their ancestors did, because Catarina is less resigned to death than Iphigenia? Are paternal and maternal love less ardent and less noble, because Goriot and Lucrèce Borgia love their children differently from Don Diègue and Mérope? Are there no simple and truthful sorrows in the world, because novels are full of false despairs? In a word, is literature now the expression of society?"

"Our age is certainly not the age of violent and disordered passions. Yet, to take our literature as a sign, never were great passions in such honor: our heroes all aim at wonderful energy; it is on that account they please us, for we adore ardent and passionate characters, we even deify vice if it has but a bold appearance. In our novels the lovers are enthusiastic and *exaltés*: the girls are dreamy and melancholy. Nevertheless, in the world, marriages are made more and more according to *convenance*; interest usurps the place of passion. Society indeed writes and talks in one manner and acts in another. The most certain way of misunderstanding it is to take it at its word.

"Shall we then say that society is a hypocrite? No: hypocrisy mimics virtue. Here, on the contrary, society seems to affect the vices which it has not. Its grimaces slander it; but it is absolved by its actions: for it acts better than it writes, better even than it thinks.

"This discrepancy between society in its writings and in its acts is a fruitful source of error: for society laughs at the dupes, who, in ordinary life, attempt to put in action that ardent and passionate morality which is good only for circulating libraries. It treats morality as the abbés of the eighteenth century treated religion, lived by it and laughed at it: as the audience at the theatre laughs at marriage, and marries. If, indeed, any one commits any breach of morality, society has no hesitation in submitting him to the penal code: it punishes him for having believed in the paradoxes which it encouraged; and what is remarkable, it often punishes more than it disapproves, especially if the culprit has sufficient impudence. Effrontery, in our eyes, borders upon greatness; so completely do we, in losing the taste for truth, lose also the sentiment of greatness! A criminal who knows

how to produce an effect is no longer scarcely guilty; his crime disappears in the curiosity inspired by the man; and if we condemn him at the assizes, we talk of him so much in our drawing-rooms, that his celebrity almost supplies the place of innocence.

"Thus, so far from modern literature being an image of society, one would believe it wished to present the reverse, so much does society belie, by its manners and deeds, the morality of its literature. Shall we, therefore, say that literature borrows nothing from society? No; these unchecked passions, these hideous characters, these insolent crimes, which compose the staple of modern literature, have been taken from the *thoughts*, if not from the *actions* of our age; from our imaginations, if not from our characters.

"I thus arrive at the second point of view. There are two sort of sentiments in literature, and these correspond with two different phases of the literary history of nations. There are the sentiments which man finds in his heart, and which compose the staple of every society; there are also the sentiments which he finds only in his imagination, and which are but the altered reflection of the former. Literature begins with one and ends with the other.

"When literature arrives at this second stage, when imagination, which formerly contented itself with painting natural affections, endeavors to replace them by others, then books no longer represent society: they only represent the state of imagination. Imagination loves and seeks above all things that which does not exist. When civil war agitates society, the imagination willingly paints idyls and preaches peace and virtue. When, on the contrary, society is in repose, the imagination delights in crimes. Like the merchant in Horace, celebrating the security of the shore when the tempest lowers; but when in the harbor delighting in storms and roaring seas. Add to this the remembrances still so vivid amongst us of the revolution and its wars, the taste for adventures, the hope of renown and fortune, the contempt of living insignificantly, a contempt more bitter in the hearts of the children of those who have done great things. It is these restless desires and confused emotions which imagination collects and places in literature. Hence the energy of novels, and the terror of the *dramas*; hence that literature which pleases society more, the less it resembles it.

"Another cause aids this separation of society and literature, and that is, the imitation of foreign literatures. When a literature has become decrepit, it begins to imitate, hoping thereby to be re-invigorated. But there are times when this imitation only serves to augment the separation between art and society. What, indeed, can become of the French mind, accustomed, ever since the sixteenth century, to a distinctness of ideas and expressions, which has made the national character,

when it is suddenly plunged into the bitter misanthropy of the English, or the dreamy mysticism of the Germans? It may indeed be a moment for a fashion to make itself dreamy and melancholy; but this will never be more than an affectation. It is in vain that it would fill the eyes with tears, the breast with sobs; it is in vain that it wears long hair and a pale face; all that is but for the theatre and a few boudoirs. But the French *esprit* pierces through all their grimaces of sadness: I feel that the weepers only repeat a lesson they have learned; there is in their very groans irony, which is far from being bitter.

"One more remark. The corruption of the intelligence has not always the bad effects which one might dread: thanks to the inconsequence of man, he acts better than he thinks or speaks. We must not, however, delude ourselves as to the immorality of literature. The bravado of vice is often innocent for the boaster, but pernicious to his neighbors. It hurts by example. By degrees the good sentiments become altered on continually hearing the bad ones lauded; and it is too great a temptation to human weakness to always afford it an excuse—what do I say! an *eulogium* for every fault."

ENERGIATYPE, A NEW PHOTOGRAPHIC PROCESS.—While pursuing some investigations, with a view to determine the influence of the solar rays upon precipitation, I have been led to the discovery of a new photographic agent which can be employed in the preparation of paper, with a facility which no other sensitive process possesses. Being desirous of affording all the information I possibly can to those who are anxious to avail themselves of the advantages offered by Photography, I solicit a little space in your columns for the purpose of publishing the particulars of this new process. All the photographic processes with which we are at present acquainted, sufficiently sensitive for the fixation of the images of the camera obscura, require the most careful and precise manipulation; consequently, those who are not accustomed to the niceties of experimental pursuits, are frequently annoyed by failures. The following statement will at once show the exceeding simplicity of the new discovery.

Good letter-paper is first washed over with the following solution.

A saturated solution of succinic acid 2 drachms.
Mucilage of gum arabic 1
Water 1½

When the paper is dry, it is washed over once with an argentine solution, consisting of one drachm of nitrate of silver to one ounce of distilled water.

The paper is allowed to dry in the dark, and it is fit for use; it can be preserved in a portfolio, and at any time employed in the camera. This paper is a pure white, and it retains its color, which is a great advantage. At present, I find it necessary to expose this prepared paper in the camera obscura for periods varying with the quantity of sunshine, from two to eight minutes, although, from some results which I have obtained, I am satisfied that, by a nice adjustment of the proportions of the materials, a much shorter exposure will suffice. When the paper is removed from the camera, no trace of a picture is visible. We have then to mix together one drachm of a saturated solution of *sulphate of iron*, and two or three drachms of *mucilage of gum arabic*. A wide flat brush saturated with this solution is now swept over the face of the paper rapidly and evenly. In a few seconds the dormant images are seen to develop themselves, and with great rapidity a pleasing *negative* photographic picture is produced. The iron solution is to be washed off as soon as the best effect appears, this being done with a soft sponge and clean water. The drawing is then soaked for a short time in water, and may be permanently fixed, by being washed over with ammonia—or perhaps better, with a solution of the hyposulphite of soda, care being taken that the salt is afterwards well washed out of the paper. From the pictures thus produced, any number of others correct in position, and in light and shadow, may be produced, by using the same succinated papers in the ordinary way; from five to ten minutes in sunshine producing the desired effect.

The advantages which this process possesses over every other, must be, I think, apparent. The papers are prepared in the most simple manner, and may be kept ready by the tourist until required for use: they require no preparation previously to their being placed in the camera, and they can be preserved until a convenient opportunity offers for bringing out the picture, which is done in the most simple manner, with a material which can be any where procured.

Anxious to give the public the advantage of this process during the beautiful weather of the present season, I have not waited to perfect the manipulatory details which are necessary for the production of portraits. It is sufficient, however, to say, that experiment has satisfied me of its applicability for this purpose.

Prismatic examination has proved that the rays effecting this chemical change are those which I have elsewhere shown to be perfectly independent of solar light or heat. I therefore propose to distinguish this process by a name which has a general rather than a particular application. Regarding all photographic phenomena as due to the principal *ENERGIA*, I would nevertheless wish to distinguish this very interesting process as the *ENERGIATYPE*.

I enclose you a few specimens of the results already obtained. The exceeding sensibility of the Energiatype is best shown by an attempt to copy engravings or leaves by it. The three specimens I enclose were produced by an exposure of considerably less than one second.

I am, &c.,

ROBERT HUNT.

Falmouth, May 27, 1844.

CONINGSBY; OR, THE NEW GENERATION.

From the New Monthly Magazine.

Coningsby; or, the New Generation. By B. D'Israeli, M. P. 3 vols.

WE were fairly startled amidst the monotonous routine of conventional Fiction, by the appearance of this remarkable work. It is admirable in many points of view—for the fulness of its lore—for its profound development of our social system—the richness of its illustrations, drawn from far-scattered lands and literatures—its beauty and high finish as a work of art. But it is in none of these aspects it will most surprise the reader. It is something more than a novel—wider in reach, more serious in aim, and, above all, subtler in spirit. It is the confession of Faith of Young England. The shape of this Confession harmonizes felicitously with the elements of which it is composed—a passionate romance reared on a philosophical basis.

The thought of putting the political creed of the Young Blood of England into the disguise of a story, which should at the same time lay bare the vices of the creed of the Old Blood, was a happy one. Abstract principles and formulæ of all kinds have had their day. People want to see theories put into action—dramatized—before they will listen to them. The same amount of intellect—and it is great—which has been bestowed on the volumes before us, would have been absolutely wasted on a grave declaration of opinions. But these volumes will be read every where, and the opinions they contain will be diffused through every point of the compass. Even where they fail to hit, or where they are indignantly rejected, they will still make a disturbance of certain fixed ideas. The slightest shock imparted to the old system is a clear gain to the new.

The actual plot of *Coningsby*, apart from the episodic incidents which cluster round its progress, is exceedingly simple. The interest springs rather from the truthfulness than the variety or novelty of the details—all of which lie within our daily experience. *Coningsby* is the grandson of Lord Monmouth, a nobleman of great wealth, voluptuous habits, and considerable political influence. Lord Monmouth—a genuine Tory of the *very* old school—lives constantly out of England, leaving his parliamentary and private affairs in the hands of his creature, Mr. Rigby, a crafty partisan,

member for one of his own boroughs, a cleverish speaker, and a writer of “slashing articles” in the *Quarterly*. Next to Rigby in the confidence of this virtuous nobleman, is one Villebecque, a sort of Swiss valet, who renders himself so useful to his master, that he at last takes the foot of his table, when his lordship entertains French actresses and *bon vivants*. This group is perfect in its kind, and fits closely in every articulation to that gross and sensual *régime* which was broken up but a few years since, and which still quivers with life in its fragments.

Coningsby is an orphan, dependent on this heartless, sagacious grandfather. He is sent to Eton, and from Eton to Cambridge—Lord Monmouth keeping him in reserve for the moment when he may be useful to him in his political schemes. In the mean while the Reform Bill is passing, and the clouds are clearing off men's minds on a variety of subjects hitherto seen only through a mist; and young men at Eton and Cambridge, bred in the Conservative interest, are beginning to rub their eyes, and wonder what has become of the ancient immutability of Toryism. They see the Conservatives giving way before the pressure of a popular demand, and then, having conceded all that was demanded, or won, stamping bravely, and throwing themselves into an attitude, exclaiming, “We are Conservatives!” The young men at Eton, perplexed and disappointed, raise their eyes, and ask, “What is it you conserve?” This question—thus springing up amongst the youth of Eton, and expanding itself in maturer years into an elaborate catechism—is the key to the whole work. The disciples of Young England visibly, openly, manfully, separate themselves from the Conservative party, because it is a Profession without a Faith. The impossibility of the Conservative party consists in the impossibility of answering this question—“What do you propose to conserve?” This question thus put to the country, will vibrate to its core. And the answer from hill and valley, from borough and city, from riding and shire, will be—NOTHING! The distinct charge is, that the Conservative party have no principles.

These considerations sink deeply into the minds of *Coningsby* and a few more earnest spirits, Henry Sydney, the son of a duke, Oswald Millbank, the son of a Lancashire manufacturer, and others—all portraits, and representatives of classes. They

become satisfied of the importance of measuring carefully their first steps, and of keeping aloof from party for the present, resolving not to run the risk, ignominiously fatal in so many instances! of adopting hereditary opinions, until they shall have first sounded their depths.

The course of inquiry and independence thus marked out, carries us into an extensive field of observation. Coningsby's social education is admirably calculated to prepare him for the gradual formation of a political creed. He visits the great manufacturing districts, where the power and intelligence of the productive order are for the first time practically expounded to him. The next phase of his experience is at Beaumanoir, the princely mansion of the Sydneys. Here he sees the aristocracy in its most refined and captivating aspect—large intellect, dignified ambition, repose, charity, grace, beauty. But this is the favorable side of the picture; the magnificent castle of Lord Monmouth presents the reverse. Here is a prodigal expenditure upon troops of foreigners, diplomatists, princesses, dancers, and singers—confusion, riot, grandeur, pomp without order, luxury without taste, passion without love. The soul of Coningsby quickens through these experiences, and the plot of the new party which is to vindicate the destinies of England, to purge it of its sensualities, and achieve its freedom upon intelligible principles, ripens in his brain.

Paris is visited next, and a new world opens upon the dreamer—new manners, new notions of society,—he is nearer than ever to the solution of the great problem. But something is wanted to supply this restless spirit with a motive. There must be something to love—if all the political constitutions in the world were to crumble to their base. And Coningsby loves with all the fervor and poetry of his youth. The object of his devotion is Edith Millbank, the sister of his Eton friend, the daughter of Lord Monmouth's great political and personal enemy. Here is a dilemma for love to start upon his course with. But it is a fitting thing that love should have such dilemmas to work through; and especially in this case, where it helps the hero to test the sincerity of his principles by a grand martyrdom. Passing over the minor incidents which impede his progress—the supposed rivalry of Sidonia, the great financier of the age, a character drawn with extraordinary power—the prohibition of his suit

by Edith's father, after she has "told her love"—we come to the event out of which his future and final destinies are to be evolved.

Mr. Millbank, the great Lancashire manufacturer, is member for Darlford, a little borough lying in the very lap of Lord Monmouth's property. At the last election he beat Rigby, Lord Monmouth's nominee. This was one of the causes of his lordship's hatred of him. A new election is now likely to take place. The whig ministry have resolved on a dissolution, although they command a majority—a shaking one to be sure—in the house. In the interval the Tories have worked at the "registration," and hug themselves in a sort of wild delirious hope that they may yet carry the day. Lord Monmouth sends for Coningsby, desires him to go down instantly to Darlford, that every thing is prepared for his reception, to spare no expense, that the finest jockeying will be necessary, and not to give a point. Never was conservative skill so skilfully displayed, as in these brief, rapid, but pregnant instructions.

All I want now is to see you in Parliament. A man should be in Parliament early. *There is a sort of stiffness about every man, no matter what may be his talents, who enters Parliament late in life*; and now, fortunately, the occasion offers. You will go down on Friday; feed the notabilities well; speak out; praise Peel; abuse O'Connell and the ladies of the bed-chamber; anathematize all waverers; say a good deal about Ireland; stick to the Irish Registration Bill—that's a good card; and above all, my dear Harry, don't spare that fellow, Millbank.

The profound sagacity of these hints makes less impression upon Coningsby than their total freedom from all responsibility in the way of principle. Then—to oppose Milbank, the father of Edith! Young love, as well as Young England, revolts at so monstrous a proposition: he can neither oppose the father of her he loves, nor pledge himself to a party he despises. Coningsby declines to accede to his lordship's wishes, temperately and even argumentatively, but with firmness. From this moment his doom is sealed. But it is a salutary trial that sets the seal of purity on our faith, whatever it be!

The sequel may be briefly dismissed. After a time Lord Monmouth dies. Every body expects that Coningsby will be his heir; but to every body's amazement large sums are left to Rigby and Villebecque,

and the residue of the immense fortune to an illegitimate daughter, who has hitherto passed as the child of Villebecque. Coningsby is pennyless, subsisting on the interest of a paltry ten thousand pounds. But his spirit is strong, and he resolves to go to the bar. He carries out this resolution valiantly; and while he is still plodding on at a special pleader's in the temple, he discovers one day that he has been put into nomination for Darford by old Mr. Millbank, who is about to retire from the representation. The next morning he is whirled down, beats Rigby hollow, and is chaired through the borough to the delight of all parties. This is the *moral* of the book. At the opening, Rigby, the genius of electioneering politics, and of the old Tory rotten-borough hocus-pocus system, is in the ascendant, and Coningsby a boy, trembling under his keen eyes and vulgar effrontery. In the end, this boy, profiting by these despicable examples, and seeing how little reliance is to be placed upon the frauds of party, and how much upon truth, knowledge, and intelligence, rejects every attempt to corrupt him as he advances, dares to think and reason for himself, and finally defeats this very Rigby, the grisly champion of bigotry and intolerance, upon his own ground, and with his own *cheval de bataille*. It is the first manifestation of Young England—its first fair stand-up fight with Old Corruption—its first victory, the herald of endless triumphs over Falsehood and Hypocrisy.

The issue of the love story is not so satisfactory. Coningsby and Edith are married of course; but as Coningsby has no fortune, Millbank is obliged to provide him with one. The feeling is not agreeable; but fortunately the obligation does not last long. Lord Monmouth's daughter dies, and bequeaths to Coningsby the fortune she had so innocently intercepted; leaving the happy young couple standing on the threshold of that public life, through which, it is to be hoped, they will conduct themselves with purity and honor.

We suppose some objection will be taken to this work on account of its strong characterization of men and parties—Rigby, Monmouth, Lucian Gay, Henry Sidney, Buckhurst, Millbank, Sidonia, Tadpole, and Taper, the electioneering agents, ladies of *ton*, fashionable and political cliques, and those groups of unmistakable individuals who flutter with such airy reality round its brilliant pages. The introduction of the

names of living statesmen, as influencing the political circumstances through which the fictitious characters move, will call forth discreet astonishment in some quarters. To people of a certain quality of imagination, a work of fiction must be a work of fiction—out and out. They will have it speak by the card, and cannot understand it otherwise. There were people who never could recognize Mr. Kemble out of black. But works of this *calibre* are not written to square with small canons, or to drop all at once into the open mouth of popular credulity. They step out of the traditional track, and set up their own standards. The objection we have anticipated seems to us to indicate the distinctive and most impressive merit of "Coningsby." It is emphatically a novel of our own times—of our own day—of the great political cycle, beginning with the Reform Bill, and ending, as far as we can see at present, with Young England. How many novels are there full of wit, and gayety, and knowledge of the world, and of our English society in particular, the scenes of which are laid under our eyes in Arlington-street and St. James's Square—yet which might be put back half a century, without the slightest risk of an anachronism of costume. Now there is no mistaking "Coningsby." The life of its century is breathed into it. You feel in its scenes the strong palpitation of movements which have not yet fulfilled their mission—the tone of the people is that of our actual experience—it is every where colored by existing influences, rife with matter pertinent to the time, and animated by a spirit of prophecy which takes its stand upon the present hour. To the future explorer of our institutions, who desires to investigate the real condition of the highest circles of society during the volcanic period comprehended within the compass of "Coningsby," we know no book—certainly no historical book—in which that strange history will be found depicted with such picturesque fidelity, vigor, and fearlessness.

It teems with characters, drawn by the hand of a great master: some of them palpable likenesses to living men, but all idealized into representative spirits of the time. Monmouth, profligate and mean, sumptuous in his pleasures, cowardly in his selfishness, heartless in his resentments; Rigby, cool, cringing, base, clever, and audacious; Sidonia, the marvel of all the courts of Europe, familiar with their languages,

histories, and wants, and embracing in the wide range of his intellectual acquisitions the policies, sciences, and philosophies of the ancient and the modern world; Millbank, judicious, earnest, blunt, and honest; Henry Sydney, the enthusiast who would regenerate the "peasantry," and restore England to her halcyon feudality;—these, and many more who stand out prominently, will be recognized at once by the reader, who will require no hint to guide him to what is meant by them. But nestling in obscure places and shadowy corners are touches of character no less valuable as illustrative memoranda of the age. We have noted numerous scraps of this kind. The sketch of Mr. Jawster Sharp, who, under the Reform Bill, represented one of the new boroughs, is the natural history of a genius spawned within the last fifteen years.

The borough was a manufacturing town, and returning only one member; it had hitherto sent up to Westminster a radical shopkeeper, one Mr. Jawster Sharp, who had taken what is called a "leading part" in the town on every "crisis" that had occurred since 1830; one of those zealous patriots who had set up penny subscriptions for gold cups to Lord Gray; cries for the bill, the whole bill, and nothing but the bill; and public dinners where the victual was devoured before grace was said; a worthy, who makes speeches, passes resolutions, votes addresses, goes up with deputations, has at all times the necessary quantity of confidence in the necessary individual; confidence in Lord Gray; confidence in Lord Durham; confidence in Lord Melbourne; and can also, if necessary, give three cheers for the king, or three groans for the queen.

But it is not merely in political sketches Mr. D'Israeli shows his strength. His portraits of mere drawing-room people, distinguished from each other by almost imperceptible tints, and expending all their faculties upon the *finesse* of fashionable intercourse, are equally shrewd and piquant. Mr. and Mrs. Guy Flouncey, "picked up" by Lord Monmouth during a Roman winter, and now on a visit at his castle, amongst a crowd of grand people who do not know them, are capital. We must afford the reader a few glimpses of the lady through sundry loops in the description.

Mrs. Guy Flouncey was very pretty, and dressed in a style of ultra fashion. However, she could sing, dance, act, ride, and talk, and all well; and was mistress of the art of flirtation * * * She came with a wardrobe

which, in point of variety, fancy, and fashion, never was surpassed. Morning and evening, every day, a new dress equally striking; and a riding-habit that was the talk and wonder of the whole neighborhood. * * * At first the ladies never noticed her, or only stared at her over their shoulders; every where sounded, in suppressed whispers, the fatal question, "Who is she?" After dinner they always formed into polite groups, from which Mrs. Guy Flouncey was invariably excluded. * * * It was indeed rather difficult work the first few days for Mrs. Guy Flouncey, especially immediately after dinner. It is not soothing to one's self-love sitting alone, pretending to look at prints in a fine drawing-room full of fine people, who don't speak to you.

But Mrs. Guy was not to be put out. *She was sure of an ally the moment the gentlemen appeared.* She went on inventing a thousand things for the amusement of the guests.

In a country house the suggestive mind is inestimable. Some how or other, before a week was past, Mrs. Guy Flouncey seemed the soul of every thing, was always surrounded by a cluster of admirers, and with what are called "the best men," ever ready to fall at her feet. The fine ladies found it absolutely necessary to thaw; they began to ask her questions after dinner. Mrs. Guy Flouncey only wanted an opening. She was an adroit flatterer, with a temper imperturbable, and *gifted with a ceaseless energy of conferring slight obligations.* She lent them patterns for new fashions, in all which mysteries she was very versant; and what with some gentle glozing, and some gay gossip, sugar for their tongues and salt for their tails, she contrived pretty well to catch them all.

The more grave women are no less successfully delineated. Lady Wallinger is a bit of true nature; and the Colonnas are full of force and dark energy. Beauty and spirituality in Mr. D'Israeli's hands become wonderfully luminous and intellectual. Edith is the beauty of one's dreams, with a womanly heart capable of great sacrifices and small resentments. The two French actresses at Richmond are like flashes of sunshine.

There are descriptive "bits," too, of great merit. Such for instance, as the interior at Beaumanoir.

There was not a country house in England that had so completely the air of habitual residence as Beaumanoir. It is a charming trait, and very rare. In many great mansions every thing is as stiff, formal, and tedious, as if your host were a Spanish grandee in the days of the Inquisition. No ease, no resources;

the passing life seems a solemn spectacle in which you play a part. How delightful was the morning-room at Beaumanoir, from which gentlemen were not excluded with that assumed suspicion that they can never enter it but for felonious purposes.

Such a profusion of flowers! such a multitude of books! such a various prodigality of writing materials! So many easy chairs too of so many shapes; each in itself a comfortable home; yet nothing crowded. Woman alone can organize a drawing-room; man succeeds sometimes in a library. And the ladies work! how graceful they look bending over their embroidery frames, consulting over the arrangement of a group or the color of a flower. The panniers and fanciful baskets overflowing with variegated worsted, are gay and full of pleasure to the eye, and give an air of elegant business that is vivifying. Even the sight of employment interests.

Then the morning costume of English women is itself a beautiful work of art. At this period of the day they can find no rivals in other climes. The brilliant complexions of the daughters of the north dazzle in daylight; the illumined saloon levels all distinctions. One should see them in their well-fashioned muslin dresses. What matrons and what maidens! full of graceful dignity, fresher than the morn! And the married beauty in her little lace cap. Ah! she is a coquette! A charming character at all times; in a country house an invaluable one.

The gathering of the boys at sunset in lounging groups in the Long Walk at Eton, canvassing the exploits and events of the morning:

The sports and matches of the day were over. Criticism had succeeded to action in sculling and in cricket. They talked over the exploits of the morning, canvassed the merits of the competitors, marked the fellow whose play or whose stroke was improving, glanced at another whose promise had not been fulfilled; discussed the pretensions and adjudged the palm. Thus public opinion is formed. Some too might be seen with their books and exercises, intent on the inevitable and impending task. Among these some unhappy wight in the remove wandering about with his hat in parochial fashion, seeking relief in the shape of a verse. A hard lot this. To know that you must be delivered of fourteen verses at least in the twenty-four hours, and to be conscious that you are pregnant with none. The lesser boys, urchins of tender years, clustered like flies round the baskets of certain venders of sugar delicacies that rested on the Long Walk wall. The pallid countenance, the lack-lustre eye, the hoarse voice clogged with accumulated phlegm, indicated too surely the unclaimable and hopeless votary of lollypop—the opium-eater of schoolboys.

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The frequent use of the words "fellow," "row," and the like, and the classical imprecation "by Jove!" scattered freely through the conversation of the students, has a vulgar and tantalizing air, and would greatly perplex any foreigner who might attempt a translation of the work. But the vulgarity of these phrases is not chargeable upon Mr. D'Israeli, but upon that careless and defective system of education which has prevailed in all our principal schools for the last fifty years. "By Jove!" is regarded by our youth, for the most part, as rather an elegant and clever affectation.

The picture of Manchester is vivid and powerful. What art was to the ancient world, says the author, science is to the modern. Manchester, rightly understood, is as great a human exploit as Athens. Coningsby explores its wonders with a sense of unspeakable awe.

He entered chambers vaster than are told of in Arabian fable, and peopled with inhabitants more wondrous than Afrite or Peri. For there he beheld, in long continued ranks, those mysterious forms full of existence without life, that perform with facility, and in an instant, what man can fulfil only with difficulty and in days. A machine is a slave that neither brings nor bears degradation: it is a being endowed with the greatest degree of energy, and acting under the greatest degree of excitement, yet free, at the same time, from all passion and emotion. It is, therefore, not only a slave, but a supernatural slave. And why should one say that the machine does not live? It breathes, for its breath forms the atmosphere of some towns. It moves with more regularity than man. And has it not a voice? Does not the spindle sing like a merry girl at her work, and the steam-engine roar in jolly chorus like a strong artisan handling his lusty tools, and gaining a fair day's wages for a fair day's work?

Nor should the weaving-room be forgotten, where a thousand or fifteen hundred girls may be observed working like Penelope in the daytime; some pretty, some pert, some graceful and jocund, some absorbed in their occupation; a little serious some, few sad. And the cotton you have observed in its rude state, that you may have seen the silent spinner change into thread, and the bustling weaver convert into cloth, you may now watch as in a moment it is tinted with beautiful colors, or printed with fanciful patterns. And yet the mystery of mysteries is to view machines making machines; a spectacle that fills the mind with curious, and even awful, speculation.

We constantly fall in with capital criticisms upon national character. Here is a passage upon the jealousy which besets us

at every turn, and for which the best prescription is—travel.

How very seldom do you encounter in the world a man of great abilities, acquirements, experience, who will unmask his mind, unbutton his brains, and pour forth in careless and picturesque phrase, all the results of his studies and observation; his knowledge of men, books, and nature. On the contrary, if a man has by any chance what he conceives an original idea, he hoards it as if it were old gold; and rather avoids the subject with which he is most conversant, from fear that you may appropriate his best thoughts. One of the principal causes of our renowned dulness in conversation is our extreme intellectual jealousy. It must be admitted that in this respect authors, but especially poets, bear the palm. They never think they are sufficiently appreciated, and live in tremor lest a brother should distinguish himself. Artists have the repute of being nearly as bad: and as for a small rising politician, a clever speech by a supposed rival, or suspected candidate for office, destroys his appetite and disturbs his slumbers.

One of the chief delights and benefits of travel is, that one is perpetually meeting men of great abilities, of original mind, and rare acquirements, who will converse without reserve. In these discourses, the intellect makes daring leaps and marvellous advances. The tone that colors our after life is often caught in these chance colloquies, and the bent given that shapes a career.

In every thing that touches upon the poetry, strength, capacity, ambition of youth, our author displays the serious expression of deep and solemn feeling—and out of this Youth—this season of passionate dreams and energetic resolves—is to rise up the regenerating principles of our whole system: its purity is to redeem, its vigor to restore us. Youth is the age of heroes as well as poets. The greatest captains of ancient and modern times, exclaims Sidonia, conquered Italy at five-and-twenty. Gaston de Foix, Gustavus Adolphus, Maurice of Saxony, Bolingbroke, Pitt, were all great when they were young, or died young in the flower of their greatness. But let us escape from these generalities to the development of the particular opinions of which this book is the exponent on behalf of Young England.

It is stated very clearly (iii. 93-9) that the principles of the Exclusive Constitution having been abandoned by the Acts of 1827-8-32, a party arose who demanded that political liberalism should be carried to its full extent, by getting rid of all the

fragments that remained of the old constitution. This is the Destructive Party.

These are opposed by another party who, having given up Exclusion, embrace only as much liberalism as suits the moment, and who, without an embarrassing promulgation of principles, wish to keep things as they find them as long as they can; but as a party must have a semblance of principles, they take the names of the things they have destroyed—the crown, although it is stripped of its prerogatives—the constitution in church and state, although it is defunct—the independence of the upper house latterly dwindled into a court of review. This is the Conservative Party.

Into these two divisions, it is contended, the nation is divided. Young England repudiates both. Revolution, in any sense, forms no part of the contemplated policy of Young England. Changes are to be approached cautiously, and only with full and universal warning. "True wisdom," says Coningsby, "lies in the policy that would effect its ends *by the influence of opinion, and yet by the means of existing forms.*" (iii. 103.) The full recognition of the authority of public opinion, the abolition of class legislation, the restoration to the sovereign of the sovereign prerogatives, which, it is alleged, the parliament has gradually usurped, (iii. 101,) enlarged religious freedom, and a system of legislation adaptive and progressive, appear to be the fundamental principles of the new sect.

Some of them may require explanation, especially the doctrine of vesting in the sovereign the sole power of government. Coningsby does not consider parliamentary representation necessary to the security of the country. The country goes on when the parliament is not sitting; but it is always represented by the press. Opinion is now supreme, and opinion speaks in print. Parliamentary representation was a device of a rude age—the representation of the press is more complete. He does not contemplate the abolition of parliament, although he evidently regards it as by no means an impossible contingency, but contends that if we are forced into revolutions, we ought to consider the idea of "a free monarchy established on fundamental laws, itself the apex of a vast pile of municipal and local government, ruling an educated people, represented by a free and intellectual press." (iii. 103.) This is the monarchy Young England proposes when all incumbrances in the way of class interests and factitious

ascendencies shall have been cleared away. Whether it be practicable is not so much the question, as whether we are not now on the direct road that leads to it—although we may never probably reach the end of the journey.

The most ominous suggestive features of this work are indicated by the introduction of Mr. Millbank, a manufacturer, Mr. Eustace Lyle, a Roman Catholic, and Sidonia, the great capitalist, a Jew. Here we have three formerly antagonist elements lying down gently and confidingly with Toryism—at least with that section which has separated itself of late from the old body. By the popular influence given to Mr. Millbank, we see the weight conceded by aristocracy itself to industry and capital. "I defy any peer to crush me," (ii. 41,) exclaims Mr. Millbank. The association of Mr. Lyle with the party of Young England, affords a significant hint of its tendency to Puseyism. "Lyle," says Henry Sydney, "is of an old Cavalier family, and will not ally himself with anti-monarchists, and democrats, and infidels, and sectarians; at the same time, why should he support a party who pretend to oppose these, but who never lose an opportunity of insulting his religion, and would deprive him, if possible, of the advantages of the very institutions which his family assisted in establishing?" (i. 292.) The argument is cogent and irresistible, and has a heart and brain in it full of promise.

The emancipation of the Jews may be gathered as another object, no less desired by Young England. The grounds on which these various extensions of public rights proceed, may be assumed to be no less those of abstract justice, than the wise policy of strengthening public opinion and public confidence. Sidonia states the case of the Jews with an eloquence worthy of the loftiness of the theme. The passage is so grand that we must make room for a part of it.

"I contend that if you permit men to accumulate property, and they use that permission to a great extent, power is inseparable from that property, and it is in the last degree impolitic to make it the interest of any powerful class to oppose the institutions under which they live. The Jews, for example, independent of the capital qualities for citizenship which they possess in their industry, temperance, and energy and vivacity of mind, are a race essentially monarchical, deeply religious, and, shrinking themselves from converts as from a calamity, are ever anxious to see the

religious systems of the countries in which they live, flourish; yet since your society has become agitated in England, and powerful combinations menace your institutions, you find the once loyal Hebrew invariably arrayed in the same ranks as the leveller and the latitudinarian, and prepared to support the policy which may even endanger his life and property, rather than tamely continue under a system which seeks to degrade him. The Tories lose an important election at a critical moment; 'tis the Jews come forward to vote against them. The church is alarmed at the scheme of a latitudinarian university, and learns with relief, that funds are not forthcoming for its establishment; a Jew immediately advances and endows it. Yet the Jews are essentially Tories. Toryism is, indeed, but copied from the mighty prototype which has fashioned Europe. And every generation they must become more powerful and more dangerous to the society which is hostile to them."

And then he runs on with kindling ardor to show that the race cannot be destroyed—a simple law of nature, which has baffled Egyptian and Assyrian kings, Roman emperors, and Christian inquisitors. The mixed persecuting races disappear—the poor persecuted race survives. At this moment, he continues, in spite of centuries, of tens of centuries of degradation, the Jewish mind—the living Hebrew intellect—exercises a vast influence over the affairs of Europe. The list of Jews wielding authority and influence is astounding. Russian diplomacy in Western Europe is carried on by Jews—the professorial chairs of Germany almost monopolized by Jews—the Russian minister of finance, the son of a Lithuanian Jew—the minister of Spain, a Jew of Arragon—Soult, the son of a French Jew—the Prussian minister, a Prussian Jew; and then there are all the musicians, Rossini, Meyerbeer, Mendelssohn—Pasta, Grisi! The case of the Jews was certainly never put in so captivating a shape before. The roll of Hebrew celebrities, past and present, is magnificent; and the only difficulty we have about the matter is that it includes some famous persons whose descent through "this dark blood" was never before suspected. In music the Hebrews are distinguished in every country in Europe, if not always as composers certainly in the executive department. Moscheles, Braham, and twenty others of equal reputation, might be added to Sidonia's catalogue. But music will not effect an entrance into the legislative chamber. The Orpheus who, in the present

complexion of things, should attempt so perilous an experiment, would be much more likely to attract the notice of the sergeant-at-arms than the eye of the speaker.

Young England's project, however, for the emancipation of the Jews does not contemplate, openly at least, an assault of this kind upon the constitution of Parliament. It is not stated by what process the Jews are to be admitted to a full participation in all political and social rights, but we infer that it is to be accomplished, together with a variety of other changes by the abolition of parliament itself. We regret, for two reasons, this mode of placing so grave a question—first, because we think the time is very distant when the people of England shall be induced to part with the representative principle; and second, because we should rather see this question of emancipation argued upon its own intrinsic and independent merits, and carried ultimately by their force alone, than thus deferred to a remote and exceedingly doubtful contingency, when it is not to be carried by any effort of justice, or even magnanimity; but to pass into use simply because there will be nothing to oppose its progress.

There must be differences of opinion about the politics of this work; and it is well there should, if there be any practical virtue in the ancient saying, that the waters are kept pure by agitation. But there can be no differences of opinion about its literary merits. It is, in our estimation, the greatest work Mr. D'Israeli has produced; comprehending a wider expanse of subjects than any of his former publications; of greater weight in its manner of treating the multifarious topics it embraces; and wholly free from that peculiar pageantry of style which, in his earlier productions, offended the judgment of his critics. The theories of Young England may never be accomplished; but this book, in which they are for the first time expounded, will be read with interest and curiosity when they shall have faded into a tradition.

FIRST IMPRESSIONS OF CAPE TOWN, [From *Sam Sly's African Journal*.]—The first impression that struck us most on landing was the *firm footing*, after so long a voyage. The next was the glare and heat of the sun, and in November. Then the number of black faces and hands, and shoeless feet, or "Images of God cut in ebony," that bespoke an African soil, when in England we had only been accustomed to see a straggler now

and then, out of his element at the road-side, sunning himself as well as he could, near a wall, or begging, or in the hall of some retired Bengal Indian, behind a carriage, or flourishing the drumsticks over the big drum in St. James's Park. The old jetty had an interesting appearance, what with the number of wooden houses or "*lockers*," the busy hum and bustle of arrivals and departures, of boats, wagons, and coolies, the Castle and its mud walls, and the moat around, and the little white tower on the ramparts. The houses (whilst threading the street for a domicile) had to us a curious effect; they seemed so short and dwarfish to those we had been accustomed to, and looked, with their flat roofs, as though the tops had been blown off. It was singular to observe such a liberal display of whitewash and green paint—to see so many small panes and quaint devices over windows and doors, and so many lamps or lanterns, but neither burning oil, candle, or gas. It seemed odd to find so many "*stocps*," or raised promenades to every house, and no pavement for the many, and so few shop windows. We were much amused at the incessant and universal crowing of cocks, in every direction, and at the uncommon quantity of curs, blinking in the sun, of every description—not two alike—and none of a decided character, but all mixed and all mongrel—too idle and cowardly to fly at you, and too suspicious to wag their tails and make your acquaintance. It was strange to see so many heads in red kerchiefs and conical-shaped straw hats like funnels, or inverted whipping-tops—to see such a number of Malay boys like little old men cut short, in the full complement of habiliments with their grandfathers. To see twenty oxen in one rudely-constructed wagon, with little or nothing in it, and a mere gipsy's tent at the end, or like an elephant linked to a mouse. It was charming to find so many shady oaks along the streets. It was quite delightful to breathe so pure an atmosphere, to see hedges of roses and myrtles, and the same of aloes, an inch of which is an exhibition in a flowerpot, in our grandmother's conservatories in England, and preserved to see if "*it does blow once in a hundred years*," and to find *real* oranges growing on the trees without the aid of glass. It was strange to find uncovered ditches running up the principal streets, to hear no bells or music, and to mark the apathy and indifference of every one, in so bright a region. It was queer to perceive so many women and girls, squatting on their haunches at doorways, with nothing to do, and labor so much in request. It was laughable to see gentlemen and giants on horseback in green veils, and others on foot all in white in November, like a miller powdered with his own flour. It was rare to find a lady walking, or hear a bird whistle or scent a sweet flower, or meet with a drop of cream, or taste a good cheese, or a good loaf and not gritty, or a leg of mutton with too much gravy, or a glass of good "*home brewed*," or find too many windows cleaned, or a bow window, or a finger post, or the sign of the "*Spread Eagle*," the "*Bricklayers' Arms*." It was charming to see picturesque spots by moonlight, and sit on the jetty before "*gun-fire*," and mark the bold outlines of that "*Table*," known and read of all men. In truth, these "*first impressions*" are not easily forgotten, and it is worth a long journey to be made sensible of them, and to luxuriate in the sweetness and purity of the atmosphere.—*Athenæum*.

ON MANNERS, FASHIONS, AND THINGS IN GENERAL.

BY CAPTAIN ORLANDO SABERTASH.

THE SLIDING SCALE OF MANNERS.

From Fraser's Magazine.

It is really curious to observe how long we continue to see customs and usages practised in every society, as a regular matter of course indeed, before we think of giving them just and appropriate names, capable of fully characterizing their merits to the world. This is doubly curious at a period when so many great national measures have been carried, not by the force of argument, but merely by the force of names, and without any effort having been made, or attempted to be made, for the purpose of calmly ascertaining how far the liberal, philanthropic, or reforming title, corresponded with the legislative enactment it was put forward to secure. We have no doubt that many very fashionable members of the fashionable world have long regulated their manners according to the wealth, rank, and station of the persons with whom they chanced to be thrown together; but we have never seen the practice, however open and avowed in these times, reduced to rules and estimated accordingly. We have all occasionally seen well-dressed persons behaving with what seemed perfect courtesy towards a peer, and with the most perfect and polite impertinence to some plain nobody; but though the mischievous laughed, and the good sighed, none ascribed such conduct to the admirable *Sliding Scale of Manners*, now so generally introduced, and so well adapted to the character of modern and fashionable society.

I cannot, I think, do better than illustrate this point by an extract from a lately published novel, *The Fortunes of the Falconars*, by Mrs. Gordon, a very charming work, which I recommend every person to read, as I feel confident that none will rise from its perusal without having been deeply interested, and it may be, also, greatly improved.

Eleanor Falconar, the heroine, who is poor, as heroines should be, is on a visit at the house of some wealthy relations of the name of Livingston. All are persons of good family and standing.

"The conversation at table chiefly consisted of short sentences enunciated by Mr. Livingston and his son, touching the all-important

topics of wines and cookery. Of the female part of the company, Lady Susan from time to time responded in a low voice to questions or remarks addressed to her by the heads of the house, and looked as if the remainder of the party were entirely beneath her notice; the aunts praised and were delighted with every thing; Mrs. Livingston was condescendingly agreeable, and Eleanor sat nearly silent, experiencing, in full perfection, the comfortable sensation of being nobody.

"Dinner over, the same scene continued to be enacted in the drawing-room, varied only by the arrival of tea and coffee, and of the gentlemen. The ladies collected around a table placed near the fire, and each produced her work. Mrs. Livingston was renowned for her skill in those elegant and useless efforts of female ingenuity, which delude those who exercise their hands upon them into a notion that they are spending their time to advantage; and Lady Susan was an adept in the same species of craft: most part of the conversation, therefore, turned upon this, to the aunts, deeply interesting topic. Mr. Livingston, meanwhile, paced the spacious apartment with long strides, and occasionally sat down for a few minutes to a newspaper, and his son took up a new number of the *Sporting Magazine*, and extended himself upon a sofa.

"Thus intellectually passed some part of the endless evening. Then there was a humble request preferred to Lady Susan for some music. This was negatived by her ladyship, 'She really could not possibly sing to-night.' Then perhaps she would favor them with an air on the harp? 'No,' her ladyship positively could not play to-night; she was fatigued, and her music had not been brought down stairs; they must be so good as to excuse her.

"Does Eleanor play?" asked Mrs. Livingston of her sister.

"A little, I believe," was the reply.

"I am sure Eleanor is no musician," observed aunt Annie, looking up from her knitting.

"Will you give us a little music, my dear?" at last inquired Mrs. Livingston of her niece herself.

"I am no musician, aunt Livingston," said Eleanor, smiling; "but I shall be very happy to play a little if you wish it."

"Do so, my dear; music is a necessary of life with us almost, we are so much accustomed to it."

"Eleanor willingly exchanged her position at the work-table for the pianoforte, which was a very fine instrument. It had long been a received opinion amongst her aunts that she could hardly play at all, founded upon their having heard from her mother during her childhood, that she showed no particular talent for music; and this opinion, like most others, once formed and matured in the minds of the Misses Falconar, was henceforward ineradicable. Yet, notwithstanding this, Eleanor's finger

on the pianoforte, though not brilliant, was very sweet and graceful, and her taste faultless. Her performance over, she was rewarded as she resumed her seat at the table, by a 'thank you, my dear, very pretty,'—uttered in a condescending tone by her aunt and a murmur of approbation from Mr. Livingston, who never uttered a louder demonstration of pleasure after the musical displays of any but his own daughters.

"How exquisitely Gertrude plays," exclaimed aunt Elizabeth, addressing her sister; "and Amabel too. I don't know which of their instrumental music is the most delightful."

"I think," said Mrs. Livingston, "that of the two, Gertrude's is perhaps the most brilliant execution. Amabel certainly has the finest voice."

"Yes, they are really to be called musicians," pronounced aunt Annie with emphasis.

"So they have a good right to be, Miss Annie," said Mr. Livingston; "they have had the first masters. I was always resolved they should have every advantage that money could procure; and I own, I think they do no discredit to the sums spent on their education."

"No, that they do not, indeed," exclaimed aunt Elizabeth. "There are few girls so universally admired."

"It is a pity," said Mrs. Livingston, "that you have not heard Lady Susan's fine voice to-night; but I hope you may ere long have that enjoyment. Your duets with Amabel are charming, Lady Susan."

"Amabel's voice and mine suit remarkably well," replied her ladyship in a languid tone.

"I wish you would go and sing something, Susan," said her lord and master, breaking silence for the first time since tea.

"I can't sing to-night, George, my voice is quite gone."

"Come," interposed Mr. Livingston, "I won't have Lady Susan teased any more about singing. Surely it is time the tray were brought up," &c. &c.

"If we go on as we have begun to-night, Ferneylee will prove but a dull residence," thought Eleanor, as she seated herself by the fire in a small but comfortable chamber allotted to her, &c. &c.

"She thus, during the first ten days of her stay, enjoyed ample opportunity of observing, for the sake of future comparisons, the difference made, in a large country house, between Nobody and Somebody, as visitors beneath its roof."

Now here we have various gradations of the *Sliding Scale* admirably displayed, as well in the conduct of the party generally, as in their conduct to the wealthy and high-born Lady Susan, on the one side, and to our poor heroine, Eleanor, on the other. Nor is the picture exaggerated; we could draw fifty of the kind, and so could any fair

and manly observer, who has mixed in what is termed fashionable society. Still more in the would-be fashionable society; for, though we often meet with affectation and pretension even in the ranks of the peerage, it must be admitted that, generally speaking, the best and highest breeding is to be found in the highest circles, where its absence, indeed, would be least excusable; the border-clans, uncertain of their exact position, anxious to be included among the *somebodies*, invariably contain the greatest number of insufferables; that is, as far as society is concerned, for you often meet in these circles individuals of high merit, and who have risen by talent and honorable exertion; but their striving, or that of the younger branches of their families rather, for fashionable distinction on one side, and the haughty efforts too often made on the other, by second-rate fashionables, to keep them out, tend greatly to introduce a very indifferent tone of manners.

Now in all the intercourse between these different parties, from highest to lowest, the *Sliding Scale*, as detrimental to good manners as to good feeling, is invariably resorted to; and after all from mere ignorance. It is no doubt painful to speak thus of my fashionable public, which contains in its ranks so many really charming persons, and, what is more to the purpose, so many pretty girls; but truth must be told at times, and I repeat that the *Sliding Scale* of manners, now so generally in vogue, is only the result of deplorable and downright ignorance; nor is it an ignorance of which any will boast, when once fairly exposed, as exquisites formerly boasted of being unable to write their own names. The ladies and gentlemen of the *Sliding Scale* are courteous to persons of high rank and station, as indeed they ought to be; they show that they can behave well, and yet they cool down in manner towards others of inferior station, exactly in proportion to the grades the *Nobodies* may chance to hold on the scale, and descend from polite courtesy to polite rudeness—the most impertinent of all kinds of rudeness.

It is, indeed, highly diverting, at times, to behold the active working of the *Scale*, and its rapid sliding from one degree—from one extreme even—to another. We recommend the curious in such matters to take a favorable position in the drawing-room, and observe the arrivals and the receptions guests experience at any fashionable party; it will well reward the trouble. Notice

the lady of the house in particular; for, though gentlemen are in fact greater *sliders* than ladies, the latter do things more gracefully, and with a prettier air. You will there see the delight, however subdued, that is evinced in receiving the high in rank, station, or fashionable reputation; the easy and friendly manner that falls to the lot of those next on the scale; then there is the pretty *empressé* courtesy of pleasure, the profound courtesy of hate, the graceful courtesy of indifference, the sliding courtesy to the right or left, according to position—which says, “Pass on.” There we see both hands extended to receive “dear Lady A.,” one hand held out to greet Mrs. Nabob B., and three fingers given, with a familiar nod, to Miss Nobody C. Nor is this all, for we have the sweet little head leant over to the left when a younger brother is advancing from the right; and a word or nod to Sir John, cast over the right arm, while acknowledging parson Lackliving’s formal bow on the left. There are a thousand pretty little tricks and manœuvres besides, all equally graceful and expressive, though impossible to be rendered by description. A good observer will easily distinguish the groups who are invited to give *éclat* to the party, those who are only invited “because they must be invited,” those again who are to be delighted and astonished at every thing, and the odd rank and file called in to fill places and no more.

Nor are the guests behind the hosts in tactics; far from it, for many would have you think that they only come to confer an obligation, some even to confer an honor. The rapid exclusive affects to lounge in merely to kill time, and, looking round on the crowded rooms, seems to ask, “Is there any one here?” while many, on the other hand, show at once that they come to act the part of regular sycophants. In general, the young girls are the happiest on such occasions; and, though you see some who have no idea beyond being admired, they still bring the greatest portion of hilarity and cheerfulness with them into company, and cast, indeed, when not spoilt by fortune-hunting mothers, or the heartless and artificial tone of modern manners, the principal charm over the so-called brilliant and fashionable society of the day.

Nor is there any concealment affected in this transit from one degree of the scale to another. The *sliders*, indeed, if they gild over actual coarseness, deem it right to

show that it is only condescension on their part, nothing more, and never intended it to pass for genuine coin, which is always reserved for very different parties.

Now all this, when not simple and silly affectation, is the result of mere ignorance—to give it the gentlest name possible; for persons behaving in this manner wish, in fact, to be thought something *distingué*, elevated in sentiments, feelings, intellect, or mental refinement, the very reverse of what their manners, which, if not founded in ignorance, must be looked upon as ignoble and low-minded, prove them to be. And for the best and cleverest of all reasons, that every person of true worth, endowed with generous sentiments, with the kind, noble, and lofty feelings men are proud to possess and ashamed to want, delights in being courteous and polite, and never resorts to an opposite line of conduct, unless where cases of open and avowed personal hostility place all social intercourse entirely out of the question. If this last proposition is just, and it will hardly, we think, be disputed, the *sliders* have only the choice between the ignorance of which we have in our gentleness accused them, and that rottenness of heart, from which, where there is knowledge, rudeness and bad manners can alone arise. Q. E. D.

Nor must it be supposed that a mere absence of coarse language and rude manners is sufficient to constitute the degree of courtesy due to society, and to the individuals of whom it is so composed. Very far from it indeed, for, with ordinary good feeling, courtesy of manner is so easy, so absolutely natural, that a mere absence of discourtesy can save none from deserved reproach. And as it is as easy to answer an inquiry respecting the hour of the day, in a polite, as in a rude or indifferent manner, the first only must be expected from persons making any pretensions to good breeding; for, though a *Nobody* should chance to be the questioner, there is not, as so many persons seem to think, the least derogation from dignity, in replying courteously even to Monsieur Personne.

Many will, I fear, conclude, from these premises, that rudeness and want of courtesy are necessarily, when evinced by educated persons, proofs of envy, bad temper, or selfishness, of that rottenness of heart of which we have spoken. But this, I think, would be a harsh conclusion, for it is very evident that a great deal of it results mere-

ly from silly affectation and ignorance. My opinion is, indeed, that society should tolerate neither the one nor the other, and never permit the use of the *Sliding Scale* of manners under any circumstances. But what can be done, when so many worthy persons will not perceive its existence, and always declare the condescension of great people to be the very pink and perfection of elegant and refined courtesy, talking incessantly of the kind and considerate attention shown by "dear Lady A." to all her guests, and of the "frank and delightful hospitality of Sir John B.'s splendid mansion;" and that too, at the very time when every one knows that Lady A. and Sir John B. practise the *Sliding Scale* to an extent that none of their own footmen can equal.

Now the worts feature of the whole case is, that these very persons who affect such perfect blindness to the vulgar condescension of which we have spoken are, in fact, as clear-sighted as others; for nothing is so easily seen through as this slightly gilded impertinence, only they would rather be thought blind than be taken for sycophants, and rather submit to insult, than forego the society whence they derive what they would call fashionable distinction.

Let me here relate a trifling anecdote, which, though not exactly to the point before us, touches pretty considerably on the general subject.

Our regiment happening, some years ago, to be quartered near a fashionable watering-place, it was usual for officers when off duty to ride over and pass a day or two with the gay world there assembled, whenever we heard that the party was rich in beauty or in agreeable society.

While idling in the drawing-room after dinner one evening, we were told that a new guest had arrived; our informant adding that he was "a very good-looking fellow." The last portion of the information did not please some of the would-be dandies of the party who were paying particular attention to the ladies present, several of whom were, indeed, extremely pretty. They declared, therefore, that they had seen the man, and that it was only "the handsome tailor," as a snip from the neighboring town was, from his good looks, very deservedly called, and who would not of course think of joining the party at the hotel. The thing, having been said in apparent seriousness, there being besides no perceptible wit or humor in saying it as a jest, was readily believed, so that when a young gentleman answering the description

entered the room and placed himself at one end of the tea-tables, lady after lady, and dandy after dandy, rose from their seats and joined other parties. The stranger looked a little surprised to find himself thus left alone, but took no notice of the rudeness, and proceeded very calmly to help himself to the best things present. The fine ladies and gentlemen of the party did not take things so quietly, and though a single look might have satisfied any one that he was a gentleman, they despatched a secret messenger to the landlord calling for the immediate expulsion of the supposed tailor. Mine host was of course forced to obey, and sent his waiter to inform the obnoxious guest that Mr. Thomson wished to speak with him.

"Who is Mr. Thomson?" inquired the stranger with perfect composure.

"The master of the house, sir," replied John.

"Oh! tell Mr. Thomson to walk in, and that I shall be happy to see him."

Out went John, evidently a little disconcerted, to do his bidding, warning his master at the same time that the young gentleman looked "more like a lord than a tailor."

Mr. Thomson, however, thought differently; the parties who had desired the tailor's expulsion kept horses and carriages, and could not be mistaken; besides, the stranger had come on the top of the coach, and had not even a servant with him; there could be no mistake in the case. Entering the room, therefore, he told the stranger in a half-whispering tone, but with perfect politeness, that the drawing room was exclusively appropriated to the use of the "company," and that he had another apartment ready for his reception in which tea was already served, and to which, making a move to the door, he begged leave to show the way.

"Thank you—thank you!" replied the stranger with continued calmness, "I am extremely well here; plenty of room has, you see, been made for me."

An ill-suppressed titter, in which the stranger seemed greatly inclined to join, ran round the room; and mine host, who had prepared no further speech, could only remonstrate with "hems," broken phrases, and awkward bows; the stranger keeping his seat and sipping his tea with the most imperturbable gravity. The culprit having at last finished his repast, and seeing Mr. Thomson still, as it seemed, waiting for

him, looked up and asked the meaning of all this anxiety to get rid of him. Mine host, thus driven to the wall, was obliged to confess that the drawing-room was not intended for *gentlemen* of his profession.

"My profession!" said the stranger; "and pray what is that?"

Mr. Thomson was evidently confused and desirous of evading an answer, but the new guest would not let him off.

"Speak out, man," he said, "your house is your castle, let us hear what my profession is; if it is a good one, I promise not to disown it."

"Why, a tailor to be sure, since you will have it," replied mine host, thus forced upon his mettle; while a roar of laughter, in which the young gentleman joined right heartily, burst from the whole party. The supposed tailor, having regained his gravity, pointed with a nod to his hat, in the manner of a person accustomed to be waited upon, and having received it from mine host, who handed it in proper courtesy, said, with perfect good humor,—

"Well, Mr. Thomson, let us now look at this room of yours. I like the situation of your house, and if you can find good stabling for my horses, and quarters for my servants, who are not so easily pleased as I am, I shall probably remain a few days with you. I suppose you will want my name for your book; there's my card,"—Lord A. B. "And let me give you a piece of advice at the same time: whenever you see a tailor, travelling with a batch of horses and servants, shut your eyes to the goose, man—shut them close—otherwise the world will say that you are the greater goose of the two."

A burst of laughter followed this sally. The gentlemen, who from mere envious motives, from not wishing to have a good-looking young man added to the circle, had represented our new guest as a tailor, vanished without being even missed; while his lordship became the very soul of the party, though they hardly deserved so much courtesy at his hands, for a very little observation would have shown them that he was evidently a gentleman of the first water. A very little reflection ought also to have made them sensible of the impropriety of behaving with, what was in reality, extreme rudeness—and would probably have been considered as such by a man of inferior cast—to a person of whom they knew absolutely nothing, and before they could even take the trouble to inquire how far they had any cause of complaint against him. The *Slid-*

ding Scale, however, accounts for all; for it shows us crowds of persons who can never be too little before the great, and others again, who can never be too great—or in too great a hurry to be so—before those whom they think little.

And yet what a delightful change would come over the world—how cheerful, buoyant, and exhilarating, would be the sunshine in which we should constantly move, if ladies and gentlemen would only feel convinced that their friends and neighbors see as clearly as they do themselves, and that society at large are never long imposed upon by acting of any kind. Affectation and pretension, the bland but heartless smile of malignant envy, the mighty frown of would-be greatness, whether of wealth, power, or intellect, the humility of pride or of meanness, are all seen through with equal facility.

"Pour paraître honnête homme, en un mot, il faut l'être,
Et jamais quoiqu'il fasse, un mortel icibas
Ne peut aux yeux du monde, être ce qu'il n'est pas,"

says Boileau, and very truly; for men are physiognomists, *bongré, malgré*, even while they deny the accuracy of the science, which is only an imperfect one because it confines itself to the lineaments of the face, whereas character is displayed in every attitude and gesture, in the voice, tone, and manner of every word uttered, as well as in every step, bow, look, or move, of the best-drilled follower of fashion. Children are physiognomists, dogs are admirable physiognomists; but ladies and gentlemen are not, because they dare not always avow the moving springs of their actions and manners. Few would wish to confess that their hearts are fairly open to scrutiny, though, in most cases, we should probably discover, after all, more of weakness than of wickedness muffled up in their folds.

It is affecting to think, indeed, that at a time when steam-boats and spinning-machines have made such rapid progress, the far more important art of polishing manners—or its result, the art of pleasing—should still be so far behind; for though the world is some 6000 years old, there are, as we see, many points, essentially affecting the ordinary intercourse of society, of which my fashionable public are still in utter darkness. I might say in deplorable darkness, for, among the classes to whom these papers are more particularly addressed, a

great deal of the so-called happiness of life depends, after all, on the mere *manner* in which the most ordinary acts of every-day intercourse are gone through; if the parties we meet and transact business with, whether for pleasure and amusement, or in the pursuits of ambition or profit, are agreeable or disagreeable in their manners, are proficient in, or ignorant of, the art of pleasing.

Though I have seen an Arowak Indian, adorned with blue paint and parrot's feathers, striving hard to act the agreeable towards the copper-colored belle of the tribe, and know that there is a system of etiquette observed at the court of Ashantee as well as at the court of St. James's, it may yet be true that the so-called useful arts precede the agreeable ones. Certain it is that the latter only extend their influence as knowledge advances, as society becomes more polished and refined, and as our sentiments and perceptions of what is due to conduct, character, acquirements, sentiments of honor, learning, and intellect,—to the nobler and better qualities of our nature—become more generally and universally admitted. In educated society we are each and all forced to claim a certain portion of these qualities—they constitute our ticket of admission; and, claiming from our neighbors the respect due to us on these grounds, we are certainly bound to give them the same amount of credit, and treat them accordingly.

But have we fulfilled our duty in this respect? and are refined manners—or, to simplify the term—is a due attention to the art of pleasing properly enforced by society? We suspect not: the very existence, indeed, of the *Sliding Scale of Manners* shows how far we are yet behind, though the importance of the subject has been long perceived, as is amply proved by the books and codes of instruction to which it has given rise.

In 1637 Baltasar Graciano, of Catalayud, in Arragon, already published an advice to courtiers, entitled, *el Oraculo Manuel, y arte de prudencia*. In Paris, Bellegarde, Vaumoriere, and others, followed in the same line, till, in the next century, England eclipsed all foreign nations by the glory which Chesterfield acquired as master of ceremonies to the very graces themselves.

Whether the study of the graces, as recommended by the accomplished peer, required gifts of a higher order, more refinement and mental cultivation, or, above all,

greater sacrifices of individual sufficiency and pretension, than suits the fashionable public of the nineteenth century, need not be argued here; as it is enough for our purpose to know—what is, indeed, sufficiently apparent—that the art of pleasing has been completely superseded by the science of etiquette. This science, the wide-spread study of which, particularly in our own country, so strongly marks the real spirit of the age, could hardly fail to obtain numerous followers the moment it obtained influence; for it is easily acquired, suits the meanest capacity, and enables the most perfect mediocrity to act—what it fancies—a part, by merely following prescribed mechanical rules natural to all persons of good breeding, but absolutely worthless by themselves, as they only form the frame, and the ungilt frame, indeed, of the portraiture which the Art of Pleasing can alone fill up and render valuable. And yet it is within this worthless framework, fortified by these silver-spoon rules, that so many persons think themselves entitled to sport their *Sliding Scale* manners; a scale that certainly tends to lower the general tone of social intercourse, and though it rarely imposes, even upon the foolish, furnishes invariable amusement to the mischievous. It is really afflicting to think how some of the grandest *Sliders* in the land are occasionally laughed at by wicked wags, that were thought to have been almost annihilated by the superlative bearing of the very objects of their merriment. "It is too bad."

Now do not misunderstand what I have here said about etiquette, which is very well in its way, and perhaps indispensable. In this country it is, at all events, very useful; for we have so many able, excellent, and deserving persons, constantly rising from the humbler ranks to wealth and station, by pursuits that precluded them mixing early in polished society, and becoming acquainted with the manners of fashionable life, that it is of advantage to have some fixed rules laid down for their guidance; rules that shall prevent them from crossing their legs Yankee fashion, over a dinner table, or picking their teeth with a fork *à la Française*. But this is to give no sanction to persons of any class, whether *nouveaux riches* or aristocrats of the oldest standing, to assume the slightest particle of merit for a knowledge of and adherence to mere rules and forms, more easily learned than the duties of the footman who waits upon them at dinner.

"But a truce to these cynical remarks," I think I hear the reader say; "teach us the Art of Pleasing, and you will find plenty of willing disciples; for we are all anxious to please in society, and be well thought of in the world, but do not always know how to set about it. Let fops of all classes, the rude, the vapid, the affected, say what they will, they act the part most congenial to their capacity, and give themselves airs because they can do no better; they would gladly be distinguished for skill in the art of pleasing, be men of gallantry, of elegant and refined manners, if they could, and only pretend to undervalue and disdain that excellence which they cannot attain. No, no; only show us the way to please, and we shall gladly follow."

There may be some truth in this; but it is not easy to reduce the Art of Pleasing to rules and regulations. All that can be done is to call upon society to maintain their own dignity, to prevent them from affecting blindness, from shutting their eyes to the evils of the *Sliding Scale*, and from receiving counterfeit coin instead of real good breeding and manners. What single pen could polish down the vulgar barbarian, the bully of society? who can amend the pompous blockhead, the man of envious and envenomed vanity? what cure, short of the actual *knout*, can improve the jealous, vapid, affected, and pretending? what is to be done with the numerous class who purposely study the art of displeasing? some from the impulse of bad hearts and coarse minds; others from the silly vanity which makes them anxious to act the *magnifico* in so exalted a style as not to admit of their appearing polite or attentive to ordinary mortals; others, again, because they fear to fail in doing the agreeable, but are sure to succeed in acting the ruffian. No single effort can, I repeat, remedy these evils; all we can do is to hold up the mirror of truth, and shame society into the performance of its duty.

It was at a party only last winter, that Mr. Coarsegrain bandied words with Miss Smirkwell, who, forgetting that she was engaged to dance with him, had provided herself with another partner; and he was yet, notwithstanding such conduct, invited to almost every succeeding ball of the season. Ladies never jilt me about mere dances; the cruel dears reserve these tricks for matters that more nearly affect the heart; but had a lady cut me about a dance, I should only have expressed my regret at

her having forgot me so soon—should have assured her that a thousand years could not obliterate her image from the tablets of my memory. In such a case, the other *cavaliero*, unless a regular vulgarian, would instantly have withdrawn his claim, and declared that it was happiness enough for him to have been, even for a moment, thought worthy of dancing with Miss Smirkwell; who, as far as he was concerned, was to consider herself perfectly disengaged, and at full liberty to dance with any one deserving the honor. Such conduct would have led at once to smiles, bows, and pretty speeches, instead of frowns and harsh words, which should be considered as altogether excluded from ladies' society.

"But you forget," I think I hear Mrs. Huntwell say, "that Mr. Coarsegrain's estate is worth five thousand a-year."

True, true; and this may account for the subsequent invitations, but cannot justify them.

At the same time I would recommend ladies never to make such double engagements; there can be no great difficulty in recollecting who is to be the partner for the third quadrille or second waltz; or if you have a bad memory, take a little ivory tablet with you, and register the gentlemen according to a German fashion, which I always thought a little affected. Inattention to this trifling matter—sometimes, I fear the result of a little vanity—occasions ill blood and bad feeling, and should be most carefully avoided. On the Continent, especially in France, it is a law *de rigueur* that no lady, after making such a mistake, dances again during the evening; and though I deem it ludicrous in the extreme to see a grim and moustachioed dandy keeping fierce watch to prevent a pretty girl from joining a quadrille, I still think it right to have some rein kept over ladies' caprices.

To return, however, to the direct thread of my subject.

Though the Art of Pleasing cannot be taught by mere rules, we may yet lay down some general principles for the guidance of those who are willing to profit by them. The simple Christian maxim, indeed, which tells us to do by others as we would be done by ourselves, contains the very essence of all that can be said on the subject. But do we follow the maxim in our intercourse with the world? No, truly. Forgetting that it is far more meritorious to be beloved than admired, we go into society

to astonish the natives, to excite wonder, but rarely, indeed, with the least intention of evincing a particle of admiration for any one else, the stoicism of the *nil admirari* school being looked upon as the very perfection of high breeding. And from whom does the reader suppose this boasted tone of fashion has been derived? From the high, accomplished, and cultivated of the earth? No, faith! from the very opposite class; from the dull, the ignorant, and the savage. We who write have seen this species of fashionable stoicism displayed in the highest perfection by Arowak Indians, who deem it beneath their dignity to evince surprise or admiration on any occasion, as they wish it to be believed that they are perfectly familiar with all that is most excellent and exalted in the world. By the united testimony of all African travellers, every petty Negro despot excels in the same style of fashionable deportment, and retains as much apparent composure at the sight of a scarlet-bay's cloak and bottle of rum, that make his very heart throb again, as he would on beholding a bowl of palm wine, or ordinary piece of Negro-worked cloth. The merit of the *nil admirari* system is not, therefore, of a very high order or brilliant origin.

For my own part, I confess that I have no patience with my fashionable public on this point. A captain of the Royal Horse Grenadiers has certainly as much right to be fastidious as any one can have, and yet I never go into society, never move about the world with parties of pleasure, as parties are sometimes miscalled, without seeing a vast deal that is to be admired. Where is the ball-room in Britain, in which you will not find many, very many pretty, often charming, women, with evidence of every thing that is kind, generous, affectionate,—with intelligence and feeling beaming from animated eyes and expressive features,—women, with the young of whom, whether plain or pretty, you almost fancy yourself in love at first sight, while you feel that with the old you could instantly harmonize in thoughts, sentiments, and opinion? How delightful, indeed, is the society and conversation of an old lady, who retains the kindly feeling of youth, the frank generosity of heart, open to the impressions of all that is great, good, and beautiful; who joins to the result of education a knowledge of society, and the quick and just perception for which the sex are distinguished; who can appreciate and join

in the praise of merit, grieve for the faults and errors of the fallible, smile and laugh—and that right heartily, too—at the follies of the vain, the ignorant, and pretending! There is, in fact, no conversation equal to that of a cheerful old lady. Nor are gentlemen of talents, acquirements, and finished manners, ever wanting in English society; you know them at once by their countenances, by the truly British countenance, the noblest the world has yet to show. They may chance to be neither peers nor *millionaires*, though the peerage is rich in such men, but folly only can act the part of the haughty exquisite in their presence.

You cannot enter a gentleman's library, however ill arranged, that is not full of books which have been, and are to be, the admiration of ages. You cannot pass through the gallery where his fathers frown, in "rude and antique portraiture around," without being struck by the noble lineaments that so often break through the bad painting and atrocious costumes that disfigure our old family portraits. Nay, you cannot walk in the worst laid-out flower-garden, the most contracted lawn, or dingy shrubbery, without finding constant objects of admiration; for there is not a leaf that grows, a flower that blooms, there is not a sprig of heath that bends beneath the gales of the north, that is not absolutely beautiful, that does not bear the impress of a mighty master-hand, which leaves all attempts of worldly imitation at a distance, measured only by immensity. No—no, trust none of this *nil admirari* stoicism, for none but

"The fool and dandy,
Those sons of buttermilk and sugar candy,"

can pass, if only through the world of fashion, and declare that all is barren. Do not suppose from this that I wish you to deal in constant exclamations, and seem in ecstasy with every thing you see or hear. Very far from it: exclamations and ecstasies are foolish; but I must insist on all ladies and gentlemen meeting a willingness to please them, with a cheerful readiness to be pleased, and shall always declare the stateliness which affects to be above deriving pleasure from the sayings, doings, and showings of the company with which it associates, to be the height of bad manners.

The most certain mode of pleasing is, no doubt, to make others pleased with themselves; but as this principle can only be successfully acted upon in *tête-à-tête* con-

versations, or in small parties, we must rather depend for success on general behavior, manner, and deportment: on our knowledge of life, character, and of the particular company in which we may happen to be thrown at the moment; for, though there can be no rising above the level of gentlemanlike society, the tone may, and often does, vary, according to times, parties, and circumstances. In society it is best, therefore, always to preserve a calm, tranquil, but, at the same time, cheerful deportment, evincing a constant readiness to be pleased and amused, and as free from coldness, stiffness, and hauteur, as from the eternal smile, smirk, and fidgety efforts to please, often observable in well-meaning persons unused to society, as well as among foreigners. Vapid stiffness and hauteur are offensive, insulting indeed, and contrary to good manners; while smirking and fidgety attention is embarrassing to those who are its objects. To please, there must evidently be an easy amenity of deportment, completely at variance with the *sliding scale* rules, and as distant from abrupt forwardness as from cringing servility. A gentleman will always show that deference to age, rank, and station, which is their due: but, though I confess myself a great stickler for the attention due to rank, I do not see that a well-bred man will speak in a different manner and tone of voice when giving an ordinary answer, or making an ordinary remark, to a peer, from what he would if giving an order to a porter. As said, I confess myself a stickler for the deference due to rank, always supposing that it is properly supported by conduct, manners, and acquirements, which can alone give it grace, for rank without them is rather a disgrace.

There is one thing which, philosopher as I am, very much puzzles me, it is this:—How happens it that courtesy and politeness, commodities so cheap that the mere wish to possess them already confers them, commodities which can never be detrimental, but are often highly beneficial to the owner, should, with all these advantages, be still so comparatively scarce in the world? I have often tried to solve the problem, but the only satisfactory conclusion I can arrive at is to suppose that rudeness results from some actual and afflicting disease of the head or heart. The consequence is, that I never see a man enter a railroad-car, mail-coach, or take his seat at a steam-boat dinner-table, in the care-me-not-style, that

seems to say, "I have paid for my place, am determined to make the most of it, and value not the ease and comfort of my neighbors one single straw," without feeling a sort of compassion for his sufferings. I fancy such conduct can only result from a cramped heart, in which disease has destroyed the fibres of all the best and noblest feelings, and reduced the patient to a mere mass of bloated selfishness; or else that it is occasioned by some faulty conformation of the brain, that prevents the mind from being fairly seated on its throne of state, casts it all away, and deprives it of room for that elastic, free, and buoyant action, which clear and well-regulated intellects must necessarily enjoy. Who but a real sufferer would lounge, boots and all, on a club-sofa, totally regardless of the comforts of others, or lean, loutishly, and with outspread elbows, over the library table, concealing, in the study of his newspaper, half the latest periodicals from general view?

"And e'en his slightest actions mark the fool,"

says Persius, and I believe Pope also: and it is in a thousand ungraceful trifles of this kind, in the want of that general amenity of manner which distinguishes all persons of good breeding, that folly and the selfishness of the diseased heart are so conspicuously displayed to the eye of the observer.

Though ladies are always more graceful than men, I must here warn them against the modern style of waltzing, which is the reverse of graceful, being little more than a mere romping twirl, intended only, as far as I can perceive, to make the parties giddy. The old waltz, sometimes called the Spanish waltz, was a very graceful dance; but its character is changed, and there is nothing either graceful or pleasing in seeing gentlemen pulling and hauling their partners on,—seeing the pretty pairs spinning round and round, jostling against each other—to say nothing of an occasional tumble—till the few who can keep time and step feel their heads going, and till the ladies are forced to lean, panting, and with flushed cheeks and heaving breasts, against the very walls of the room for support. Gallopades and polkas are worse still, for few, very few gentlemen can dance them, and with any but an actual opera-dancer this exhibition is ungraceful in the extreme. The gallop and polka step, in which gentlemen, with legs wide astride, push their fair partners along, is absolutely disgusting;

and I will hold no lady-mother guiltless who, after this public warning, shall allow her daughter to join such a brutal display. In an ordinary way, young ladies may always depend on obtaining easy forgiveness for a few trifling follies when committed in a cheerful and good-humored mood; but let them beware of any thing that is coarsely ungraceful. No pretty girl, no young lady, indeed, whether pretty or not, should ever, if she values true and gallant admiration, allow herself to be associated with the recollection of any thing that is markedly ungraceful, however harmless in itself, and should never, therefore, dance modern waltzes, polkas, or gallopades.

Since I have fallen into the didactic vein, I may as well repeat here some injunctions formerly given in regard to conversation, and which cannot, indeed, be too strongly enforced. I must, therefore, beg my fashionable public not only to understand, as all will pretend to do, but constantly to bear in mind, that all conversation is strictly confidential. There is no such thing as justifying an objectionable speech, or remark, by saying that you heard it mentioned publicly at Lord A's table or Lady B's party. There is no such thing as *public* conversation, properly so called; there are public speeches made in parliament, on the hustings, at public meetings, and on other public occasions, when public reporters generally attend, and which you may repeat and comment on as much as you like: but the conversation of society, whether held in *tête-à-tête* meetings or crowded ball-rooms, is, in principle, sacred and confidential, and can never be repeated without a breach of good faith and good feeling. How would a gentleman like to know that a remark made at his table had been repeated, to the detriment of private character or injury of private feeling? Or, what should we think of any one who, receiving a visitor in his library, would make mischief of the conversation that might there pass in private? Now please to understand me. I purposely say that the conversation of society is confidential in principle, because it is not to authorize you or any one to repeat a single word capable of causing pain, still less of proving injurious to others; but it does not, in practice, prevent any one from repeating good sayings, good anecdotes, any thing that may be pleasing, instructive, and amusing, provided it is untinted by slander, and free from the seeds of mischief. For my own part, I

never hear any thing said in praise of a pretty girl, without repeating it with all the additions and embellishments in my power, and you have full liberty to do the like.

I shall not repeat here what I formerly said in praise of conversation, though the subject reminds me of a trifling adventure which lately befell the distinguished member of a university, who maintained that he had principally acquired his knowledge by conversation, and always declared that there was no person from whom some information might not be gained. My own opinion would, rather, perhaps, be in favor of female conversation, as I am inclined to believe ladies the best instructors; I can safely say, at least, "I learned the little that I know from them;" this, however, has nothing to do with the adventure of the learned professor, to which we must return. Our friend finding himself one day *tête-à-tête* in a mail-coach with a sober, sedate, and respectable-looking man, determined at once to make the most of him, and to learn as much from his fellow-traveller, as the latter might be able to teach.

They were no sooner fairly started, therefore, than the professor commenced with the usual introductory subject of the weather. Receiving only polite monosyllabical replies, he went over all the other topics most generally resorted to on such occasions,—the appearance of the country, the crops, prospect of the harvest; but all with no better result, the sedate-looking man only assenting to whatever the man of learning advanced. Not to be driven from his favorite theory, the professor went at last more directly to work, saying, "Pray, sir, is there any subject on which you would be willing to converse?"

"Try me on leather, and I am your man," was the reply of the *vis-à-vis*, a stout, honest currier, as chance would have it.

It is very unfortunate that there are so many ladies and gentlemen who take infinitely more pleasure in hearing their friends and neighbors run down, slandered, and abused,—only in a trifling way, of course, than in hearing them praised and admired. The consequence is, that society is infested with a class of persons who make the gathering, forging, and improving of slanders their actual business, their very *carte d'entrée* into company. It is true that no one now ventures upon slanders or tales of scandal in large parties, or within hearing of many; for, in the mass,

society are ashamed of the practice and dare not sanction it; but in private the vipers are listened to, though heartily despised even by their most willing auditors. Yet is the habit of thus imbibing poison by the ear highly injurious to the heart, and ultimately to the mind also, for good feelings are essentially the source whence our best and brightest ideas are derived; and oft-repeated slanders will not only obtain some belief in the end, but the habit of listening leads to a species of cynical misanthropy, which makes us look rather on the dark than on the bright side of human nature; makes us act a poor, timid, and distrustful part through life, depressing even the best elements of happiness mixed up in our composition. Nor must we suppose that the regular inventor and retailer of long tales of slander is the only offender. Far from it; there is the more cunning and equally base dealer in innuendoes, who throws out his hints before the envious and malignant, trusting that the poison may be passed on from slave to slave, till, gathering in its progress, it attains at last the full-grown strength of infamy worthy of the dishonorable source whence it arose. I am told that backbiters often find their way into the presence of great men, and it may be so, but I am very certain that high-minded men look upon them with the scorn they deserve. The subject should, perhaps, deserve a whole chapter; but, for the present, I must conclude; and, to cut the matter short, cannot do better than absolve the public, fashionable and unfashionable, from giving the slightest credit to tale-bearers and slander-mongers of whatever class or kind they may be; and this for the best of all possible reasons, that the false of heart will be false of tongue whenever it suits their purpose.

* * *

"Ha! captain, captain! you a painter of manners, and already slumbering in your arm-chair two hours after midnight, at the very time when you ought to be on the alert,—at the very time, indeed, when, veiled by darkness, so many mortals fancy they can safely throw off the cloak, beneath which they strive to hide the workings of the heart from the full blaze of day. When so many light and lively hearts are thrown off their balance by waltzing, when champagne makes even drawling dandies speak frankly out like mortal men, and then 'tremble at the sound themselves have

made.' And you a painter of manners asleep at such a time—he, he, he!"

"Oh! Asmodeus, is it you? Sit down and take a glass, and don't fash me about manners; they are now estimated by a sliding-scale, calculated by the rule of three, and not worth painting."

"A cynical mood is the very mood for the scene about to be acted; quick, therefore, your cap and your capote, the night is cold, and we have a long flight before us. Ere that clock strikes two, and it wants but a few minutes, a brilliant illustration of the consistency of fashionable doctrines will be furnished you. Time flies fast, and he must not outstrip us."

"Well, then, if it must be so, here goes!"

"Away, away! hold on by my crutch; 'tis safer than some of those that form the very pillars of nations."

"Ha! the sea air; its freshness is reviving to the heart of an Englishman, which swells with delight as he thinks of the glorious and boundless domain subject to his country's flag; as it reminds him of the gallant days when the bounding waves of ocean carried on their breasts the mighty armaments that freed the world from bondage, and filled earth's farthest bound with the fame of their exploits. But times are sadly changed now. Poh! what a fishy smell; Boulogne, to a certainty!"

"The smell of the continent, as you termed it yourself, Captain Sabertash."

"*La belle France, then.* Well, the French have no idea of irony, and

'Where ignorance is bliss, 'tis folly to be wise.'

La Seine, the old Tuileries; the column of Austerlitz, that Cockneys think the finest thing in the world; the *Chausse d'Antin*, and, since we are arrived, unroof—unroof quickly! but sparingly, if you please; for, at this hour, we might see more than discreet eyes would wish to gaze upon."

"I like to hear you who have been quartered at Paris talk of '*this hour*.' At what hour would it be different either here or in London? But I have been often enough in France to recollect the good French maxim, *Egard aux convenances*—fear nothing, therefore, and look."

"An elegant *salon*, truly; a gentleman's library, also fitted up in good style; they manage these things very well in Paris, but they are still very far behind us in taste. A fine painting that, a pretty girl it represents; and who is the young man reclining

on the sofa, with the unfinished letter before him? A handsome fellow, certainly; well dressed, too, if a Frenchman ever can be so; but look at those vile polished-leather boots, the white satin stock, the broach and cross chains, the one supporting the watch, the other the eye-glass. Could any but a Cockney or a Continentalist ever sport such an attire? Is it not strange, after all, that a Frenchman, however handsome and accomplished he may be, never can attain to what we call the look of a gentleman? The manner and appearance of our friend come very near it; but he has at present a strange, wild, and unsettled air, wanting as much the power of stern and deep resolve as the wildness of despair; his bright but tearless eyes seem glazed at intervals, and passing streaks of livid hue distort his fine features. What can this mean? methinks the sight of the lovely picture to which his looks so often turn, should calm the tumult of his breast. Well, the letter is finished, evidently addressed to the original of the picture, à Mademoiselle Henriette d' Ardagnac, a noble name. A love-affair; a miniature of the same lady worn round the neck and now pressed madly to the lips! faith, she is well worth it! I have often kissed miniatures and locks of hair myself; but always with delight and glee, and never with the maddening anguish depicted in the convulsed features of this gentleman. What is it, Asmodeus? I have surely seen all the passions that ever shake the human breast in full activity, but here none can be distinctly traced; and this frightful exhibition seems produced rather by a fierce contest between mixed particles of all the good and evil powers, than by the passing sway any dark or hostile influence may have gained over a true and noble heart.

"Oh! I think I begin to guess; that neat little mahogany case; those well-finished barking-irons, pretty articles for French workmanship, seem to solve the mystery, but should not account for a shaken frame and convulsed features. An invitation to a ball before breakfast may not be the most agreeable thing in the world; but must be taken quietly, like other necessary evils. A rival, no doubt, wishing to carry off *la belle* Henriette, who is well worth it, and well worth fighting for too. Loading the pistols already? This is quite contrary to rule; they should be loaded on the ground by the seconds. And what means all this gesticulation, and raising of

the arm? Ah! kissing the miniature again, and bathing it in tears. Well, well, these things look a little foolish, perhaps, to the unimpassionate observer; but they have their merit. They give proof of ardent affection; they calm and even fortify the heart; for a man really and truly in love would fight your lord superior, Asmodeus,

'And all the band
He brings to aid his guilty hand.'

But what is this I see? Unhappy maniac, he levels the weapon at his own head! Powers of mercy! help, stop, while an instant remains, the suicide hand raised to murder body and soul! Alas! 'tis too late! Yon fiery flash and fierce report tell that the deed is done—the crime committed! Oh, sight of guilt and horror! The noble features, convulsed and blackened, are scattered around, and the couch is already steeped with blood! And, hark! the rush of attendants, roused by the report of the deadly weapon; the wail of women, the frantic scream of maternal despair! But all efforts are vain. On earth there is no hope, though in heaven mercy may yet avert the

'Canon fixed against self-slaughter.'

Away from the scene of horror that a fiend only could have exposed to view, and which nothing will ever obliterate from the eyes by which it was so unwillingly beheld.

"Asmodeus explain the tragedy we have just witnessed. Let us hope that there are circumstances to palliate, if possible, a deed so frightful, a crime so heinous. I have seen many a gallant man fall by hostile arms in fair and honest fight; but such sights, however appalling, are still redeemed by the pride, pomp, and circumstances of glorious war; for

'Noble is the death from noble foe
In the fair field received, when the broad star
Is high in heaven; yet more, when slow
The golden west receives his sinking car;
For then those mild, majestic beams bestow
Their softest radiance on the bed of war;
And soldiers close their eyelids on the scene,
E'en like the sun, sad, solemn, and sereno.'

But to witness, what is a thousand times worse than an actual execution, a man falling by his own hand, becoming his own executioner, and rushing wildly before the tribunal of eternal judgment while breaking God's high commands, is a soul-har-

rowing sight that ought to shake any nerves deriving life and impulse from a merely mortal heart. Unveil the cause of this frightful drama."

"It is soon done. Françoise de Bertancourt, whose death you have just witnessed, was a gentleman of ancient and noble family; young, wealthy, and accomplished; beloved by his kindred, cherished by friends, and courted by all. He was endowed with nearly every advantage that men most covet in the outset of life. Mixing with the most brilliant society of Paris, he saw, and, like the rest of the world, admired the beautiful Henriette d'Ardagnac, the original of the portrait that so forcibly struck you. He sought her love, and did not sue in vain. His elegant person, manners, and accomplishments, gained her affections; while his wealth, merit, and station in society, readily secured the father's consent. This, however, was coupled with one condition, which, though it became the source of future misfortune, was deemed of little import at the time, and did not for an instant cloud the happiness with which the lovers looked forward to their approaching union, the day of which was already fixed. But Fortune had decided otherwise. The Marquis d'Ardagnac had, when a boy, seen his father die after long days of agonized and hopeless suffering, in consequence of a wound received in a duel; and this heavy calamity, with the grief of his almost broken-hearted mother, instilled in his youthful mind the most deadly aversion to duellists. The feeling strengthened with his strength, and grew with him to manhood; and he formed an early resolution of never entering into bonds of friendship or connexion with any person who should have fought a duel; and, anxious as he was for the alliance with Bertancourt, he only consented to receive him as his daughter's suitor, on the pledge solemnly given, that he would never send or accept a challenge.

"Bertancourt, of a happy and cheerful disposition, hating and envying no man, having no wish to injure or offend any one, believing himself without enemies—for envy lies mute while its objects are in prosperity—readily gave a promise which he thought there could be little difficulty in keeping.

"Time flies fast; and, borne along on Hope and Love's expectant wings, it flew faster still with the happy and betrothed pair. A few days more, and they were to

be united for ever; when Henriette, in passing from her private box at the Opera, and leaning on her lover's arm, was rudely jostled, and without apology, by a man dressed in the height of fashion, and decorated with an order that proved him to hold some rank in society. Bertancourt instantly resented the insult; words ran high, and canes were threatened; when the pressure of the crowd separated the disputants.

"The busy part of the following day had hardly commenced, when Bertancourt was already waited upon by a gentleman, who announced himself as Capitaine de la Ferailleux, the friend of Colonel Fortépée, and sent to demand immediate satisfaction *les armes à la main*, for the insult offered to the latter at the theatre. Bertancourt expressed his regret at being unable to comply with the colonel's demand; not only because he was himself the insulted party, but was, besides, under a pledge never to send or accept a challenge,—never, in fact, to fight a duel. Captain de la Ferailleux, assuming the air of considerate courtesy usually displayed on such occasions, declared that it was not for him to give any opinion on M. de Bertancourt's resolution; he had only a painful duty to perform; but, having the highest possible respect for Monsieur de Bertancourt, and confiding in the generous and acknowledged gallantry of Colonel Fortépée, he would give him twenty-four hours to consider the matter: if, at the expiration of that time, a meeting was not appointed, he should then be under the afflicting necessity of proclaiming to the world—what he could not yet believe himself—that a gentleman ranking deservedly so high in general estimation as Monsieur de Bertancourt had declined to give honorable satisfaction to a cavalier always distinguished for his polite readiness to meet any adversary entitled to the honor of arms.

"Having delivered this speech in better terms than I can repeat it, he took his departure; leaving Bertancourt to make some rather unpleasant reflections. But tied by a pledge, confident also in the clear and rational goodness of his cause, above all, fortified in his determination by the approbation of his intended father-in-law, who bestowed the highest praise on his conduct, he resolved to trust to the justice and common sense of the world, and to persevere in the line he had adopted.

"The result followed quickly; and nev-

er was the triumph of envy, malignity, worthlessness, and a base subjection to the prejudices of the world, more distinctly shown than in the speedy victory they achieved over truth, justice, and common sense. The twenty-four hours had scarcely elapsed, without bringing the acceptance of the challenge, when Bertancourt was already proclaimed a poltroon in all the brilliant circles of Paris. The astonishment was universal, the good and the worthy grieved, many refused to believe that so accomplished a cavalier could want the paltry degree of courage required for fighting a duel; but the refusal of the challenge could not be denied, and society acted its worthy part accordingly. Bertancourt's friends forsook him, his acquaintances avoided him; envy and malice, that his prosperity and the favor of the world had repressed, burst forth with all the glee of triumphant infamy; cowardice grew bold where it fancied that vulgarity could be displayed with impunity, and from every quarter the very finger of scorn was pointed at the man who had been the favorite of the most brilliant circles. His betrothed and her father left town, and report said that Henriette had even accepted an apology from Colonel Fortépée in such very courteous terms, as to make the latter hope for more than mere forgiveness. The catastrophe could not be long delayed; and when we saw Bertancourt, he had just returned from a brilliant party, to which he had been invited before the dispute at the theatre, and at which the very master of the house had turned his back on the once-honored guest. The ladies he addressed answered briefly, curtsied lowly, and sought the conversation of other persons; some of the gentlemen he spoke to replied with 'ohs,' 'ahs,' slight smiles and nods, some with only grave and surprised looks, while others bowed themselves away without further notice. One envious scoundrel, who had courted Bertancourt in prosperity, borrowed money from him, and tried to rise into notice by being looked upon as one of his intimate associates, but hated him with all the mean and rancorous malignity so natural to the vain, pretending, and incapable, offered, with feigned sympathy, to lead him from the room, whispering in his ear, though loud enough to be heard by the nearest parties, 'that all his friends regretted to see him there.'

"A look of scorn was Bertancourt's only reply; but he felt himself fallen, indeed,

when even the worthless could treat him thus. Personally the bravest of the brave, and who in a fair field would have dared hosts of foes, he wanted the moral courage to defy the code of honor he had at the instigation of others attempted to oppose. He could not, in fact, resist the world's scorn, which he had drawn down upon himself. He knew it to be unjust, felt fully conscious of his own nerve and power of daring in arms, saw clearly that envy was the mainspring that influenced the majority of those who took an active part against him, but felt equally conscious of his own inability to live as a dishonored man in the eyes of the world. Instigated by this feeling, goaded on by the unworthy treatment he had experienced from those who had formerly courted his society, he rushed home and committed the dreadful deed you witnessed."

"In fact, then, another victim to the false code of honor. The practice of duelling was surely derived from, and can only be upheld by, your lord superior, Asmodeus, by Satan himself."

"He! he! he! excuse my laughing, Captain Sabertash, but I think I have heard you speak less generally and evince more discrimination. Duelling originated, as you know, with those chivalrous institutions to which you have just ascribed a great part of modern civilization, was upheld by the church, churchmen even entering the lists by proxy; and the practice may have been beneficial in a dark age by preventing the commission of greater crimes; for a tilting-match between the barons was, after all, less destructive than an inroad of lawless marauders that carried fire and sword into cots and hamlets, and laid waste entire baronies. Nor does it follow that my lord superior, who knows more than you suspect, is an indiscriminate upholder of the practice as now existing. Indeed, I have heard him express great contempt for it, and declare that the recruits he obtained, whether directly or indirectly, through the medium of *duels*, were not only too few to deserve notice, but generally of the most wretched description, vulgar bullies or *fade* pretenders, hardly worth picking up. 'Your extreme sticklers for punctilio,' said my respected master on one occasion, 'are generally men who have little else to stickle for.' I have not, as you know, the honor to be a member of the great Satanic council, or I should be better employed than in making the fashionable world pass through

a magic lantern for your amusement; but I can safely assert that my swarthy sovereign would be as happy to see duelling put down by legislative interference, if that were possible, as he would grieve to see society rise above the practice. Were duelling crushed to-morrow by act of parliament, should we not see the vile passions that *discretion* keeps, at least, within some bounds, displayed in full luxuriant malignity? Should we not see envy, hatred, and uncharitableness, undermining character and the best relations of private life? We know how quickly calumny circulates and slander augments; how willingly ladies and gentlemen listen to what is termed a *little harmless scandal*; and how many persons actually make their way in society by merely retailing the tittle-tattle of malignity, always embellished for the gratification of some mean passion or for the amusement of the worthy listeners; and, knowing this, my master would willingly leave beauty, merit, innocence, the worth and conduct which excite the respect and admiration of the good, the great, and the just, exposed without protection to the assaults of vulgarity, or the machinations of envious malice. The more these passions extend, the more they are encouraged and cultivated, the more his empire extends, for they constitute its very foundation, so that he is not likely to vote for the continuance of a practice that imposes, at least, some trifling check on their growth."

"But you forget, Asmodeus, that we have courts of law, and many have courts of honor also."

"He! he! he! excuse me for laughing, but you are pleased to be merry. What satisfaction would it be to a father, brother, or husband, to receive from a jury some three-and-sixpenny damages as compensation for an insult injurious to character, offered to a lady by a sneer, smile, wink, nod, or innuendo, that, though perfectly plain in society, could hardly be established by proof before a legal tribunal? Or who, having received the lie direct, or had a glass of wine thrown into his face, would appeal to a court of honor for satisfaction? It is true such extreme cases do not often happen; the regular duellist is now an unknown character, civilization is extending, and the pistol, though a feeble weapon enough, continues to exercise some influence; much, as I have said, to my master's regret, who thinks he could do much better without it. But let arms be laid aside,

and who will answer for the conduct of the worthless men who now act, at least, with *discretion*; what will keep the master passion of envy within bounds? Should society, however, continue to improve, and rise above the practice of duelling, the case will be greatly altered; such an abolition of the practice would ill suit my master's views, for it would prove his empire to be on the decline, and his vocation drawing to an end. But to effect this result, society must change its character and conduct; must resent as an insult to itself what is now sought to be resented by the pistol; must punish every display of vulgarity, rudeness, malignity or envy, by instantly excluding the offender from all respectable intercourse with the world; must brand the mendacious libeller, the man who may only be worth caning, though not worth going to cane, the envenomed backbiter, the false boaster and detractor of female character, with indelible marks of deserved infamy. When this reform shall be effected, then duelling will cease of itself, and then will my great master have ample cause to mourn, for it will almost toll the knell of his power. But, looking at fashionable society as the essence, or elegant extract, whence the conduct of the general mass may be best estimated, we deem ourselves in no immediate danger. How, indeed, could we? Take only the manner in which a so-called affair of honor is treated and spoken of after a meeting has taken place. If one of the parties have fallen, judges and juries are in the greatest possible haste to acquit the survivor; and this is, perhaps, the only rational part of the whole proceeding, as in the case of a fair duel, they could not, without palpable injustice, do otherwise; but how does society proceed? Do they ever inquire into the real cause of a duel, and treat the actual offender, whether the result be fatal or not, as he deserves? No such thing. A meeting once over, both parties are declared to have acted like men of honor, are every where received as good fellows, shaken heartily by the hand, and a veil is, by general accord, thrown over the original cause of quarrel; that is, vulgarity, rudeness, insolence, or falsehood, are again received into universal favor, merely because a low and envious ruffian, perhaps, has fired at and endangered the life of a gentleman whom he had previously insulted. If any one be blamed, it is in general the challenger, though he is mostly the injured and

insulted party. I say generally, for it has happened that envy, usually the moving spring in all such cases, has prompted worthless persons to follow up insult by an immediate cartel; and a cane has been inflicted on those who deserved, in reality, no other notice, but from whom a subsequent challenge could not well be refused. You have an Anti-duelling Society, composed of brave, honorable, and upright men, for I have seen the list; but why attempt to strike at effects instead of causes, why not form a society for the suppression of the base feelings that lead to duelling instead of forming it against the paltry practice itself? Let society form a league in favor of high worth, character, and feeling, let talents and acquirements be appreciated, a high standard of manners be substituted for the modern *Sliding Scale of Manners*, and you will never again hear of another duel between gentlemen."

"A plague on this bell, it almost pulls me out of my chair!" [Enter John.]

"Did you ring, sir?"

"Yes. What is all this racket in the house?"

"I have heard none, sir; only the printer's devil was here an hour ago asking for more MS., but seeing you reclining in your chair, and fancying you might be asleep, I did not like to disturb you, and desired him to return in the morning."

"Good, good; all right. You may go to bed." [Exit John.] "By Jove! Calderon may have been nearer the truth than he suspected when he wrote his wild tale of *Life a Dream*."

MONUMENT TO SIR DAVID WILKIE.—The monument to Sir David Wilkie is now erected in the church of Culter. It is truly an exquisite work of art, designed and executed by a man whose strength of mind, brilliant imagination, correct taste, accurate principles and graceful position, are all fully brought out in the admirable and striking likeness of Sir David. The drapery, too, is in excellent harmony with the other parts of the monument. The inscription is as follows:—"Sacred to the memory of Sir David Wilkie, R. A., Principal Painter in Ordinary in England, and Limner for Scotland, to King George IV., King William IV., and Queen Victoria. Born at Culter, 18th November, 1785. Died 1st of June, 1841; buried at sea, off Cape Trafalgar. As the painter of domestic scenes, his works were the ornament alike of the palace and the cottage. Through life he was guided and animated by those sacred principles to which he had often

listened, when a boy, in this place, from a father's lips. In order to acquire the accurate means of illustrating by his art the history of our Saviour, he departed for the Holy Land, and died on the homeward voyage. This tablet is erected by his affectionate sister, in 1844." Sir David Wilkie is placed on the east, and the monument to his father and mother, by Chantrey, on the west of the pulpit—each of them within a few inches of it.—*Court Journal*.

CONVENT ON MOUNT CARMEL.—A Carmelite Monk, from Mount Carmel, has put the whole charitable world of Paris into a state of commotion, and has excited the sympathy of all classes and all creeds. Upon this celebrated mount a convent has been erected à l'instar of that of St. Bernard, for the establishment of a body of friars, and for the accommodation of travellers visiting that part of the world, there being no inn in that remote neighborhood. The funds for the construction of this convent were collected by a monk of the name of John Baptiste, who left the mount eleven times, barefooted and on foot, travelled over a great part of Asia, Africa, and Europe, addressing himself to charitable persons of all denominations, and returned eleven times loaded with his gatherings. More than seventy thousand pounds were collected in this manner, with which the convent was erected, the first stone of it being laid in 1828. But a wall was wanting to enclose the monastery and the grounds that surrounded it, to protect it from the attacks of the Arabian robbers and wild beasts who were constantly molesting the poor defenceless monks. Too old to recommence his travels, the staff of John Baptiste was taken up by a brother of the order, Charles, who, by the order of the general, was sent to Paris, where he arrived a few months back, to raise a subscription for the erection of a wall, and the purchase of some property round the monastery, which had been taken from them by the Turks. This mission is likely to be accomplished to the full content of the monks; for already a considerable subscription is raised, by means of a lottery, the objects of which have been given by all the artists and literary characters in Paris. A chamber in the Luxembourg has been put at the disposal of the committee for the exposition of these objects, which are daily visited by the public.—*Court Journal*.

VOICE LOZENGE.—If we are to believe what we are told by those who should be well informed upon the subject, one Dr. Stolberg, of Frankfort fame, has bequeathed the secret of his voice lozenge—with presents of which he was wont to secure the friendship of the first vocal artists of his day—to a gentleman of large wealth in this country, who has determined to cause the advantages contained in the recipe to be made as extensively beneficial as it is possible to render it. For such purpose he has already distributed an immense quantity of boxes, at a price just sufficient to cover their cost, and the result has been a sale altogether unprecedented in the history of specifics.—*Evening Paper*.

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From the Athenæum.

English Songs and other Small Poems. By Barry Cornwall. A new edition. Moxon.

THIS edition has been revised, enriched, and essentially enlarged. The character of the volume is less exclusively musical than formerly. It now contains strains of too stirring and serious an import to be sung, however fit for declamation. The chanted rhyme, the popular ballad, will bear a heavier weight of meaning—should wear a different aspect, both as to form and language—from the verse which the musician is to clothe: unless the latter is to be so oppressed by the poet, as to leave no free play for the exercise of his art—less definite, but not less sweet, and little less significant. But what need, for the twentieth time, to harangue on the niceties of song writing? Let the reader open the volume, illustrate, compare, and sing (if he can). The additions are chiefly in the form of “small poems” and dramatic fragments. It is with the former we shall chiefly busy ourselves and tempt our friends. The book, by its size and quality, is the very thing for a solitary traveller on a summer ramble, who will find that Nature and Verse receive the last and most exquisite relish from being read in company.

The first three poems, ‘A Song for the New Year,’ ‘London,’ and ‘The Old Arm Chair,’ have already appeared, we are proud to say, in this journal. By way of first blossom in our new garland, we will take some verses addressed

To a Friend in Autumn.

Friend! the year is overgrown:
Summer like a bird hath flown,
Leaving nothing (fruits nor flowers)
Save remembrance of sweet hours;
And a fierce and froward season,
Blowing loud for some rough reason,
Rusheth from a land unknown.

Where is laughing May, who leapt
From the ground when April wept?
Where is rose-encumbered June?
July, with her lazy noon?
August, with her crown of corn?
And the fresh September morn?
Will they come back to us,—soon?—soon?

Never! Time is overgrown!
All that e'er was good is flown!
All things that were good and gay
(Dance, songs, smiles,) have flown away;
And we now must sing together
Strains more sad than autumn weather;
And dance upon a stormy ground,
Whilst the wild winds pipe around
A dark and unforgotten measure,
Graver than the ghost of pleasure;
Till at last, at winter's call,
We die, and are forgot by all!

The following specimens do not need a setting of either introduction or comment:—

Stanzas.

That was not a barren time,
When the New World calmly lay,
Bare unto the frosty rime,
Open to the burning day.

Though her young limbs were not clad
With the colors of the spring,
Yet she was all inward glad,
Knowing all she bore within,
Undeveloped, blossoming.

There was Beauty, such as feeds
Poets in their secret hours;
Music mute; and all the seeds
And the signs of all the flowers.

There was wealth, beyond the gold
Hid in oriental caves;
There was—all we now behold
’Tween our cradles and our graves.

Judge not, then, the Poet's dreams
Barren all, and void of good:
There are in them azure gleams,
Wisdom not all understood.

Fables, with a heart of truth;
Mysteries, that unfold in light;
Morals, beautiful for youth;
Starry lessons for the night.

Unto Man, in peace and strife,
True and false, and weak and strong,—
Unto all, in death and life,
Speaks the poet in his song.

To the South Wind.

O sweet South Wind!
Long hast thou lingered 'midst those islands fair,
Which lie, enchanted, on the Indian deep,
Like sea-maids all asleep,
Charmed by the cloudless sun and azure air!
O sweetest Southern Wind!
Pause here awhile, and gently now unbind
Thy dark rose-crowned hair!

Wilt thou not unloose now,
In this, the bluest of all hours,
Thy passion-colored flowers?—
Rest; and let fall the fragrance from thy brow,
On Beauty's parted lips and closed eyes,
And on her cheeks, which crimson-like the
skies;

And slumber on her bosom, white as snow,
Whilst Starry Midnight flies!
We, whom the northern blast
Blows on, from night till morn, from morn to eve,
Hearing thee, sometimes grieve
That our poor summer's day not long may last:
And yet, perhaps, 'twere well
We should not ever dwell
With thee, sweet spirit of the sunny South;
But touch thy odorous mouth
Once, and be gone unto our blasts again,
And their bleak welcome, and our wintry snow;
And arm us (by enduring) for that pain
Which the bad world sends forth, and all its
woe!

The last is a song without music, set, by the sweetness of cadence and syllable, so exquisitely, that the most delicate hand could not add a tone or a chord without injuring its effect. The next lyric, which we shall give, is of a different humor,—wild, fearless, and energetic:—

The Rising of the North.

Hark,—to the sound!
Without a trump, without a drum,
The wild-eyed, hungry Millions come,
Along the echoing ground.

From cellar and cave, from street and lane,
Each from his separate place of pain,
In a blackening stream,
Come sick, and lame, and old, and poor,
And all who can no more endure;
Like a demon's dream!

Starved children with their pauper sire,
And laborers with their fronts of fire,
In angry hum,
And felons, hunted to their den,
And all who shame the name of men,
By millions come.

The good, the bad, come hand in hand,
Linked by that law which none withstand;
And at their head
Flaps no proud banner, flaunting high,
But a shout—sent upwards to the sky,
Of "*Bread!*"—*Bread!*"

That word their ensign,—that the cause
Which bids them burst the social laws,
In wrath, in pain:
That the sole boon for lives of toil,
Demand they from their natural soil:—
Oh, not in vain!

One single year, and some who now
Come forth, with oaths and haggard brow,
Read prayer and psalm,
In quiet homes: their sole desire,
Rude comforts near their cottage fire,
And Sabbath calm.

But Hunger is an evil foe:
It striketh Truth and Virtue low,
And Pride elate:
Wild Hunger, stripped of hope and fear!
It doth not weigh; it will not hear;
It cannot wait.

For mark, what comes:—To-night the poor
(All mad) will burst the rich man's door,
And wine will run
In floods, and rafters blazing bright
Will paint the sky with crimson light,
Fierce as the sun;

And plate carved round with quaint device
And cups all gold will melt, like ice
In Indian heat!
And queenly silks, from foreign lands,
Will bear the stamps of bloody hands,
And trampling feet:

And *Murder*—from his hideous den
Will come abroad and talk to men;

Till creatures born
For good, (whose hearts kind Pity nursed,)
Will act the direst crimes they cursed
But yester-morn.

So, Wealth by Want will be o'erthrown,
And Want be strong and guilty grown,
Swollen out by blood.
Sweet Peace! who sitt'st aloft, sedate,
Who bind'st the little to the great,
Canst *Thou* not charm the serpent Hate?
And quell this feud?

Between the pomp of Cræsus' state,
And Irus, starved by sullen Fate,—
'Tween 'thee' and 'me,'—
'Tween deadly Frost and scorching Sun,—
The Thirty tyrants and the One,—
Some space must be.

Must the world quail to absolute kings,
Or tyrant mobs, those meaner things,
All nursed in gore,—
Turk's bowstring,—Tartar's vile Ukase,—
Grim Marat's bloody band, who pace
From shore to shore?

Oh, God!—Since our bad world began,
Thus hath it been,—from man to man
War, to the knife!
For bread—for gold—for words—for air!
Save us, O God! and hear my prayer!
Save, save from shame,—from crime,—
despair,
Man's puny life!

There is no returning, after an outburst like this, to the love-ditties of Armida's Garden: nay, or even to the pleasant and careless communings with Nature in her hidden nooks, which our poet sings as musically as the—

Winged wind
When 't bends the flowers.

SHAKESPEARE'S JUG—This relic of the immortal bard has found its way to Gloucester, having been purchased at Mrs. Turberville's sale by Mrs. Fletcher, the wife of Mr. Fletcher, gunsmith, who purchased it for nineteen guineas and the duty. The jug is of cream-colored earthenware, about nine inches in height. It is divided longitudinally into eight compartments, and horizontally subdivided, and within these the principal deities of the Grecian Mythology are represented in rather bold relief. It was demised, with other effects of Shakspeare, to his sister Joan, who married William Hart, of Stratford-upon-Avon. The Harts subsequently settled in Tewkesbury, and the jug was preserved by them through several generations, with religious care; but a few years ago it passed out of their hands. Mrs. Fletcher is a direct descendant of the Harts, and by her spirited competition she has again brought the interesting relic into the possession of her family, which had for so many years preserved it.—*Times*.

ANIMAL MAGNETISM AND NEURHYPNOTISM.

From Fraser's Magazine.

NOTE PRELIMINARY TO OLIVER YORKE, ESQ.

DEAR MR. YORKE,—May I crave a short space in the pages of Regina for a few remarks upon a topic which is making a prodigious fuss in the scientific world just now? Believe me, I have no design upon you; indeed, I could not presume to attempt to father my conceptions upon so prudent and circumspect an authority. All my modesty will permit me to ask is, that you be pleased to give currency to, without making yourself answerable for, my opinions.

Yours, &c.

R. S. S.

[We accede cheerfully to the request of a clever, though it may be a crotchet, contributor. But we hold ourselves as free as any of our readers to judge of his reasoning.—O. Y.]

1. *Isis Revelata: An Inquiry into the Origin, Progress, and Present State of Animal Magnetism.* By J. C. Colquhoun, Esq., Advocate, F. R. S. E. 2 vols. 8vo. Edinburgh: Maclachlan and Stewart; and Baldwin and Cradock, London, 1844.
2. *Neurhypnology; or, the Rationale of Nervous Sleep, considered in relation with Animal Magnetism. Illustrated with numerous Cases of its successful Application in the Relief and Cure of Diseases.* By James Braid, M. R. C. S. E., C. M. W. S. &c. London: John Churchill; Adam and Charles Black, Edinburgh, 1843. 8vo. pp. 266.

IN an age in which science is taking such prodigious strides, and so industriously enlarging her borders, it is scarcely wonderful that the doctrine of therapeutic magnetism should be roused once more from its slumbers, and encouraged to prefer a claim to some share of the public attention and respect. Within the last three years, wide-mouthed Credulity has felt no lack of the marvellous wherewith to regale itself; since from Lord Shrewsbury down to Mr. Spencer Hall,—from the “Adolorata of Capricano” and the “Estatica of Caldaro,” to the lady who can tell you what Mrs. Jenkins or Mrs. Anybody else is doing at a given time any number of miles off, and the wonderful boy who can read letters in the post-office,—we have had an abundance of marvels of the first water, sparkling and gushing with almost uninterrupted succession from the press. Witness the stack of books, and pamphlets, and periodicals, piled up before us this moment, as if men meant to rival Truth and Heaven by the magnitude of their labors. Magnet-

ism and clairvoyance are the great wonders of the hour,—as indeed they were (being *revived* wonders even then) half a century ago,—and these departments of physiology and psychology, after having been treated with contempt, ridicule, and contumely,—kicked, as it were, from Dan to Beersheba, spit upon and treated despitefully, at length numbers amongst the most faithful of their adherents men of science, *obstetric* physicians, surgeons, and even divines! The genius of modern discovery would almost lead us to believe that the inscription which the Egyptians engraved on the pedestals of the statues of their great goddess was an abominable cheat; that instead of making her all candor and frankness, they represented her as a prude with frowns and forbidding looks, reminding one, as Sheridan somewhere says, of a board, with notice of spring-guns set in a highway, or steel-traps on a common, because they insinuate that there is something worth stealing where there is not the least cause to suspect it. We must prepare ourselves, it seems, to see the “veil of Isis,” hitherto held to be sacred, impenetrable, and for ever to be closed over and clasped tightly around the greatest of ancient mysteries, now lifted by the silvery fingers of the goddess herself, her tongue wagging lightsome and glibly as that of Lord Brougham or any village wench, unkennelling the greatest of nature's pent-up secrets, and from being the most trustworthy and confidential of her privy councillors becoming all at once a Mrs. Candid and a blab! Well may Mr. Colquhoun christen his book *Isis Revelata*. The goddess has flung her prestige behind her; her poll-shaven priests, if any of the race still minister amongst the pyramids, may now discharge their barbers, let their hair grow as it listeth, and import a hair-dresser from Bond Street; they may pay court to the ladies without running the risk of an *auto da fê*, and add a hosier and boot-maker to their list of tradespeople. The murder is out! a modern *Œdipus* has unriddled this second sphynx of the land of puzzles—magnetism has triumphed!

But we have hinted that the influence of magnetism upon the animal functions is not now broached for the first time. Possibly we might be able to trace it down to the remotest ages,* and there is little doubt

* Solon has the following curious allusion —

Παλλὰς δ' ἔξ ἀλέης ὀδόνης μέγα γίγνεται ἄλγος
Κούε' ἂν τις λύσαιτ' ἥπια φάρμακα δούς

that many phenomena of ancient times were produced by some such agency, though, as will be seen hereafter, we ascribe to very different causes most, if not all, of the effects which are attributed to Magnetism. So far back as the seventeenth century the loadstone was used by many practitioners as a curative means; indeed, most of those who adopt the doctrines of Paracelsus had great faith in its (supposed) curative powers, and some of them wrote works upon the subject.* Of these, by far the most famous was Van Helmont, a native of Brussels, born in 1577, died in 1644, who, educated as a physician, devoted himself to chemical researches. He wrote a treatise on the magnetic cure of wounds, in reply to one on the same subject, the title of which we give in the foot-note, by Goclenius, a physical philosopher in high repute, and another by one Father Robert, a Jesuit, who, like some people in our own times, branded magnetism as a "Satanic agency." In reply to this Van Helmont wrote, "Magnetismus, quia passim viget, præter nomen, nil novi continet; nec paradoxus nisi iis qui cuncta derident, et in Satanæ dominium ablegant quæcunque non intelligant." His

Τὸν δὲ κακὰς νόστοις κυκλόμενον ἀργυρίαις τε
Ἀψάμενος χειροῖν, αἴψα τίθησ' ὕπνῳ
Apud Stobæum.

This is a favorite quotation of Mr. Colquhoun's, and he points out the following happy rendering of it from Stanley's *History of Philosophy*, (1666,)—

"The smallest hurts sometimes increase and rage,
More than all art of physic can assuage;
Sometimes the fury of the worst disease
The hand, by gentle stroking, will appease."

A singular expression is also pointed out as occurring in the *Amphitryo* of Plautus, "*Quid, si ego illum tractim tangam, ut dormiat,*" which, although used figuratively for, "What if I knock him on the head?" may be literally rendered, "What if I continually manipulate him till he sleep?"

* Amongst others we may name Kircher, *Magnetes, sive de Arte Magnetica*, Colon. 1664 et Rom. 1654; *Magneticum Naturæ Regnum*, &c., Amsterdam, 1667; Van Helmont, *Opera Omnia*, (including his *De Magnetica Vulnerum Curatione*), Frankfort, 1682; J. G. Burgraaue, *Balneum Dianæ Magneticum*, 1600; Gul. Maxwell, *Medicina Manetica, libri tres, in quibus tam theoria quam praxis continetur*, Frankfort, 1679; R. Goclenii, *Tract. de Magnet. Vuln. Curat.* Frankfort, 1613; S. Wirdig, *Nova Medicina Spirituum*, Hamb. 1673, (from which we may conveniently give a short quotation in this place, "*Totus mundus constat et positus est in magnetismo; omnes sublunarium vicissitudines fiunt per magnetismum; vita conservatur magnetismo; interitus omnium rerum fiunt per magnetismum.*"—P. 178.

definition of magnetism is, "*Sic vocitamus eam occultam coaptationem qua absens in absens per influxum agit, sive trahendo vel impellendo fiat; i. e.* an occult influence by attraction or impulsion, which is a fundamental principle of Mesmer's theory. The vehicle and essence of this influence he calls *magnale magnum*, an impalpable and imponderable fluid pervading all nature. In the human frame, he believes the *blood* to be the seat of this influence which may be controlled by the will of another, provided the operator be more powerfully charged with this magical influence, this imponderable fluid, than the subject operated upon. It is well that he makes a proviso to the omnipotence of the operator, otherwise he would be calling upon us to believe that an operator more strongly imbued with the magic fluid than his neighbor might *will* the stoppage of the circulation of his blood, and so put an end to that neighbor's existence! But he puts a bar to this violent postulate by telling us that this magnetic or magical (whichever he chooses to call it) power lies dormant in man until it is called into action; and that if either the magical power in the subject to be operated upon be stronger than the operator, or the *will* of the subject be *opposed* to the operation, it is in vain to attempt to produce any cosmic or magnetic results. His words are, "*Diximus omnem fortassis magicum vim dormire et excitatione opus habere; quod perpetuo verum est, si obiectum in quod agendum est non sit proxime dispositum, si ejus interna fantasia non prorsus annuat agentis impressioni, vel etiam si robore patiens sit par vel superior agenti.*" This admission is most important, as showing that whatever the volition of the operator may be, it is powerless and ineffectual without the volition of the subject operated upon. It is a maxim of antiquity that the poppy has no influence where an anxious mind is at work (*Ὀὐχὶ ἅπας μαρμαίρων μήκωνα δρέπει*), and it is equally true that no magnetism or magic known to humanity can work in opposition to the *will* of man. We shall refer to this more at length hereafter, when we come to test the pretensions of animal magnetism. We may observe, however, that in another treatise (*Actio Reginis*) Van Helmont admits even more pointedly that the assent of the subject operated upon is an indispensable condition precedent to the success of the experiment. Thus the inconsistency is complete. In one place we have him insisting upon the omnipotence

of the occult magnetic influence in man; in another he clogs his principle with a proviso which destroys it whenever that proviso is called into action. We fancy we shall be able to make it tolerably clear, shortly, that ALL the power rests with the (human) subject operated upon, and that whether the *operator* will or no, the *subject* can induce coma and its several sequences whenever he chooses. This *en parenthèse*. Another of Van Helmont's "great mysteries" is, that there is in man a peculiar power which enables him by the mere force of his will and imagination, to act at a distance, and so instil a virtue and exercise an influence upon a very remote object. This he admits is beyond his comprehension, and yet he somewhere tells us that in consequence of having tasted, in the course of his experiments in 1633, the root of the aconite, *he saw his own soul* seated, not in his head, but *in the region of his stomach!* He describes it as a spiritual substance (*ponderable*, of course!) of a *crystalline appearance*, luminous, and having the *figure of a man!*

"My intuitions," quoth he, "immediately became much stronger and of greater compass, and this mental clearness was combined with a feeling of extraordinary pleasure. I slept not, I dreamed not, my health was perfect. *I felt, perceived, and thought no longer with the head, but in the region of the stomach (!)*, as if knowledge had now taken her seat in that part!"

This is, indeed, marvellous, and can only be accounted for on the presumption that the empty belly had risen in envious rebellion against the overstocked head, and (the latter having become delirious) had at length succeeded in dividing the empire of knowledge with it! If Goldsmith had only known of this, he never would have set a whole village wondering where their pastor stowed away all his knowledge, much less would he have ventured to say—

"And still the wonder grew,
How one small head could carry all he knew."

The only way in which we can account for Van Helmont's miraculous visions is, that he lived for thirty years in his laboratory, which, like the cobbler's stall, served him "for parlor, and bedroom, and kitchen, and all." One favored with such waking visions ought at least to have learned *how* a man's "will" acted upon "very remote objects;" indeed it would not have surprised us to hear that he had procured an

interview with Iris the sister of the Oceanides, and learned from her not only how she fills the clouds with water, but whereabouts in the human body the mystic thread which connects it with the soul is to be found, what kind of scissors she uses to cut it, and of what material the thread itself is composed! None of these things would have been at all inconsistent with some things that have been forced into light at the point of his pen; and he would not have lacked implicit believers, even if we pass from his own times to the days of Burgomaster Dr. Von Meyer (who believes that dogs have *blue souls as well as men!*) and the believers in magnetic *clairvoyance*.

Extravagant, however, as all these things must unquestionably appear to men of common sense, they are not to be "pished" or "pooh-poohed" down, or despatched at once with the imputation of "flam" upon their heads. To show their tenacity of life, we need only turn to the mesmerists of the present day, whose stock in trade they really are; for without meaning any disrespect to our contemporaries, we must say that, in theory, they have got no farther than Van Helmont. Even Mr. Colquhoun, learned, able, penetrating, and eloquent as he is, clings to the extravagancies of the Belgian chemist (indeed *we* chiefly borrow our illustrations from his book), and excuses his inability to explain them by pleading the general ignorance of the age in which we live. Speaking of the mystical union of the soul and the body he says—

"To this may be added our ignorance of the causes of gravitation, of the common magnetism, of electricity, &c. The day, perhaps, is not far distant, when the remarkable anticipations of Kant will be realized, and when it will be generally recognized and admitted, that all of these phenomena are the product of one single and simple principle, differently modified."

We are very much of Kant's opinion ourselves. We have long had our own notions touching mineral magnetism. We think it not impossible that we may live to see all the accepted notions concerning it exploded. The science of electro-magnetism has opened a new phase in chemical science, and electricity may yet explain both magnetism and gravitation. The law of polarity has already entered into astronomical calculations, and we think it will yet be found that electricity is the main element in polarity; but even if we had room,

it would, perhaps, be premature to explain our notions on this point just at present.

There is a passage in Dr. Passavant's work* which just occurs to us, and which we must quote:—

"To the theory of a polar attraction and repulsion between the planets, certain anomalies in the proportion of their distances from one another lend probability; some planets standing nearer or further asunder than they should, according to the law Wurm has laid down for their relative distances. According to this law the distance of the earth from the sun should be 210 semi-diameters of the latter, instead of which it is 216. The distance of Mars from the sun should be 336 semi-diameters, but it is no more than 329. Thus the earth is six semi-diameters of the sun farther from, and the planet Mars seven nearer to, that body than the law of gravitation would assign to these orbs as their respective places. This is hardly to be conceived as possible, but on the hypothesis of *qualitative* attraction, an assignable ground of which we have in electricity and magnetism."

We are sorely tempted to apply our electrical notions to this passage, but that is not the purpose for which we quoted it. We use it as an appropriate pioneer to what follows from Mr. Colquhoun's book. At p. 223 he says,—

"There exists a reciprocal influence between the heavenly bodies, the earth, and animated beings. The medium of this influence is a very subtle fluid pervading the whole universe (*electricity*?) which, from its nature, is capable of receiving, propagating, and communicating every impulse of motion. This reciprocal action is subject to certain mechanical laws, which have not yet been discovered. From this action there result alternative effects, which may be considered as a sort of *flux* and *reflux*. This flux and reflux may be more or less general, more or less particular, more or less compounded, according to the nature of the causes which determine them. It is by this operation (the most universal of those which nature exhibits to us), that the relations of activity are maintained between the heavenly bodies, the earth, and its constituent parts. The properties of matter and of organized bodies depend upon this operation. The animal body experiences the alternative effects of this agent, which, by insinuating itself into the substance of the nerves, affects them immediately. The human body exhibits properties analogous to those of the magnet, such as *polarity* and *inclination*. The property of the animal body, which renders it susceptible of this influence, occasioned its denomination of animal magnetism. The action and

the virtue of animal magnetism are capable of being communicated to other animated and inanimate bodies. The one and the other, however, are susceptible of them in different degrees. This action and this virtue can be increased and propagated by these bodies. We observe from experience the flowing of a certain subtle matter, which penetrates all bodies, without perceptibly losing any of its activity; and it operates at a considerable distance, without the aid of any intermediate object. Like light it is reflected by mirrors; and it is invigorated, diffused, and communicated by sound. This virtue is capable of being accumulated, concentrated, and transported. There are animated bodies, although very rare, which possess a property so opposite to magnetism, that their mere presence prevents all its effects in other bodies. This opposite power also penetrates all bodies, and is also capable of being concentrated and diffused; it is, therefore, not merely a negative, but a really positive power. The mineral magnet, whether natural or artificial, is likewise equally susceptible with other bodies of animal magnetism, and even of the opposite virtue, without suffering in either case any alteration of its agency in respect to iron, which proves that the principle of animal magnetism is essentially different from that of mineral. This system will furnish new illustrations of the nature of fire and of light; as also of the theory of attraction, of flux and reflux, of the magnet and of electricity. It will inform us, that the magnet and artificial electricity only have, with respect to diseases, properties in common with several other agents which nature presents to us; and that if the former have produced some salutary effects, these effects are to be ascribed to animal magnetism. By means of animal magnetism nervous diseases may be cured immediately, and other complaints mediately," &c.

It is only as a curative agency that we can regard animal magnetism or mesmerism with any kind of favor; the next thing that reconciles us to it, is the eloquent advocacy of such men as Mr. Colquhoun and Dr. Elliotson. With regard to the chemical theory here laid down, we shall only say that it is a curious subject for speculation, and therefore, unobjectionable. The influence which the moon has upon the flux and reflux of the sea may be properly enough accounted for. It is no part of our present purpose to go into that matter; but when we find analogies drawn from it (we don't say by Mr. Colquhoun) to favor the belief in a story told of Mesmer on the occasion of an operation with the lancet, when it is said the blood oozed from the incision or retreated, flowed or ebbled, according as the operator approached and touched or receded from the patient, public credulity is

* Inquiries respecting Vital Magnetism and Clairvoyance, 1837.

brought flat on its face again before the exploded superstitions of our ancestors of the middle ages; that the wounds of a murdered person would bleed if the body were approached by the murderer. With reference to the *living* person, the probability is, that if he were touched by any indifferent bystander whilst in the magnetic coma, the same results would follow; for a touch would, in a particular condition, be sufficient to arouse his energies in some degree, which would have an immediate effect upon the whole nervous system. [We shall show this more particularly anon, when we come to treat of "double consciousness."] With reference to the *dead* subject, the presence of a number of persons in a room would inevitably have the effect of raising the temperature, which, acting upon the accumulated gases in the body, might cause a slight effusion of the little remaining liquid blood or pus. But this latter superstition has long been swept away with the ordeal itself. We have nothing to urge in favor of the curative efficacy of the magnet, or artificial electricity; but we cannot help thinking that Mr. Colquhoun goes too far when he says, that if they "have produced some salutary effects, these effects are to be ascribed to *animal magnetism*!" Now we don't mean to deny that salutary effects have been, and often are, produced by animal magnetism; but we contend that precisely the same effects, frequently with less risk, are constantly produced by other means,—nay, by patients themselves, who first induce sleep by keeping their eyes and attention *fixed* upon any inanimate object—say the ceiling of a room; then causing their mind and body to act and react upon each other in an unusual degree. Some object considerably above the level of the eye, so as to cause the head to be thrown back a little, is the best for the purpose. This, with the fixed gaze, produces a slight strain upon the eyes; hence, besides the exhaustion of the visual organ and slight vertigo which are the immediate and necessary results of this process, a habit of intense abstraction, or concentration of attention is induced; during which there is a suppressed state of the respiration, preventing the proper and efficient purification of the blood, and interrupting the free and regular circulation through the brain (as in common and easy respiration); the imperfectly decarbonized blood acts on the brain as a narcotic, and presently the influence is extended through the whole nervous system. And in this way precisely the same

results are produced as manifest themselves under the magnetic process. We do not mean to say that it is safe for a patient to try these experiments unless some person be at hand to disengage him, by wafting or percussion of the hands; we only explain the process, in order to show, that neither the passes nor the volition of an operator are required to induce the condition which will be recognized at once as Mr. Braid's method of producing nervous sleep.

We shall pass over the many curious instances of clairvoyance cited by Mr. Colquhoun, because any discussion or criticism of them would involve a much greater space than is left at our disposal. Suffice it to say, that in many cases sufficient light is not thrown upon the subject, whilst in others much that appears marvellous may be very easily accounted for by other than magnetic means.

We have already protested against the injustice of voting animal magnetism a delusion and a humbug. We are thoroughly convinced that it is neither the one nor the other. We only think that it has been carried out of its depth, and that high, almost superhuman, attributes have been assigned to it to which it has no pretensions whatever; and we have not omitted to have a smart cut or two at the *extravagancies* to which injudicious friends have committed it. That man has an inherent power of acting upon man in a way not hitherto generally known and practised there can be no doubt whatever; that is, by inducing him to comply with the preliminary methods just noted; and there can be as little doubt that, when properly and legitimately applied, this power may be exerted to the very best advantage. We, therefore, resume the consideration of the subject at the point where Mesmer himself took it up.

Frederick Anthony Mesmer was born in Switzerland on the 23d of May, 1734. He studied physic in Vienna, and eventually took his doctor's degree. Naturally fond of the marvellous, his attention was drawn to the magnet by the Jesuit Maximilian Hell, professor of astronomy at Vienna. In consequence of the instructions received from this worthy, Mesmer began to use them successfully in the treatment of disease, continuing the practice, until, happening to quarrel with the Jesuit, he became anxious to relieve himself of the obligation which he owed him, by finding some substitute for the magnets. He therefore

tried the effects of operating in the same manner with his hands *alone*, as he had been accustomed to do with the magnets, and he found that the results were precisely the same. From this he naturally inferred that the magnets were not the efficient cause, but had acted only as the medium of transmitting an influence from his body to the patient's. To a mind constituted like Mesmer's it would be an easy and natural inference that there was a principle in animated nature capable of transference from one being to another, and which could be brought into activity and influence by certain processes. Since the active principle of mineral magnetism was designated a *fluid*, he called this *new* agency a magnetic fluid, and its effects he designated animal magnetism. Shortly after his arrival in Paris in 1778, his experiments began to excite so much attention, that a commission of the French Academy was appointed to investigate and report upon the subject. Mesmer undertook to prove to this commission that he could produce certain phenomena, and demonstrate that a *magnetic fluid* was the *cause* of these phenomena; that by the exercise of his *will* and manœuvres, the magnetic fluid could be excited into activity and even operate at a distance, and that it could be transferred to inanimate objects, and made to operate on patients at second-hand, through proximity or contact with these magnetized substances. One of his most notable experiments was his mesmerizing trees in Dr. Franklin's garden, and allowing his subjects to be taken blindfold into the garden with the object of proving that the magnetic influence would display itself when the subjects went under the *magnetized trees, and then only*. The result proved directly the reverse. The subjects became affected, *not* under the *mesmerized*, but under the *non-mesmerized* trees! Other experiments made within doors equally proved the fallacy of Mesmer's *theory*, since the subjects became affected when no passes were being made, provided they had been led to believe that they were being operated upon—at a distance; whilst on the contrary, they were not at all affected, how vigorously soever the passes were made, if the subjects had *not* been led to believe that such proceedings were going forward. The commission, of course reported* un-

favorably of the pretensions of Mesmer, *quoad* his demonstrating the existence of a magnetic fluid. They bore testimony, however, to the reality of the phenomena, but attributed them entirely to the influence of the imagination. Here is an extract translated from this report:—

"That which we have learned, or at least that which has been proved to us in a clear and satisfactory manner by our inquiry into the phenomena of mesmerism, ie, that man can act upon man at all times, and almost at will, by striking his imagination; that signs and gestures the most simple, may produce the most powerful effects; that the action of man upon the imagination may be reduced to an art, and conducted after a certain method when exercised upon patients who have faith in the proceedings."

There is manifestly no attempt here to deny the phenomena; on the contrary, the commission actually confirms their reality; and yet this is the celebrated decision continually referred to ever since, as a complete death-blow to mesmerism and its pretensions. In the sequel we shall show, that the commissioners were quite justified in alleging that what *they witnessed* was entirely the result of imagination; but they were in no respect warranted by the premises in drawing the *latter* part of their conclusion, namely, that the *primary* induction of the condition had *also* been entirely the result of imagination. Although this decision had the effect of throwing mesmerism into the shade, it was still prosecuted on the Continent by many eminent medical and scientific men with zeal and success. In 1817, the practice of the art was ordained to be confined to the medical profession in the Prussian dominions; and in 1818, the Academy of Sciences at Berlin offered a prize of 3400 francs for the best treatise on mesmerism. In Denmark, and even in Russia, about the same period, the subject was brought under investigation; and in the latter country, a committee, appointed by the emperor, declared it to be a most important agent. In consequence of the progress of matters in these various quarters, in 1826 a second commission of inquiry was appointed by the Royal Academy of Medicine of Paris. This commission prosecuted the inquiry for five years, and drew up a report with great care, which was read to the academy in 1831. After referring to the various physiological phenomena particularly specified, and to cures effected under their own immediate obser-

* Rapport des Commissaires de la Société Royale de Médecine, nommés par le Roi, pour faire l'examen du Magnétisme Animal. Paris, 1784.

vation, they made the following important remarks:—

"Your committee have communicated in the report facts of sufficient importance to entitle them to think that the academy ought to encourage the investigations into the subject of animal magnetism as a curious branch of psychology and natural history."

Now, when it is borne in mind that this report was subscribed by nine eminent members of the academy (one of whom submitted personally to be operated upon), who prosecuted the investigation for five years, there is very little room left for skepticism as to the reality of either the psychological or physiological phenomena. *How* they were produced, or by what precise laws they are governed, is another question. In 1828 and 9 M. Chenevix attempted, but with little success, to bring the subject under the notice of the British public. In 1833, Mr. Colquhoun published the report of the second French commission; and in 1836 the first edition (the edition before us is the second very greatly enlarged) of his very valuable and interesting work *Isis Revelata*. In 1837 Baron Dupotet came over to this country, but his labors and his efforts were alike disregarded until Dr. Elliotson took him by the hand; and the results of the doctor's experiments created a strong sensation. But, as was the case with Mesmer, his *theoretical* notions not standing the practical test to which he had offered to subject them, the current of public opinion was turned against him, and he was speedily swamped. He not only believed in a special influence emanating from the operator, but he fell back upon the old notions about mineral magnetism, and alleged that certain metals possessed this special influence, whilst others had no such power. *Ex. gr.*, he maintained that nickel was a powerful magnetizer, whilst lead possessed no such property; and he offered to allow Mr. Wakley, of the *Lancet*, an opportunity of testing this. The results were these: Mr. Wakley made the subject believe that he was operating with *mesmerized* metal, whilst he was using the other, and the subject became mesmerized! on the other hand, he operated with the mesmerizing metal, whilst the subject was made to believe that he was using the *non-mesmerized* metal, and no effects ensued. His other experiments were conducted in the same manner, and with similar results,—the effect on the subjects always answering to the impressions

previously made on their minds! Now these were well-contrived and well-conducted experiments for determining whether these metals were possessed of the positive and negative qualities assigned to them; and Dr. Elliotson held in his hands the most irrefragable proofs of the fallacy of his *theory*. But then Mr. Wakley, in his turn, rushed into the extreme of error. He published to the world, and persisted and gloried in the assertion, that the patients were impostors, and, *par consequence*, that all mesmeric phenomena were an unmitigated and daring cheat. Now, Mr. Braid's investigations tend to clear up these difficulties at once. They prove to us, that those who have had the impressibility stamped upon them either by the mesmeric process or by the induction of nervous sleep, became liable to be affected entirely through the imagination and habit, since they have invariably given way to the influence, or have not been affected at all, exactly as they expected it or did not expect it.

We now come to the period (1841) at which M. Lafontaine commenced operations in this country. Although the phenomena exhibited at his *conversazioni* were of a very ordinary and commonplace description, seldom showing more than the usual characteristics of magnetic coma, accompanied by the puncturing, pinching, squeezing, aural, and olfactory tests of insensibility, and so forth; they served to awaken curiosity, and to set investigation a-foot. Amongst others, Mr. Braid, a learned and eminent surgeon, of Manchester, to whose valuable and interesting book we have already referred, turned his attention to the subject, and the result of his investigations is a new branch of science, which has already worked wonders as a curative agency, and which promises to be of the utmost service in that character. He calls his method NEURHYPNOTISM (which, for the benefit of the ladies, we may as well explain, is derived from two Greek words, *νεῦρον* (nerve), and *ὑπνος* (sleep),—nervous sleep). Mr. Braid was at first a skeptic; but, after having attended two or three of M. Lafontaine's *conversazioni*, he witnessed an effect, apparently a *bona fide* phenomenon, which, upon consideration, he believed to be, not the effect of any magnetic influence passing from the body of the operator to the patient, but of the continued fixed stare exhausting the irritability of the optic and motor nerves of the eye, an effect which he believed

would result quite as readily by causing the patient to maintain a steady, fixed stare at any inanimate object. In order to put this to the proof, he induced a young friend to sit down on a low seat, and maintain a steady, fixed gaze at an object placed considerably above his head,—but we will quote Mr. Braid's own words:—

"In three minutes his eyelids closed, a gush of tears ran down his cheeks, his head drooped, his face was slightly convulsed, he gave a groan, and instantly fell into profound sleep, the respiration becoming slow, deep, and sibilant, the right hand and arm being agitated by slight convulsive movements. At the end of four minutes I considered it necessary for his safety to put an end to the experiment. This experiment not only proved what I expected, but also, by calling my attention to the spasmodic state of the muscles of the face and arm, the peculiar state of the respiration, and the condition of the mind, as evinced on rousing the patient, tended to prove to my mind I had got the key to the solution of mesmerism. The agitation and alarm of this gentleman, on being roused, very much astonished Mrs. Braid. She expressed herself very much surprised at his being so much alarmed about nothing, as she had watched the whole time, and never saw me near him, or touching him in any way whatever. I proposed that she should be the next subject operated on, to which she readily consented, assuring all present that she would not be so easily alarmed as the gentleman referred to. I requested her to sit down, and gaze on the ornament of a china sugar basin, placed at the same angle to the eyes as the bottle in the former experiment. In two minutes the expression of the face was very much changed: at the end of two minutes and a half the eyelids closed convulsively; the mouth was distorted; she gave a deep sigh, the bosom heaved, she fell back, and was evidently passing into an hysterical paroxysm, to prevent which I instantly roused her. On counting the pulse I found it had mounted up to 180 strokes a minute.

"In order to prove my position still more clearly, I called up one of my men-servants, who knew nothing of mesmerism, and gave him such directions as were calculated to impress his mind with the idea that his fixed attention was merely for the purpose of watching a chemical experiment in the preparation of some medicine, and being familiar with such he could feel no alarm. In two minutes and a half his eyelids closed slowly with a vibrating motion, his chin fell on his breast, he gave a deep sigh, and was instantly in a profound sleep, breathing loudly. All the persons present burst into a fit of laughter, but still he was not interrupted by us. In about one minute after his profound sleep I roused him, and pretended to chide him for being so careless; said he ought to be ashamed of himself for not being able to attend to my instructions for

three minutes without falling asleep, and ordered him down stairs. In a short time I recalled this young man, and desired him to sit down once more, but to be careful not to go to sleep again, as on the former occasion. He sat down with this intention, but at the expiration of two minutes and a half his eyelids closed, and exactly the same phenomena as in the former experiment ensued.

"I again tried the experiment, by causing Mr. — to gaze on a different object from that used on the first experiments; but still, as I anticipated, the phenomena were the same. I also tried him *à la Fontaine*, with the thumbs and eyes, and likewise by gazing on my eyes without contact, and still the effects were the same, as I fully expected.

"I now stated that I considered the experiments fully proved my theory; and expressed my entire conviction that the phenomena of mesmerism were to be accounted for on the principle of a derangement of the state of the cerebro-spinal centres, and of the circulatory, and respiratory, and muscular systems, induced, as I have explained, by a fixed stare, absolute repose of body, fixed attention, and suppressed respiration, concomitant with that fixity of attention; that the whole depended on the physical and psychical condition of the patient, arising from the causes referred to, and not at all on the volition, or passes of the operator, throwing out a magnetic fluid, or exciting into activity some mystical universal fluid or medium. I further added, that having thus produced the primary phenomena, I had no doubt but the others would follow as a matter of course, time being allowed for their gradual and successive development."

These then were the means used by Mr. Braid to induce somnolency. There can be no doubt that he succeeded, and there can be as little doubt, for we have been eye-witnesses of his experiments ourselves, that, by his method, all the phenomena which exhibit themselves in the mesmeric treatment are brought out, except the phenomenon of clairvoyance, a *bona fide* instance of which, that could not be accounted for in a dozen different ways, we have never witnessed. It is quite evident, we take it, in the cases above quoted, that in none of them could there exist any thing beyond what arose from the minds and bodies of the patients acting on themselves in conjunction with the inanimate objects at which they gazed. It is true that faith in a particular agency may powerfully aid, although it is by no means absolutely necessary to the success of, the experiment. When, however, as we have already hinted, the impressibility has been stamped upon patients, either by the mesmeric or neurhypnotic method, if you can only induce

them to believe that certain effects will follow certain acts, and *vice versâ*, those effects will generally take place. Both Mr. Braid and the mesmerists seem to agree as to the *fact*, that sleep induced by artificial contrivances differs in many respects from natural sleep, that there are different degrees or stages of this sleep, and that the phenomena vary according to the different stages or degrees, and the modes of management; there being at one stage an exaltation, at another a depression of the natural functions, both mental and physical. Mr. Braid confesses that he has never been able to produce the transcendental phenomena of clairvoyance by his method, but by direct mental suggestion he has been able to produce what he calls "double consciousness," of which more anon. Mr. Braid, too, like Mesmer and Dr. Elliotson, appears to have had his rubs and checks; and, probably, the world is indebted to the *brusquerie* and eccentricity of the British Association* for his valuable treatise. It would appear that, when that august body of peripatetics visited Manchester in 1842, Mr. Braid proposed to read a paper to them on his new discovery, and, with that view, sent them the MS., which was returned to him from the Medical Section by the hands of a common porter in an *unsealed* envelope, accompanied by a note in pencil on the back of it, to the effect that it was rejected as unsuitable. Mr. Braid, however, was not to be turned from his purpose so easily. He engaged one of the largest rooms in the town, and gave a conversation to the other sections, which was crowded; and, instead of getting the thanks and applause of one section only, the highest encomiums, and a vote of thanks to boot, were bestowed upon him by the members of the other sections reinforced by the public. This is a diversion, but it embodies an episode too interesting to be overlooked, and we write *currente calamo*. We were going on to contrast the principles of mesmerism and neurhypnotism. The

* *Apropos* of this British Association for the advancement of science; What part is it playing under this new blaze of scientific light? Does it range itself amongst the mesmeric or the anti-mesmeric chorus? Or is it squeezing itself up, and hiding its "outward limbs and flourishes" in a corner of the theatre, hesitating whether it shall step into the ring *before* the last round is fought, or wait until the contest is decided, and then head up the victors to receive the applause of the spectators? Oh! fie! gentlemen, fie! Is this sort of behavior worthy of the *Scientific Lion* of Britain?

mesmerists, as we have already intimated, believe in a special agency, a magnetic fluid, or some unknown and mysterious principle, or virtue, as the medium of mental and physical action, which can be brought into activity by personal contact, looking into the eyes of the patients, pointing the fingers at them, or by performing various manœuvres called passes, either in the presence of the patient, or at any distance, and without his knowledge, will, or consent; or by the simple volition of the operator, even at a distance, and without the patient being aware or imagining that he was willing such effects. And, again, they allege that the power may be imparted by them to inanimate substances, which will manifest the same phenomena in any patient who lays hold of, or touches, or tastes such mesmerized substances. Hence they manifestly believe the influence of mesmerism to be an *objective* influence *from without*: so that the operator can throw either man or brute animal, will-ye-nill-ye, into the condition, and that neither distance, nor intervening bars or bolts, can resist the influence of the mesmerizer's volition and passes. For the purpose of proving what we have already asserted, namely, that these views singularly coincide with the notions of Van Helmont, we will give a translated passage from his work on the magnetic cure of wounds:—

"In man," says he, "there sits enthroned a noble energy, whereby he is endowed with a capacity to act *extra se*, without and beyond the narrow territories of himself; only *per naturam* by his single beck, by the natural magic of his fancy, and to transmit a subtile and invisible *virtue*, a certain influence that doth afterwards subsist and persevere *per se*, and operate upon an object removed at very great distance; by the discovery of which sole mystery all that we have hitherto treated concerning the *ideal entity*, conveyed in the arms of a spiritual emanator, and sallying abroad to execute the mandates of the *will*, concerning the *magnetism* of all creatures, proceeding as well from human *fancy* as from the native and peculiar *fancy* of every thing, and, also, concerning the *magical superiority* of man over all sublunary bodies."

This sonorous bombast runs on into an illustration of his moon-struck philosophy, borrowed from the simple fact of the loadstone converting steel into a magnetic needle. All this, however, is agreeable to the belief of zealous thorough-going mesmerists. The hypnotists, on the contrary, believe neurhypnotism to be *subjective*, or

personal, and incapable of being induced without the knowledge and concurrence, or belief, of the patient, or by physical impressions received through the organs of special sense.* We have already set forth their views, but, for the purposes of contrast, it may be convenient to repeat them here. *They* consider that the induction of the sleep is entirely "the result of the mind and body of the patient acting and reacting on each other in an *unusual manner*; and the most ready and certain method of inducing this is by arresting the attention through visual sensation, by causing the patient to maintain a fixed gaze at an object, placed so much above the head as will produce a slight strain on the eyes. It seems that, besides the exhaustion of the visual organ and slight vertigo, which are the immediate and necessary results of this process, there is also induced a habit of intense abstraction, or concentration of attention, during which there is a suppressed state of the respiration, which prevents the proper and efficient purification of the blood, and that, besides the interruption to the free and regular circulation through the brain, as in common and easy respiration, the imperfectly decarbonized blood acts on the brain as a narcotic, and thus hastens the results of hypnotism." In proof of this, Mr. Braid remarks that it is always more difficult to hypnotize patients who *breathe quickly*, and, therefore, he has requested them to suppress their respiration.

Again, with reference to *objective* influences. The experiments of Mesmer before the French commission, Mr. Wakley's experiments with Dr. Elliotson's patients, various experiments made by the Rev. Le Roy Sunderland, of New York (who, by the way, first decried Mr. Braid's theory, and afterwards adopted it), besides fifty others which we could mention, all tend to prove that the influence of mesmerized substances depends, not on any real or supposed power of the substances themselves, but on the belief or imagination of the patient: the same may also be said with respect to passes at a distance, the effects correspond-

* Mr. Braid, at a recent conversazione, attributed the phenomena to exalted function of natural organs enabling patients to perceive faint impressions through the ordinary *media*, whilst the mesmerists alleged that they resulted from some particular and impalpable medium through which the unexpressed thoughts, knowledge, and desires were imparted from the mesmerizer to the mesmerizee, as by a species of inspiration or sympathetic reflection.

ing exactly with the previous expectation of the patients. With reference to this agency, Le Roy Sunderland says, "That it is not a fluid eliminated from the operator or a machine, as has been supposed, any one may demonstrate in five minutes." He further states that he has operated upon hundreds of patients, and in every imaginable manner, "and he finds that he can produce precisely the same results without any magnet, or electricity, or battery, or metals, or minerals, or passes, or *will* at all;" and he goes on to prove that mere willing without the knowledge of the patient has no influence. "We have caused subjects," says he, "to fall asleep again and again, *whilst we were willing them to keep awake all the while*. Take any subject who is highly susceptible, and cause him to apprehend you are willing him to go to sleep, and during the sitting you will him *not* to go to sleep, and you will find that he will fall into the somnopathetic state in despite of your will, just as certainly as he *apprehends* what the result should be." Dr. Elliotson also bears testimony to the same effect, touching the mere influence of the will. We will give an extract or two from the pages of the *Zoist*. At page 242 the doctor says,—

"My will has hitherto been powerless in all mesmeric experiments. I have never yet accomplished *any thing* in mesmerism by it alone. However long and strongly I have willed, I have hitherto done nothing without the eye, manipulation, contact, or approximation, with respect to the patient, &c. Nay, I have never satisfied myself that I have increased the power of other proceedings by the most intense will, or impaired the result from not willing at all. * * * * *

"I have willed the excitement of distinct cerebral organs, but always in vain. I have looked intently at the situation of distinct cerebral organs, and willed powerfully, but always in vain."

Then, again, at page 312:—

"I have three patients whom I was originally some weeks in sending to sleep, though I gave them each half-an-hour daily of manipulations and gazing, but who now go to sleep on my merely raising my hand, or looking at them, when they are prepared to expect sleep. I told each of them that if she sat still I would mesmerize her in the next room through the door. I retired, shut the door behind me, did nothing, but walked on into a further room, turned back, and found her asleep; so with the other two in succession. While I did this I thought as little of them as possible, and bu-

sied myself with any thing to disturb my attention.

Another writer in the same publication, a Mr. Atkinson, says, at page 248,—

"He fully answered the objections which had been urged against the conclusions which he had drawn from what he had observed, showing distinctly that there was neither mental sympathy nor suggestion in any of the cases to which he referred, that thought-reading, like clairvoyance, was an exception, and not the rule, for that he had found it impossible to influence his patients by his thoughts, or to lead them by suggestions."

We could easily multiply examples on this branch of the subject, favorable to the views of the hypnotists, from Mr. Spencer Hall, Dr. Collyer, and even Mr. Colquhoun himself, but we conceive that it is quite unnecessary.

Adopting the generally admitted principle that it is inconsistent with sound philosophy to seek for greater causes than are adequate to account for certain effects, let us at once rid the question touching the *agency* by which the phenomena are produced, of the various fallacies with which it has been unnecessarily encumbered; and we bring it, with the least effort imaginable, within a very narrow compass. It is abundantly clear that the processes resorted to by the mesmerists for producing the sleep, in *addition* to the supposed magnetic fluids, include *all* the conditions which the hypnotists have proved to be necessary to the same end. We have sufficient evidence that the phenomena of hypnotism are entirely *subjective*, and we have witnessed from it the excitation both of mental and physical functions to an extraordinary degree. It follows, therefore, as a necessary consequence, that unless the mesmerists can by *mesmerism* produce *all* the phenomena of hypnotism, and *something more*, their magnetic fluid, or special influence, is a mere gratuitous assumption, a surplusage, as the lawyers say, which ought to be discarded. Now there are phenomena which they allege they can produce which we have already acknowledged cannot be produced by hypnotism, namely, the marvels of clairvoyance, and the influencing of the minds and bodies of patients by direct mental suggestion without the ordinary media of communication through the physical organs of sense. If they can establish that superior power on incontestable evidence, then, and then only, will

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they prove the existence of some special influence. All the phenomena of hypnotism, startling though many of them may appear to the uninitiated, are quite reconcilable with well-known and established physiological and psychological principles; they are level with our comprehension, and can be all satisfactorily accounted for, and, therefore, we are inclined to look upon them with favor; but the higher phenomena of clairvoyance, and direct mental suggestion and intuition, far transcend the laws of all known philosophy, and make us look upon the mesmerizers with mistrust,—mistrust, we mean, when they attempt thus to get beyond the bounds of human apprehension.

It is not at all necessary to upset animal magnetism in order to establish neurhypnotism, since the fact that certain phenomena can be induced by different methods strengthens us with additional proofs of their reality; and so far mesmerism and neurhypnotism are useful allies in establishing the important position, that by artificial contrivance the nervous system may be thrown into a new condition, which experience shows may be rendered eminently useful in the cure of disease. We have studied the subject of clairvoyance*

* As bearing somewhat upon this subject of clairvoyance, we will here give an extract from an article by Mr. Braid, which appeared in the *Medical Times* of the 13th of January last. He says,—

"One of the most interesting and important phenomena connected with hypnotism is that extraordinary activity of the imagination, whereby ideas excited in the mind, whether from recalled past impressions, or by oral suggestion or otherwise, are instantly invested with all the attributes of reality. From this cause patients make very striking remarks, not from any desire to deceive others, but because they are self-deceived; the extreme vividness of their ideas leading them, at the moment, to believe as real what are only the figments of fancy. Thus, name any person, place, or thing, and instantly they will imagine they *see* or *hear* them, and will, probably, enter into elaborate descriptions regarding them. I have thus astonished many persons by descriptions which patients have given of various circumstances and places, but, in the end, I have convinced them that it was only shrewd guessing, or imaginary descriptions. I have never yet seen any decided case of clairvoyance, every attempt of the sort resulting in the conviction that what first *appeared* to be so, was nothing but guessing, an act of memory, describing the figments of fancy as real, or from extreme exaltation of some of the senses enabling the patients to discover by smell, touch, or hearing, heat and cold, what we naturally judge of by sight. Thus, a patient securely blindfolded,

with some attention, and, without meaning to impugn the veracity and honesty of purpose of the narrators, we must be allowed to say that, to our humble apprehension, the evidence adduced is by no means equal to substantiate the marvels recorded, and the powers claimed by the mesmerists. There ought to be far stronger evidence, and a more extensive series of cases (and these subjected to a more searching scrutiny than has been hitherto applied to them), before they are received as facts; for to us it appears far more probable that the narrators have been deceived than that Providence would delegate to His creatures such dangerous prerogatives and powers. But we have other and less ethereal weapons wherewith to attack these mighty phenomena. If we consider the number of years the subject has been prosecuted, and how many intelligent persons have been engaged in the inquiry, we cannot but be struck with the small amount of cases hitherto recorded. Comparatively few experimentalists have met with them. Dr. Elliotson has, we believe, never met with a single case, nor has Dr. Braid, and we, who have been on the look-out for them for the last three years, have looked in vain, although we have *mesmerized* patients for the express purpose. Although a large sum of money was offered in France many years ago, not as a *bet*, where failure would have been a pecuniary loss to the adventurer, but as a *reward*, to any one who would produce a patient capable of reading without the eyesight, and with the precautions stipulated to guard against deception, the reward (although equal in amount to about 500*l.* of our money) has never been competed for to this day. This certainly does not imply much faith in the

if asked to find out any one he knows in a room full of company, will readily do so by *smell*. He will tell you he *sees* the person, but the moment the nose is held he no longer *sees* him, and will turn the head as if looking for the party; but the moment the nose is unstopped he thinks he again *sees* him. In like manner, a glove, or pocket-handkerchief, being delivered to a patient, without any possibility of knowing to whom it belonged, if asked to deliver it to the proper owner, he will readily find the party by *smell*. I have thus seen a patient restore four white cambric handkerchiefs to their proper owners, although buddled together and put into the patient's hands at once, whilst securely blindfolded. There was positive proof that this was done by smell, as it was always determined by smelling to the persons and handkerchiefs before delivering them to the respective parties.

reality of the phenomenon. Added to these facts, there is the acknowledged fickleness and uncertainty of even the most *clairvoyant* patients, for in general they are oftener wrong than right; whereas, did their answers to questions proceed from *true* and *bonâ fide* perceptions, they ought *always* to be right; nor should we overlook the fact that most of their answers are in very vague terms. In every case of supposed clairvoyance which Mr. Braid has had an opportunity of investigating closely, he has been enabled to convince the parties that they had been deceived, and that the whole was explicable on principles which we shall endeavor to explain presently, and the ignorance of which, we believe, has been a pregnant source of error in these inquiries.

Until cases are investigated with due attention to these sources of fallacy no implicit reliance ought to be given to the details recorded. General Duff Green, of Philadelphia, for example (the gentleman who vainly endeavored to convince the reverend *joker* of St. Paul's that the "drab-colored men of Pennsylvania" were not such "drabs" in their notions about the generally acknowledged obligations to *pay*), believed *his* daughter was highly *clairvoyante*, and she was esteemed so by her mesmerizer. "But I soon convinced him," says Mr. Braid, "that they had been mistaken." Now much of what *appears* to be clairvoyance may be explained in this way. There is an extraordinary revivification of memory at a certain stage of mesmeric and hypnotic sleep which enables patients to remember things long forgotten in the waking condition; vivid imagination, docility and sympathy, and tendency to imitation, are also remarkable characteristics of this state. On the other hand, a patient may be in such a state of magnetism or hypnotism that he will hear and answer, but be quite unable to give a correct answer on any subject with which he is perfectly familiar, that is, provided his attention be excited only through the ear; but the moment you touch any part of his body, without varying the pitch of your voice, he will answer correctly.*

* Mr. Braid demonstrated this very conclusively in the course of a recent conversation at the Manchester Royal Institution, a published report of which we have now before us, and upon which we have drawn for several valuable suggestions. Mr. Braid has a forcible remark or two on this branch of the subject which we think it expedient to quote. He says, "A patient may

The mesmerists will say that this looks very like a special influence conveying the will of the operator to the mind of the patient, but that it is not so is very easy of

appear unconscious to loud talking, but shall instantly reply to the faintest whisper uttered with the lips near to the pit of the stomach, the hand, or other part of the body; not that these points had become *direct organs of hearing*, but because the breath acts on the skin, and rouses and concentrates the attention to the sound, which was not heard, or not attended to before, *merely because of the diffusiveness of the mind*, giving no specific or *personal* interest to the patient in what had been said and heard. He considered this explained much of the supposed mysterious influence of the *rapport* of the mesmerists.

The following remarks on the effects of the current of air are also curious and interesting:—"At one stage of hypnotism there is a great exaltation of the functions of all the organs of sense, sight excepted, and at another all these may be reduced to a state of *extreme torpor* to the *highest state of excitation*. Thus the arm may be extended, and in process of time the muscular activity shall have reduced the limb to that state of rigidity called the cataleptic state; so that it is not only held up as it were involuntarily, but will offer prodigious resistance before it can be depressed; nay, may actually be so unyielding that it could not be flexed without the application of such force as might endanger the integrity of the tissues. The arm shall also be insensible to pricking or pinching; but the moment a waft of wind is directed against it, the rigidity ceases, down drops the arm, and the skin is instantly highly sensitive to the slightest infliction. This extraordinary influence of a current of air puzzled and perplexed me exceedingly. I solicited information on the point from all quarters, but no one hazarded an explanation of the cause of the phenomenon. However, I have very lately arrived at what I believe to be the true *rationale* of the matter, which is this. I have already explained that it is the peculiar feature of hypnotism for the *whole* energy of the *visnerosa* to be concentrated on the function in action; so that exciting another function is equivalent to suspending the one previously in action. Now, by elevating the arm, the *attention* is directed and concentrated on *muscular effort*, the tone of the muscles increases till a state of cataleptiform rigidity is induced, the pressure of the rigid muscles on the arteries and nerves interrupts the free circulation in the member; but while the sensation to pricking and pinching diminishes, that of heat and cold, if it does not increase, at least diminishes less rapidly. Again: by pressure applied to the arm or hand you offer resistance to the rigid muscles of the arm and shoulder, and thus you stimulate them to still greater activity; but a waft of wind acts on the sense of heat and cold, which is a function of the skin; and, as only one function is energetically active at the same time during hypnotism, directing the attention to the skin is equivalent to suspending that of muscular action, and, consequently, down drops the arm from its own gravity. This is quite analogous to what happens when a person drops any thing from his hand by being suddenly startled. The

proof, for if the patient be requested to touch any part of his own body with his own finger, or if any inanimate substance be brought into the room by any person totally ignorant of what is going on, and dropped gently so as to come in contact with the patient, the result will be precisely the same as if he were touched by the operator or any of the bystanders.* Moreover,

same explanation accounts for the effects of a waft of wind against any of the dormant organs of sense, the attention being thereby directed to the function of the organ acted upon. It is never to be overlooked that, at this stage of the sleep, the acts are voluntary acts, although unremembered by the subjects when awake, and that they are regulated in their actions by the ordinary laws of sensation and association of ideas, as in the waking condition, with this difference, that the quickness of their perceptions, and tendency to concentrate their attention entirely to individual acts, instead of the more diffusive testimony of the waking condition, gives an energy and promptness to their actions almost equal to the force of instinct which we observe in the lower animals. When, however, the patient has been allowed to lapse into the deep stage when the sense of heat and cold, as well as sensibility to pricking and pinching, is gone, these transitions are effected with much more difficulty. The patient then requires continued wafting for a considerable time, more particularly over the face. The rigidity only yields gradually. Without especial attention being given to the *opposite* conditions and phenomena at the different stages of hypnotism, it is impossible for any one to test the subject correctly, or to comprehend what he really witnesses.

* Mr. Colquhoun enters into an elaborate and ingenious disquisition on the philosophy of dreams, evidently with a view to establish an analogy between them and *clairvoyance*, though he does not fail to mark the distinction between natural and magnetic sleep. There can be no doubt that many dreams spring out of impressions that have been left on the mind by meditations or occurrences which have taken place during our waking hours, and that, although those meditations return when we awaken, we have no recollection whatever of their having formed the basis of a dream; so, on the other hand, we sometimes dream of matters which we have no recollection of when we are awake, but dream of over again when we go to sleep. But surely in neither of these cases will Mr. Colquhoun attempt to decide or even to surmise whether the "union and harmony between the soul and the body, although not actually dissolved, is partially interrupted by sleep;" or whether "the latter is no longer capable of co-operating effectually with the former." Our own notions about dreams are that they either emanate from the retention in the mind of something that has occurred in the waking state, or that they are produced by external influences operating upon some part of the physical organization. The rapidity with which a long and intricate series of events is dreamed through is most miraculous. We remember a story of a passenger who was asleep in his berth when the vessel

the question may relate to something (such, for example, as at what time the patient did a particular act) of which all present were ignorant, and in solving which they could render no mental assistance. The only solution, then, is that the tactual impression rouses the patient a little and brings him nearer the waking condition, or that it mechanically arrests or concentrates the attention in one direction. There is assuredly nothing singular in this tactual prompting of a sluggish or jaded imagination. There are examples without end perpetually oc-

was nearing the port to which he was bound. A single gun was fired from the battery, and before the sound had died away he was awake. The shot, however, had suggested a battle-scene to his mind, and in the short period (not more than a few seconds) between the report and his awakening, he had dreamed through a most elaborate naval engagement, in which several ships had been dismantled, taken, or sunk, and he awoke amidst the shouts of the victors,—probably the voices of the people on deck above him, which struck upon his ear just as he was emerging from the last stage of waking. This, however, by the way. We will concede thus much to Mr. Colquhoun, that there is an analogy between dreams and clairvoyance, when in either case, or in both cases, the mind reverts to some thought or to some act upon which it has previously dwelt, or where the mind is affected by something which has acted externally on the physical organization; but in neither case is it possible for the mind to be exact as to time, place, association, and circumstance, touching matters which have not *previously* occurred, or which one had *no reason to expect would occur*. Another observation or two, which though, perhaps, not quite strictly applicable to the subject of the note, we will add here. In the waking condition the attention is diffused or dissipated by impressions on the various senses, the recollection of past impressions and ideas created by the activity of the imagination, or drawn in by the perceptive powers; in fact, we stand, as it were, in a circle of ever-varying external agencies. In nervous sleep conception is hard at work; there seems to be an intense concentration of the attention to the subject with which the mind is engaged, whether it happen to be of a mental or physical nature, and hence the vigor and perfection of the function or manifestation. The state of the circulation and condition of the blood also play an important part in the induction of a higher state of excitability of the whole nervous system. The mesmerizers tell us with an air of triumph that Baron Cuvier has successfully tried the magnetic operation upon young children and upon brute animals, where the will and imagination of the subjects could effect nothing. Our answer to this is, that monotony and the fixing of the attention will effect every thing where the *reason* does not interfere. You may solve the difficulty by merely stepping into your poultry-yard. It is well known that, if you cause a fowl to look at a chalk line, he will soon become entranced. Whence the magnetism here?

curing around us, and which we ourselves, we have no doubt, are constantly contributing to, of the influence of contact, or muscular action aiding memory and concentrating attention during the waking state by the pressure of the finger or hand against some part of the body, generally the forehead or chin, sitting in a particular posture, laying hold of a button, twisting a thread, twirling a pen, and so forth, all of which are familiar, every-day illustrations of the kind of influence which may be brought to bear upon patients in the soundest state. And thus we establish the important practical fact, that any idea excited in the mind may be fixed and almost indefinitely or instantaneously recalled by establishing contact with any part of the body.

We have spoken of "double consciousness." By this term the neurhypnotists mean it to be understood that a patient may be taught any thing during the nervous sleep if impressed upon the mind at the proper stage, and that he will be able to repeat his task with verbal accuracy whenever he be thrown into that state again, but shall have no consciousness or knowledge whatever of the act performed when in the ordinary waking condition. This interesting and important fact is proved by many cases mentioned by Mr. Braid, almost every attempt to produce the phenomenon having proved successful. One or two instances may be mentioned by way of illustration. "A letter was written in the operating room and read to a patient of the name of Jones two or three times whilst he was in the sleeping condition; by this time he was enabled to repeat it verbatim without prompting of any kind; the letter was then deposited in a drawer before he was roused. The following day whilst asleep he was asked to repeat the letter which was read to him the day previous, which he did with verbal accuracy. When roused he was totally unconscious of having repeated any thing. Two weeks afterwards he was put to sleep again and requested to *write* a copy of the letter, and he did write it correctly with the exception only of two unimportant words. Another patient, an Oxford student, in the presence of his brother, repeated accurately, whilst in the sleeping condition, a verse of the New Testament in English, French, German, Italian, Latin, and Greek, besides a few lines from a poem; and when roused he had no recollection of any thing beyond a confused idea of having repeated some poetry, but upon being put

to sleep again he repeated every thing as before. Now this is not only an interesting but a valuable phenomenon, since it is a provision under Providence against the villany which might be perpetrated by causing persons to sign deeds, &c., during this peculiar sleep, in the hope that in the waking condition they would be ignorant of the circumstances under which the signature was procured; simply by being hypnotized they would at once be able to expose the fraud which had been practised upon them." This phenomenon, too, be it remarked, is precisely in accordance with what has been recorded of natural somnambulists.

With respect to the comparative quickness with which effects are produced by the mesmeric and hypnotic methods, we rather think that the verdict must be in favor of the latter. We have more frequently seen M. Lafontaine fail than succeed with new subjects, whereas at Mr. Braid's *conversazione* in London, at which many professional men were present, in March 1842, we saw him hypnotize a deaf and dumb man aged thirty-two, an adult who had entered the room only a few minutes before the operator proposed to try him, and who could consequently know nothing of the proceedings; and, as the last experiment of the evening, eighteen sat down at once, most of them entire strangers to the operator, and sixteen of them were speedily in the hypnotic condition, Mr. Mayo himself testing the reality of the phenomenon. Besides this greater expedition and certainty in producing the desired effect, neurhypnotism has this additional advantage over mesmerism—an advantage, we take it, which will scarcely fail to recommend itself to the public—and, be it remarked, we take the mesmerists upon their own showing: they allege that any disease with which the operator may be afflicted is liable to be transferred to their patients, and therefore hold out a general caution to the former not to operate unless they be in the enjoyment of health and strength. It is not for us to determine what grounds there may be for this injunction; we are bound, we suppose, in common courtesy, to take it upon trust. But for hypnotism, we may say, that no such risk attends it; at any rate, its professors don't hint any thing of this kind. Then the mesmerized patients are liable to the perils and distresses of what is called "cross magnetism," which is being magnetized by other persons than

the original operator, the consequence being that patients are sometimes so firmly *locked* in magnetic sleep that they cannot be released for hours; or, as experience would prove, even for days! It is true that similar cases have occurred when patients have *not* been "cross magnetized," and consequently it is not impossible that these long-enduring trances are *not* the effect of "cross magnetism" at all; but it is certain that the mesmerists have occasionally very great difficulty in releasing their patients, which, as far as we can learn, has never yet occurred to the hypnotists.

But let the gentle reader steel his nerves and prepare for a startler! What would be his emotions if we were gravely to assure him that the mesmerists claim a power over their patients equivalent (within worldly limits) to that which his Satanic majesty is said to have gained over Goethe's hero? And yet it is even so! The mesmerists allege that, having operated upon a patient (the number of times is not specified!) they thereby *acquire henceforward a perpetual power over him—that from that time forth for evermore he is subject to be governed by the mesmerizer's will instead of his own*; in a word, that, by submitting to be mesmerized, *he voluntarily surrenders his liberty, and becomes the slave of his mesmerizer for life!* Now only follow out this extravagant conceit to its effects. If the mesmerizer be a burglar or highwayman, or a murderer (and why shouldn't he?), the patient becomes any of the three, or all three, as the case may happen, *by sympathy*, for what is to prevent his becoming *particeps criminis*? what is to prevent his aiding and abetting? and at the close of the drama what is to prevent his sharing the same cart at Tyburn? Beyond this we will not attempt to follow him, even in imagination, for the contemplation becomes too hot even for the heated conception of the mesmerist! As for the hypnotists, we are not aware that they yet claim any such curious attributes; at any rate, Mr. Braid does not hint any thing of the kind. Now, if we are not much mistaken, these outrageous extravagancies will eventually ruin mesmerism and blot it out of the list of accepted sciences. None will regret this more than ourselves, for we see in the science much that is valuable, much that may be turned to profitable account as a new and independent therapeutic remedy; indeed much has already been accomplished in this respect, and incalculably more *will*

be accomplished if its professors do not crush the rising agency under a weight of folly and extravagance, alike a mockery of the understanding and a violence to the feelings of humanity.

With regard to neurhypnotism, though it does not stretch so far into the marvellous as mesmerism, nor produce any of the higher manifestations of coma, it produces sufficient for all safe and useful purposes. It is an efficient curative agency in a certain class of diseases, and it is a perfectly harmless one if properly conducted, but it should be only resorted to as a remedy under the direction of a professional man. It is too powerful an agency to be trifled with by ignorant people for mere idle curiosity, since it can be made to excite or depress the force and frequency of the circulation, or the state of sensation; or excite or depress the function of any organ of sense to an extent and with a celerity almost incredible. There have been a sufficient number of interesting cases lately recorded in the *Medical Times* and the *Zoist*, besides other periodicals, to convince any unprejudiced mind of the importance of both the mesmeric and the hypnotic methods of cure—cases where every resource of the healing art had been tried in vain by eminent medical men, and yet where the improvement under these new methods, and especially under neurhypnotism, was so marked as to leave no doubt that the operation and cure stood in the relation of cause and effect. In proof of what we have advanced we might quote a numerous list of cases successfully treated by Dr. Elliotson in the mesmeric method. We do not happen, however, to have the periodical in which they appeared at hand. Mr. Braid's book literally abounds in interesting cases of a most varied character, but we prefer selecting one of a more recent date which we find reported in the *Medical Times* of the 13th of January:—

"On the 28th of March, 1843, I was requested by a philanthropic gentleman to extend my charitable sympathy to a poor woman of the name of Barber, and by the power of hypnotism to relieve her of a severe rheumatic affection from which she had been suffering for several months. She was forty-four years of age, and a most pitiable object, suffering severely from pulmonary affection as well as rheumatism. With the latter she became afflicted about the beginning of winter; about the end of December 1842 had been entirely confined to bed for five weeks, after which she was able to get up, but the flexors of the legs and toes were so

contracted that she could not extend them, and it was with great pain, as well as with difficulty, that she moved about her apartment. Her hands and veins were also much affected, so that she was very helpless. Her pain was not only severe, but unremitting either by day or night. After being hypnotized the first time, during which I endeavored to regulate the irregular condition of the muscles, she was enabled to straighten her legs and toes, and move her wrist and fingers, could walk with great freedom, and expressed herself almost entirely free from pain either of legs or arms before I left the house. After five operations, as is well known to many, she was so well as to be able either to walk or run across her room, and even to step on a chair with either foot first, without assistance. I operated on her thirteen times altogether, and she has remained free from rheumatism up to this date, 18th December, 1843."

This must suffice. We have now worked our way to the end of our subject, at any rate, to the limits to which we deem it expedient to carry it for the present. Mr. Colquhoun, if we may judge from the tenor of his book, is much more of an enthusiast than Mr. Braid, who handles his subject with the delicacy and caution that would probably characterize him with a scalpel in his hand. They are both extremely interesting books, and will well repay perusal; especially that of Mr. Colquhoun, who lets loose a flood of learning and research, interspersed with anecdote such as we do not very often encounter. If we mistake not, he is a kind of hero amongst mesmerists, having been one of the earliest revivers of it in this country, and we must do him the justice to say that from the first he has fought his way through the besetting prejudice and hostility (perhaps not always disinterested) of the age with a spirit and determination worthy of his race.

KING CHARLES'S BIBLE.—At Broomfield, near Chelmsford, is a Bible which belonged to King Charles the First, the date A.D. 1529, Norton and Bill, printers. It is a folio, bound in purple velvet; the arms of England richly embroidered on both covers; and on a fly leaf is written, "This Bible was King Charles the First's, afterwards it was my grandfather's, Patrick Youngs, Esq., who was library-keeper to his Majesty, now given to the church at Broomfield by me, Sarah Atwood, August 4th, 1723." The Bible is perfect, but there is no signature to sheet I, the pages run from 84 to 87, there being no 85 and 86. I do not find the book mentioned in Morant's History of Essex or any modern publication, and I think it is a relic little known.—*Athenæum*.

EXHIBITION OF THE ENGLISH IN CHINA.

From the Charivari.

MR. FRISBY, our friend and correspondent, late Anglo-Chinese pundit of Canton, has favored us with a most particular and lucid account of an exhibition now opened at Pekin; a show which has attracted all the mandarins and gentry, their wives and families, of the "flowery kingdom." Little think the sagacious English public who visit Mr. Dunn's Exhibition, Hyde Park Corner, to marvel at the pigtailed and little feet of the Chinese, that a Dunn from Pekin—Li Li by name—has sojourned many years in England, for the express purpose of showing to his countrymen the faces and fashions of the barbarian English. But so it is. At this moment there is in Flying Dragon Street, Pekin, an exhibition, open called "*The Barbarian English in China.*" There we all are, from high to low; numbered in cases as at Hyde Park Corner, and a catalogue of our good and bad qualities illuminates the darkened mind of the curious.

Our dear friend the aforesaid pundit has translated this catalogue for *Punch*; and has, moreover, regardless of expense on our part, caused drawings to be made of our countrymen as they are presented by Li Li to the dwellers of the Celestial Kingdom. The prominent parts of this catalogue we lay before the reader; they will be found to beautifully harmonize with the skill which has displayed us in cases; wherein, sooth to say, we do appear with a certain Chinese air, which proves the national prejudices of the artist. Whether he has improved our looks or otherwise for the Chinese public, we leave to the opinion of the judicious and reflecting beholder. Our simple duty is now to lay before the reader the Chinese catalogue, translated and enriched with notes, by our indefatigable and profound correspondent. The exhibition is dedicated to the "Son of Heaven," very vulgarly known as the Emperor. The dedication, however, we omit; as it tells us no more than that Li Li is, in his own opinion, a reptile, a dog, a wretch, a nincompoop, a jackass, when addressing the said "Son of Heaven;" that his "bowels turn to water" with dread, and his pigtail grows erect with amazement. It will be conceded that, allowing a little for oriental painting, the dedication in no way differs from many other such commodities of home manufacture. Leaving the preface, we begin with the

INTRODUCTION.

When your slave remembers that through the creamy compassion of the Son of Heaven, the Father of the Universe, and the Dragon of the World, the barbarian English were not, in the late war, seized, destroyed, and sawn asunder; that their devil-ships were spared, their guns respected, their soldiers mercifully

permitted to retain their swords, and their sailors allowed to return to their barbarian wives and little ones,—when your slave remembers all this, his heart is turned to honey by the contemplation of your natural sweetness, whilst, in admiration thereof, his soul drops upon its knees, and, prostrate, worships.

And when your slave further remembers, that in some leisure hour you may—with a benevolence that is as broad as the earth, and as high as heaven,—vouchsafe to reign over and to comfort the aforesaid barbarians, your slave tremblingly takes hope that the samples of the people he has gathered together, with the subjoined faithful account of their manners and their doings, may find favor in the sight of Him, who when he sneezes, arouses earthquakes; and when he winks, eclipses the moon.

CASE I.—*An English Peer.* He wears a garter about his leg; an honorable mark of petticoat government bestowed by the barbarian queen. The garter is sometimes given for various reasons, and sometimes for none at all. It answers to the peacock's feather in the "flowery kingdom," and endows with wisdom and benevolence the fortunate possessor. The peer is represented at a most interesting moment. He has won half a million of money upon a horse, the British nobility being much addicted to what is called the turf, which in England often exhibits a singular greenness. The nobleman, however, displays a confidence always characteristic of the highly born. By winning so much money, he has broken the laws of the country, by which more than his winnings may be taken from him; but it will be seen that he has pens, ink and paper before him, and is at the moment he is taken, making a new law for himself, by which he may, without any penalty whatever, protect his cash. It is the privilege of the nobility to have their laws, like their coats, made expressly to their own measure.

CASE II.—*Shakspeare.* This is the national poet, which the barbarians would, in their dreadful ignorance, compare to Confutzee. It is melancholy to perceive the devotion paid by all ranks of people to this man. He was originally a carcass butcher, and was obliged to fly from his native town because he used to slip out at nights, kill his neighbors' deer, and then sell the venison to the poor for mutton. (All this I have gathered from the last two or three authentic lives lately written.) He went to London, and made a wretched livelihood by selling beans and wisps of hay to the horses of the gentlemen who came to the play-houses. Thinking that he could not sink any lower, he took to writing plays, out of which—it is awful to relate—he made a fortune. (It is, however, but justice to the barbarians to state that they give no such wanton encouragement to playwrights at present.) Shakspeare, or Shackspeer, or Shikspur—for there have been mortal battles waged, and much blood shed, about the proper spelling of his name—is now the idol of

the nation. The house he was born in has been bought by the government, and is surrounded by a silver rail. Whenever his plays are played, the queen invariably goes in state to the theatre, and makes it pain of death to any of the nobility to stop away. All his relations are dead, or it is to be feared—such is the devotion of the court to Shakspeare—that they would be turned into lords, and have fortunes settled upon them, like retired ministers and chancellors. A man named Char Les Knite, for only publishing his works, received from the queen her portrait set in precious diamonds and was made Baron of Stratford-on-Avon. In a word, from the queen to the peasant, all the people worship Shakspeare. The first thing seen on approaching Dover is a statue of the poet, forty feet high, perched upon the Cliff. It is lamentable to record these things; but to fully show the moral darkness of the barbarians, it is necessary.

CASE III.—*An Actor.* In England, play-actors are very different to the players of the "flowery country." They all of them keep their carriages. When they do not, they, like Lord Chancellor Lyndhurst, job a Brougham. An actor sometimes spends twelve thousand a year; or if he does not exactly spend it, he takes credit for the same. Actresses, too, like watches, to act well, must act upon diamonds: these are sometimes borrowed at the rate of a hundred and fifty pounds per annum. The present specimen of the actor is also a sample of the first fashions. He is allowed great privileges beyond those of any vulgar tradesman. When he can't pay his debts he is allowed to make a joke, which is taken by the judge (commissioner he is called) as a very handsome dividend to be shared among the creditors. Three jokes and a fair intention at a fourth are generally received from the actor as satisfaction in full to any amount of thousands.

CASE IV.—*A Sempstress.* The women who live by needle and thread amount to many thousands; and are easily known by the freshness of their complexions and the cheerfulness of their manners. Indeed, nothing shows the humanity of the barbarians in a more favorable light than the great attention which is paid by the rich and high to the comforts of their milliners, dress-makers, and sempstresses. Women of noblest title constantly refuse an invitation to parties rather than press too hardly upon the time of those who have to make their dresses. Indeed, there is what is called a visiting committee of ladies, who take upon themselves the duty of calling, not only on the employers of the needle-women to inquire into the comforts of the workers, but of visiting the humble homes of the women themselves, to see that they want nothing that may administer to their health and reasonable recreation. Hence there is a saying in England, that "the life of a sempstress is as the life of a bee; she does nothing but sing and make honey."

CASE V.—*The Literary Lord.* Perhaps, nothing shows a greater laxity of the English

police than the fact that a literary lord is seldom taken up for robbery. The specimen here given is from the life. The fact is, the English love the name of a lord, and so the booksellers pay handsomely for a title wherewith to gull the poor barbarians. The novel of a literary lord is generally made after the following fashion: he obtains the works of half-a-dozen of the lower and laboring classes, and, like a Hotentot, dresses himself in their entrails. He has been known to rob a Lion, gut a Tylney Hall, and knock down an old unoffending Antiquary, and only that he might enrich a miserable Tuft-Hunter. He is here depicted with a portrait of the original scissors with which he stops books upon the highway, and makes them deliver.

CASE VI.—*A Member of the House of Commons.* This is a beautiful specimen of a member of Parliament for a place called Lin Con. He calls himself a true son of Bull, and when his voice is heard, there is no doubting the relationship. He is at home, surrounded by pictures of the painted Britons, and is drawing out a bill by which Englishmen may be carried back to their pictorial condition. A cup of tea is beside him, which he drinks cold; his wholesome aversion to steam not permitting a kettle to boil under his roof. Members of Parliament—especially the members for Lin Con—are always chosen for the clearness of their heads. If a rushlight, held close to one side of the skull, will, in a dark room, enable the electors to read the written professions of the candidate, held close to the other side, he is immediately elected. In the present specimen, there was nothing to intercept the rays of light which shone through the head like the flame of a taper through a water-bottle.

CASE VII.—*Literary Gentleman in Summer Costume.* The literary men receive the highest honors. From their body are chosen ambassadors to foreign states, plenipotentiaries extraordinary, governors of islands, and other officers of great authority. All the barbarians, from high to low, pay them the greatest homage. The queen herself is so fond of the literary character, that she never sits down to dinner unless surrounded by at least a dozen of poets, novelists, dramatists, and others. In the palace they receive almost royal consideration. Nobody can calculate the sum of money every year expended by the queen in presents of jewels, books, &c., to the authors of England. And it is the same with the painters and sculptors. It need scarcely be added that all these people are immensely rich.

CASE VIII.—*A Law Lord.* This nobleman was a chancellor, which means an officer who sells the chances of E Qui Ty, an article of excessive luxury, very rarely to be indulged in by the lower classes. Indeed E Qui Ty may be likened to our delicious swallows' nests;*

* Li Li here alludes to the nests of the *hirundo esculenta*, which nests are made into delicious soup

it is equally dear, and to be obtained only at the greatest peril of the adventurer. The law lord is called, particularly by himself, the *Mi Tee Broom*, and is accounted the best juggler in the kingdom. He can turn himself inside out, like an old glove, and is often employed by the House of Lords to tumble and throw summer-sets to keep the noblemen wide awake. He can write a book with his toes, and even after dinner can spell every speech he has made backwards. With all this, he is singularly independent, and "cannot sawn or glose" upon anybody higher than a duke and a field marshal. He is a man of universal doings. There is, perhaps, no man in England who can better balance a straw upon his nose, or blow a new statute out of soap and water. When he would make a law to make a new place, he does it as carefully as a bird builds its nest; and for the like reason, it being for his own especial comfort and advantage.

CASE IX.—A Shopkeeper. The shopkeepers—especially those who deal in silks, hosiery, and linens—are a race of extraordinary people. Many of them write up over their shop-doors, "*FROM FLINT'S*;" but this is only a pleasant contradiction to show the extreme softness of their hearts, and the benevolence of their natures. They are all of them oracles of truth; and when you see it written up in their windows that they are "selling off at a great sacrifice," you may be sure that the shopkeeper, touched by the misery of his fellow-creatures, has resolved to almost give his goods away, that he may retire to "*Bricks Town*," or "*Eye Gate*," or some other suburb famous for hermits. Their shops, like those of the flowery country, are written over with moral sentences, such as "*No abatement allowed*," "*For ready money only*," and other choice maxims dear to the barbarian philosophers. The condition of the shopmen is also of the happiest kind; more than sufficient time being allowed them for the cultivation of their souls and the benefit of their health. Most of the masters keep libraries, and even billiard tables, for the improvement and recreation of their young men. And whereas, in the "*flowery country*," we say as "*happy as a bird*," the English exclaim, "*as happy as a linendraper's shopman*."

CASE X.—A Lady of Fashion. This is the wife of a nobleman, in full dress. It will be seen that the barbarian English have no notion whatever of "*the golden lilies*,"* which adorn the "*flowery country*." The poor women of England are, almost from their cradles, made the victims of a horrible custom. It is supposed that thousands and thousands die yearly from a disease called *Tite Lace In*.

by the Chinese. The nests are chiefly obtained in the caves of Java. They are generally taken by torch light from recesses of the rock, where "*the slightest slip would plunge the nest-seeker*" into the boiling surf below.

* The "*golden lilies*" are, poetically, the little distorted feet of the Chinese women.

The female child is taken at a very early age, and has its stomach compressed by a machine called *Sta Iz*, which is ribbed with steel and whalebone, (whence the South Sea fishery for whales,) and is corded tightly up the back. The *Sta Iz* is never, up to the time of womanhood, taken off; as is plain from the specimen here presented. The barbarians have a laughable notion of the use of this custom: they think that, by making the waist no thicker than the arm, it gives beauty to the female—a melancholy bigotry. They also believe that it keeps the blood in the face, and thereby improves the complexion. The women have also another strange custom. They wear, what, in their secret language, is called a *Buss El*. We have inquired of many of them the meaning of the word, but have always received a pouting, resentful evasion. We have, however, searched the dictionaries, and found a word somewhat like it—the word *bustle*, which means swagger, importance, fuss—and in one dictionary it has no other interpretation than cheat.

CASE XI.—A Bishop and a Beggar. The English bishop—unlike the priests of the "*flowery country*"—is a man chosen from the priesthood for the strength of his mind, and the excellent beauty of his life. Nothing is more common than to find the humble curate of to-day the bishop of to-morrow. Officers, appointed by the government, travel in secret through every part of the kingdom, to discover hidden virtue in the church; and when they find it, it is straightway exalted. To every bishop a large salary is paid, which it is his religion to lay out to the last penny among the poor and suffering. Remark the extreme simplicity of his dwelling-place. He has just returned from visiting a hospital, and his hat, cloak, and staff, are laid only a little way from him. Wherefore? Alas! although it is a cold wet night, he must out again to comfort a dying widow. He has a hundred orphans at school at his own charge, and often bestows dowries upon poor maidens. He has by right, a seat in the House of Lords, where he may be seen engaged in silent prayer that the law-makers may do the thing that is holy. When he speaks, it is to condemn war and injustice, and to turn the hearts of his hearers to peace and brotherly love. The English have a proverb which says "*The words of a bishop are honey; they feed the poor*." They have this other beautiful saying—"The bishop carries the poor man's purse;" and this is the only beggar that, during the long sojourn of the writer in England, was ever seen by him. Therefore, he can give no description of the class from a solitary individual. In fact, after a minute inquiry, it was discovered that the above was not a beggar from necessity; but was really a nobleman begging for a wager. Thus, in England, there are *no beggars*!

ILLUSTRATED BOOKS.

From the Quarterly Review.

1. *Monumens des Arts du Dessin chez les Peuples tant Anciens que Modernes. Recueilles par Vivant Denon, pour servir à l'histoire des Arts; décrits et expliqués par Amaury Duval.* Paris, 1829. Folio. 4 vols.
2. *Illuminated Ornaments, drawn from Ancient Manuscripts.* By Henry Shaw; with Descriptions by Sir Frederick Madden. London, 1833. Quarto.
3. *Catalogue of the Arundel Manuscripts in the British Museum, (with plates engraved and colored by Henry Shaw.)* London, 1834. Folio.
4. *Carteggio inedito d'Artisti dei Secoli XIV., XV., XVI., Pubblicato ed illustrato con documenti pure inediti dal D. Gio. Gaye.* Firenze, 1839. 8vo. 3 vols.
5. *The Pictorial Bible; being the Old and New Testaments . . . Illustrated with many hundred Woodcuts.* London, 1839. Quarto. 4 vols.
6. *Paléographie Universelle: Collection de fac-similes d'Écritures de tous les peuples et de tous les temps, tirés des plus authentiques documents de l'art graphique, chartes, et manuscrits . . . publiée d'après les modèles écrits, dessinés et peints sur les lieux mêmes, par M. Silvestre, et accompagnés d'explications historiques et descriptives par MM. Champollion-Figeac et Aimé Champollion fils.* Paris, 1840-1842. Folio. 4 vols.
7. *The Abbotsford Edition of the Waverley Novels.* Edinburgh and London, 1842-1844. Royal 8vo. Nos. 1-56.
8. *Dresses and Decorations of the Middle Ages from the Seventh to the Seventeenth Centuries.* By Henry Shaw, F. S. A. London, 1842-3. Imperial 8vo. Parts 1-16.
9. *The Keepsake.* 1843. 8vo.
10. *The Illustrated London News.* Folio. 1843.
11. *The Pictorial Times.* Folio. 1843.
12. *London: by Charles Knight.* 6 vols. Royal 8vo. London, 1843.

AMONGST the characteristics of the literature of the present age there is one which, if neither the most striking from its novelty nor the most important in its tendency, is certainly the most familiar to us all, and silently exercises no little influence upon society; we allude to the rage for ornamented, or as they are now termed, 'Illus-

trated' or 'Pictorial' editions of books. Be the books what they may, sacred or profane, old or new; good, bad, or indifferent—destined to remain as monuments to their authors, more durable than brass, or to pass away and be forgotten like the last year's Annuals—still all must be adorned with whatever the arts of engraving and fine printing can supply, to form what our Gallic neighbors call 'Editions de luxe'—or else, for the most part, be condemned to small type, and, perhaps double columns, as 'Editions for the people.' Nearly forty years since, when 'Illustrated' books were of comparatively rare occurrence, Professor Christian* querulously remarked, 'we do not grow wiser than our forefathers; the fury for prints proves the frivolity of the times, and our books, I fear, will shrink from a comparison with those of the age of Queen Anne, which were not adorned with such superfluous and meretricious decorations.' How would the professor lament over the 'Illustrations' of the present day!

The skill of the engraver has indeed been singularly assisted by modern discoveries in science and in art: the Formschneiders and the Intagliatori of the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries would start with surprise at the stereotyped woodcuts and electrotyped engravings of the present day. Maso Finiguerra and Albert Durer, Melchior Pfintzing and Raimondi (Marc Antonio) would, perhaps, be less astonished at the steam-engine and its wonders, than at the reproduction *ad infinitum* of their most labored and most finished efforts; their own handiwork remaining the while unsoiled by ink, uninjured by the press, and serving only to produce metallic copies for the printers' use.

Five lustres since, and a few hundreds only of impressions could be taken from a copper-plate engraving without its delicacy being materially injured; a 'retouching'—almost amounting to a re-engraving—was necessary to produce some few copies of inferior beauty and debased value. Now the 'Art Union' can supply its twelve thousand subscribers with impressions from an engraving, of which the last shall be scarcely, if at all, inferior to the first, and could do the same were its numbers tenfold what they are. Five lustres since, and

* 'Vindication of the Right of the Universities of Great Britain to a copy of every New Publication.'

a few small wood-cuts, mostly of very questionable design and execution—the works of Bewick and two or three others being the alone exceptions—were with difficulty ‘inked’ with ‘balls’ and ‘worked’ by hand: the price of any book being materially enhanced by the pains and labor necessarily incurred in the printing of its woodcut ‘embellishments’—for such was then the term. In Johnson’s ‘*Typographia*,’ published in 1824, is a detailed account of the difficulties experienced in finding either a printing-press of sufficient power, or proper ink, or the requisite skill to print a few copies of ‘the very elaborate and most extraordinary engraving on wood, executed by Mr. William Harvey, of the Assassination of L. S. Dentatus, from a celebrated painting by Mr. B. R. Haydon.’ This engraving was composed of eleven pieces of wood, ‘through which passed four strong iron bolts with nuts at each end,’ and measured fifteen inches by eleven and a half inches. We may now smile at this difficulty, but the worthy typographer might then boast of his success in achieving such a task with the means at his command. A few months ago the ‘*Illustrated London News*’ circulated to its twenty or thirty or forty thousand subscribers a well-executed and well-printed view of London, measuring four feet by two feet, having a superficies about six and a half times that of the Haydonian Dentatus; and, more lately, the ‘*Pictorial Times*’ put forth a wood-cut of Wilkie’s ‘*Blind Fiddler*,’ of the same size with Burnet’s line-engraving!

To produce great numbers of large engravings in cameo, whether in wood or metal, steam-power is of course employed; for smaller editions of works of less magnitude the Stanhope or Columbian (Clymer’s) presses worked by hand are still used, and although ‘balls’ also are even now employed by some printers for ‘fine work’ and for delicate engravings of small size, yet the greater beauty of impression of the numerous ‘illustrated’ books of the present day, as compared with those printed at the beginning of the present century, is mainly due to the almost universal substitution of Mr. Cowper’s inking rollers for the ‘balls’ which, until the year 1816, had remained unimproved from the time of Fust and Schoeffer; from the middle of the fifteenth century to the time of Bulmer and Bensley. This simple but most important invention was, we believe, patented, but the patent was as generally and as unblushingly in-

fringed as in the case of the kaleidoscope invented about the same time by Sir David Brewster—‘*Sic vos non vobis*.’ It is a very singular but well attested fact that, incalculable as have been the effects produced by the invention of printing (for who can estimate them?) no improvement was made in the mechanical means employed by the early printers, neither by the Manuzj or Giuntas, nor the Estiennes, Plantins, or Elzevirs, until the late Earl Stanhope invented the press which bears his name, and Mr. Cowper the rollers which do not bear his. Can we wonder that the Mazarine Bible, the first complete book printed (certainly before 1455), has not been excelled, if even it has been equalled, in all that constitutes beauty in a printer’s eyes, by any printed production of a later date? But to return to our subject.

Five lustres since, and, with the exception of Bewick’s works, scarcely twenty books of modern date could be named having woodcut embellishments with any pretensions to merit. Amongst the few were a small Shakspeare in seven volumes, with designs by Thurston; an edition of Fairfax’s translation of Tasso; and especially Rogers’s *Pleasures of Memory*, with designs of exquisite beauty by Stothard.* The number of works with cuts steadily increased; but without doubt the greatest impulse was given by the publication of the ‘*Penny Magazine*’ of the Society for the Diffusion of *Useful Knowledge*—followed, ‘*haud passibus æquis*,’ it must be confessed, by the ‘*Saturday Magazine*’ of the Society for Promoting *Christian Knowledge*. The first still continues, we believe, in its original course; the second has been long since cast off by the Society which originated it, although it still bears a stamp resembling, in outward appearance, that Society’s distinctive mark. There is no doubt that these two publications, each with many woodcuts weekly, have been the pioneers in the present march of woodcut illustration.

The improvements in the art of wood-cutting, or of embellishment in relief, have been followed by their natural consequence—a great increase in the demand, greater means of supply, a lower price for ‘the article,’ and a corresponding increase in the ‘factories,’ some masters employing from

* Mr. Rogers, as it might be expected, has preserved some of these in the recent more elaborately ornamented editions of his *Poems*. We, however, prefer the wood to the copper.

twenty to thirty, or even more hands. If the present taste continues to exist, and shall spread, as is not by any means improbable, we may well anticipate that mechanical means will be found necessary, and something like a Brunel's block-machinery in miniature be adapted to the xylographic process, to aid the engraver in his suburban garret, as the larger machinery does the rigger in Portsmouth-yard.

A natural effect of all this is, that those means, which at first were called in to aid, now bid fair to supersede much of descriptive writing: certainly they render the text of many books subsidiary to their so-called illustrations. In this partial return to baby literature—to a second childhood of learning—the eye is often appealed to instead of the understanding, not so much on the ground that

*'Segnius irritant animos demissa per aures,
Quam quæ sunt oculis subjecta fidelibus, et quæ
Ipse sibi tradit spectator,'*

nor from an acute and accurate perception of beauty of design, as from a low utilitarian wish to give and receive the greatest possible amount of knowledge at the least possible expense of time, trouble, money, and, we may add, of intellect. Verily it is a superficial knowledge which now pervades the country from Berwick to the Land's-End—from Maidenkirke to John O'Groats—wherever the English language is known, and where it is not known: we have seen the 'Penny Magazine' in Polish.

One publisher has put forth a 'Pictorial Bible,' a 'Pictorial Shakspeare,' and a 'Pictorial' History of England. The Napoleon Museum is advertised as an 'Illustrated' History of Europe. The boards in the streets are placarded with puffs of some refuse of American literature (?) called Peter Parley's 'Illustrated' Histories, written, we suppose, by 'drab-colored' Philadelphians, and savoring of democracy and repudiation of honest debts. We have a Weekly 'Illustrated News,' and a 'Pictorial Times;' besides scores and scores of baser newspapers 'illustrated' but unstamped. In all these cases it will be seen that the adjective is more prominent than the substantive. We do not know that it would be fair to say the same of 'Punch.' Mr. Punch has pens of no common mark at his orders, as well as pencils—very clever writers (we are sorry to see not so good-humored as they were at the start); yet George Cruikshank and his fellows are

real artists, and to their grotesque fertility this most diverting paper owes at all events half of its attraction.

Five lustres since, and 'Illustration' had a quite different meaning from that which now obtains. A book was then called 'Illustrated' which was crammed, like a candidate for honors, with all that related to all that the book contained. To this end, every portrait, in every state,—etching, proof 'before letters,' finished proof, and reverses,—of every person, every view of every place, was if possible procured; and where engravings did not exist, drawings were made, until the artist's skill and the collector's purse were alike exhausted. The germ of this system of illustration existed as early as the time of Charles I. The pious but ascetic Nicholas Ferrar had bought, says Dr. Peckard,* during his travels on the Continent,

'A very great number of prints engraved by the best masters of that time, all relative to historical passages of the Old and New Testaments: indeed he let nothing of this sort that was valuable escape him.'

These prints Ferrar employed in ornamenting various compilations from the Scriptures; amongst others,

'He composed a full harmony, or concordance, of the four Evangelists, adorned with many beautiful pictures, which required more than a year for the composition, and was divided into 150 heads or chapters.'

The history of this 'illustrated' book, the first we believe of its kind, is curious:

'In May, 1633, his Majesty set out upon his journey to Scotland, and in his progress he stepped a little out of his road to view Little Gidding in Huntingdonshire, which by the common people was called the Protestant Nunnery. The family having notice, met his Majesty at the extremity of the parish, at a place called from this event the King's Close, and in the form of their solemn processions, conducted him to their church, which he viewed with great pleasure. He inquired into, and was informed of the particulars of their public and domestic economy; but it does not appear that at this time he made any considerable stay. The following summer his Majesty and the Queen passed two nights at Apthorpe in Northamptonshire, the seat of Mildmay Fane, Earl of Westmoreland. From thence he sent one of his gentlemen to intreat (his Majesty's own word) a sight of The Concordance,

* In Wordsworth's Ecclesiastical Biography, ed. 1839, vol. iv. p. 189.

which, he had heard, was sometime since done at Gidding, with assurance that in a few days, when he had perused it, he would send it back again. Mr. N. Ferrar was then in London, and the family made some little demur, not thinking it worthy to be put into his Majesty's hands, but at length they delivered it to the messenger. But it was not returned in a few days, or weeks: some months were elapsed when the gentleman brought it back from the king, who was then at London. He said he had many things to deliver to the family from his master:—first, to yield the king's hearty thanks to them all for the sight of the book, which passed the report he had heard of it; then to signify his approbation of it in all respects; next, to excuse him in two points, the first for not returning it so soon as he had promised, the other, for that he had in many places of the margin written notes in it with his own hand; and "(which I know will please you), said the gentleman, you will find an instance of my master's humility in one of the margins. The place I mean is where he had written something with his own hand, and then put it out again, acknowledging that he was mistaken in that particular." Certainly this was an act of great humility in the king, and worthy to be noted; and the book itself is much graced by it. The gentleman further told them that the king took such delight in it, that he passed some part of every day in perusing it. And lastly, he said, "to show you how true this is, and that what I have declared is no court compliment, I am expressly commanded by my master earnestly to request of you, Mr. Nicholas Ferrar, and of the young ladies, that you would make him one of these books for his own use; and if you will please to undertake it, his Majesty says you will do him a most acceptable service."

"Mr. Ferrar and the young ladies returned their most humble duty, and immediately set about what the king desired. In about a year's time it was finished, and it was sent to London to be presented to his Majesty by Dr. Laud, Archbishop of Canterbury, and Dr. Cosins, one of the king's chaplains. This book was bound entirely by Mary Collet (one of Mr. Ferrar's nieces), all wrought in gold, in a new and most elegant fashion. The king, after long and serious looking it over, said, "This is indeed a most valuable work, and in many respects worthy to be presented to the greatest prince upon earth, for the matter it contains is the richest of all treasures. The laborious composure of it into this excellent form of an harmony, the judicious contrivance of the method, the curious workmanship in so neatly cutting out and disposing the text, the nice laying of these costly pictures, and the exquisite art expressed in the binding, are, I really think, not to be equalled. I must acknowledge myself to be greatly indebted to the family for this jewel, and whatever is in my power, I shall at any time be ready to do for any of them."

King Charles's statues, pictures, jewels, and curiosities were sold and dispersed by the regicide powers: from this fate, happily, the royal collection of manuscripts and books was preserved; neither was it, like the archiepiscopal library at Lambeth, doled out, piecemeal, to Hugh Peters and his brother fanatics. This good service was mainly owing to Bulstrode Whitelocke.* When the British Museum was founded, King George II. presented to it the whole of the royal library; and Ferrar's Concordance, with another similarly illustrated compilation by him, is there preserved in safety. The Reverend Thomas Bowdler of Sydenham, the representative of the last baronet of the Cotton family, the founders of the Cottonian Library, possesses another of the Ferrar volumes. Of those which were presented by Ferrar to George Herbert and Dr. Jackson no record remains.

The system of which we now speak was not fully developed until the publication of Granger's 'Biographical History of England.' Something may be said in favor of those who, with gentle dullness and patient industry, haunted the printsellers' shops to collect all the engraved portraits which Granger had enumerated. There is a charm in the human face divine, although it must needs be powerful to call forth—as it does—twenty, or thirty, or fifty guineas from a collector's pocket for a coarsely executed cut of some Meg Merrilies, some Tom of Bedlam, or some condemned criminal, of which the only value is being 'mentioned by Granger.' However, the dross is always the dearest portion of a collector's treasure, be it in books or prints. Strutt's 'Dictionary of Engravers,' to be completely 'illustrated' in a collector's eyes, should contain every work of every engraver mentioned in it (Hollar alone would cost £10,000, could a set of his works be procured): yet this has been attempted, and so has Rees' 'Cyclopædia!' The copy of Pennant's 'History of London' which was bequeathed to the British Museum by Mr. Crowle cost that gentleman £7000; and the 'Illustrated' Clarendon and Burnet, formed by the late Mr. Sutherland, of Gower-street, and continued by his widow,

* Jan. 18, 1647. The manuscripts and books in Whitehall, because of soldiers being there, were ordered to be removed to St. James's house, and placed there, which I furthered in order to the preservation of those rare monuments of learning and antiquity which were in that library.—*Memorials*, p. 288, ed. 1732.

who has munificently presented it to the Bodleian Library, cost upwards of £12,000. This, perhaps the richest 'pictorial' history which exists, or is likely to exist, deserves more than a passing notice. It contains nearly nineteen thousand prints and drawings: there are seven hundred and thirty-one portraits of Charles I., five hundred and eighteen of Charles II., three hundred and fifty-two of Cromwell, two hundred and seventy-three of James II., and four hundred and twenty of William III. The collection fills sixty-seven large volumes. Forty years were spent in this pursuit. The Catalogue of the 'Illustrations,' of which a few copies only were printed for distribution as presents by Mrs. Sutherland, fills two large quarto volumes. In mere numbers, however, Mr. Sutherland was surpassed by the foreign ecclesiastic who is said to have amassed twelve thousand 'portraits' of the Virgin Mary! We know of copies of Byron's works, and Scott's works, each 'illustrated' with many thousands of prints and drawings, and each increasing almost daily.

The venerable bibliophile and bibliographer, M. Brunet, says, in his '*Manuel du Libraire*,' art. Strutt, of a copy of the Dictionary formerly belonging to Messrs. Longman, and valued by them at £2000:—

'Cette manie de faire des livres précieux me rappelle la réponse que me fit un capitaliste à qui je montrais un volume d'une valeur considérable. "Tenez!" me dit-il froidement, en me présentant un portefeuille rempli de billets de banque, "voilà un volume encore plus précieux que le vôtre." Ce mot me paraît sans réplique, et je ne crois pas qu'il y ait dans les trois royaumes de la Grande Bretagne un curieux qui pût montrer une *illustrated copie* plus précieuse qu'un pareil portefeuille. Au surplus, ne disputons pas des goûts, mais croyons que celui de l'amateur de billets de banque serait celui de bien des gens.'

This system of 'illustration' has, however, had its day; it required time, money, and, moreover, knowledge and taste. Illustrations are now wanted ready-made for the million.

Five lustres since, and manuscripts were things which were rarely seen, and still more rarely understood. The opportunities for seeing them were indeed but few: the British Museum was in comparative infancy; its reading-room frequented by tens, not as now by hundreds of daily students. The libraries of Oxford and Cambridge offered little facility of access to

their treasures, and scarcely any means existed of making generally known the various splendid manuscripts to be found in other libraries, public and private. Catalogues of collections of manuscripts were compiled with a view to the subject-matter of each volume, rather than to the accidental qualities of calligraphy and illumination: even when the characters of a manuscript were criticised it was chiefly with the intent to judge thereby of its age and the country where it was written; but little criticism respecting the illumination of manuscripts is to be found in those most conversant with them, in Mabillon, Maffei, Baring, Kopp, Walther, Trombelli, and the Benedictine authors of the '*Nouveau Traité de Diplomatique*.' This last work, to great learning and very little judgment, adds so much quackery that, upon adding together the various classes into which the authors divide the modes of writing found in Latin MSS. alone, we find that they enumerate classes, divisions, sub-divisions, genera, and species, containing one hundred and eighty-nine species of majuscule writing, one hundred and seven species of uncial writing, ninety-three species of demi-uncial writing, and two hundred and thirteen species of writing in minuscules; to say nothing of the different species into which they divide cursive or running hand. It may well be a question how many schools of illumination they would distinguish.

Sometimes, it is true, the words '*cum picturis*' were added to the description of a volume, but to those who had not actually handled manuscripts the words conveyed little meaning, and the few engravings from such '*picturæ*' which here and there occurred in catalogues, or elsewhere, excited no wish in the mind of the reader to see the originals. The engravings to be met with in the bulky tomes of Montfaucon, Ducange, Papebroch, Kollar, and others, were not generally known, nor were those which were published by the Society of Antiquaries, of the Cottonian Manuscript of Genesis, extensively circulated. The illuminated service books of the Roman Catholic Church, which, of whatever nature, breviary or plenary, antiphonar or gradual, hours or psalter, processional or benedictional, were, and still too often are, confounded under the generic term of '*missal*,' afforded, by their more frequent occurrence, the chief means of information.

The first who in this country used, to any extent, illuminations as a source whence to

'illustrate' the manners and customs, the dresses and sports of former ages, was the laborious Joseph Strutt, whose engravings, though always coarse, and often inaccurate, have supplied the small learning of many a self-styled antiquary. A few years afterwards the late Thomas Johnes of Hafod put forth his translations of Froissart's and Monstrelet's 'Chronicles,' with engravings in outline from some finely illuminated MSS. of those authors. Mr. Johnes's books form an epoch in the history of illustration, as they first made apparent to the general reader the beauty to be discerned in manuscripts.* In 1814 Mr. Utterson published an edition of the romance of 'Arthur of Little Britain,' with outline engravings, in the style of those to Johnes's translations. This was another step, for although Strutt had slightly tinted or daubed some of his plates, Mr. Utterson had some of the large paper copies of his book well colored, so as to imitate the originals. This, however, raised a quarto volume, with only twenty-five small plates, to the price of fifteen guineas! The great price of colored plates prevented the increase of publications of this kind, and but little was done until the year 1833, when Mr. Shaw published his 'Illuminated Ornaments.' To this work unquestionably the public taste is much indebted; it first united good judgment in the choice of subjects, minute accuracy of detail, beauty of execution, and comparative cheapness of price. Each plate was accompanied with a description by Sir Frederic Madden, who added a preface, which, though very short, is almost the only history of 'illuminations,' to use what is now become a technical term for small paintings in gold and colors. Mr. Shaw had scarcely begun this work when his services were called for by the trustees of the British Museum to 'illustrate' the catalogue of the Arundel collection of MSS., and their liberality enabled Mr. Shaw to produce some plates which are as yet unrivalled, save by the work undertaken by the Comte Auguste de Bastard, under the auspices of the French Government. The taste was now

well excited in England, where public patronage is ever found the best.

By the aid of the French Government MM. Silvestre, Champollion-Figéac and Aimé Champollion, *fils*, have completed a large work, the largest as yet on such subjects, which we have named at the head of this article: it contains about 300 plates, mostly colored, comprising specimens of writing as well as of drawings or illuminations. As might be expected in a work so large, the execution is unequal, and many of the subjects are unworthy of the preference given to them over others. It is a vast storehouse, and although, from its price, it is to the general reader as inaccessible as manuscripts themselves, yet we must call it an expensive, not a dear book. In Messrs. Bossange's catalogue it is marked at the price of £80. In point of artistic feeling, and also of accuracy, it is inferior to Mr. Shaw's work.

The colored plates of illuminated MSS., which are found in the large work of Sommerard, *De l'Art au Moyen Age*, are little better than caricatures.

The first number of a humble imitation of M. Silvestre's book, from which indeed some of its specimens are taken, is now on our table: the chief merit is its cheapness—five plates, printed in gold (Dutch gold) and colors, by Mr. Owen Jones, for eight shillings! Were they better drawn, little more could be desired. A Mr. J. O. Westwood, who compiles the descriptions, writes himself 'F. L. S.,' and indeed he 'speaks in Karl Linnaeus's vein:' thus, when describing a 'Codex purpureo-argenteus,' of remote antiquity, he says:—

'I have introduced the last two lines of the 5th, and the first line of the 7th verses, to show that not only the words are broken in two at the end of the lines, without any connecting marks, but that the paragraphs were also undivided into verses. They are, however, separated by *alineæ*, here appearing simply in the first letter being written rather beyond the perpendicular edge of the other lines, but scarcely larger than the other letters. The rounded *E*, the acutely-angled first stroke of the *A*, the elongated *Y* and *P* with the extremity obliquely truncated, the rounded part of the latter scarcely reaching below half the width of the lines, the acute-angled *M* with three of its strokes thickened, and the *A* with the basal stroke elongated beyond the triangle, and knobbed at each end, are peculiarities evidencing the most remote antiquity, in all of which respects it will bear comparison with the most famous codices!!

* Some MSS. of Froissart are very beautiful. There have been published very lately some colored facsimiles, by Mr. Humphreys, from a remarkably fine illuminated copy of Froissart (now in the British Museum), which, from the arms in it (gu. a chevron or between three escallops arg. a bordure of the second, quartering arg. on a chief gu. three eaglets displayed or), may perhaps have belonged to the historian De Comines.

He appears to confound 'verses' with *τίτλοι* and *κεφάλαια*; could he possibly have expected to find 'verses in a MS. believed to be of the fifth century?

His first specimen is taken from a copy of the Gospels, in Latin, which there is little doubt was sent over to Æthelstan by his brother-in-law the Emperor Otho, between the years 936 and 940, and which was given by Æthelstan to the metropolitan church of Canterbury,* as appears from a coeval inscription in the volume. Mr. Westwood says:—

'The first page of the volume contains a large illuminated frontispiece: in the centre of which is a youthful king, crowned and kneeling in a church, with two courtiers behind him, and in front a figure of Christ, naked, and wounded on the side. The former has been supposed to represent King Richard II.; but it appears to me to be unquestionably intended for the youthful Henry VI., being in fact precisely similar to the miniatures of that king, contained in his psalter in the same library (Cotton. Domitian xvii.). In the upper part of the illumination is an aged crowned king, kneeling in the open country, with the devil at his back. There are also eight coats of arms in various parts of the page, and on a blue slab are inscribed the following lines:—

Saxonidum dux atque decus, primumque monar-
cham,

Inclitus, Ælfridum qui numeravit avum,
Imperii primas quoties meditantur habenas,
Me voluit sacrum regibus esse librum.

This illumination is evidently of the early part of the fifteenth century, and the verses above quoted record the tradition that Athelstan (the grandson of Alfred), by whom the English monarchy was consolidated, and raised to so much importance in the eyes of Europe, had devoted this volume to the service of the coronation of the Anglo-Saxon kings.'

This leaf, of which the writer of the above comprehends neither the meaning nor the importance, was inserted by Margaret of York, sister of Edward IV., and widow of Charles the Bold, Duke of Burgundy; therefore its date is after 1477. The arms of Burgundy impaling England are at the foot of the page, with the letters C and M, and

* The words are 'Dorobernensis cathedre primatui, &c.' which, by several writers who have mentioned this volume, are supposed to signify the church of Dover, instead of Canterbury. Their mistake has evidently been caused by school reminiscences of the Eton Latin Grammar, wherein the same error occurs, in the example to the second rule of the Second Concord in Syntaxis—'Audito, it being heard, regem, that the king, proficisci, was set out, Doroberniam, for Dover.' We commend this to Dr. Hawtrey's notice.

their motto 'Bien en advienne,' the whole surrounded with daisies (Marguerites). The figure of the king, therefore, is not 'unquestionably intended' for Henry VI. of Lancaster, the mortal enemy of Margaret of York. The other seven coats of arms are those attributed to, or borne by, the several dynasties of England prior to Margaret's time: being respectively (we spare our readers the heraldic jargon) those of Athelstan—*Edward the Confessor* for the Saxon kings—*Denmark* for Canute—*Normandy* for William I., and II., and Henry I.—*England* for Henry II., Richard I., John, Henry III., Edward I. and II.—*Ancient France* (first assumed by Edward III.)—and *Ancient France and England* quarterly for Edward III. and Richard II.

The fact that the sister of one of our kings should, at such an early period, thus have perpetuated the history of the volume takes away all reasonable ground for doubt. Sir Henry Ellis has printed a letter* from Sir S. D'Ewes to Sir Martin Stuteville, which shows that this MS. was used at the coronation of Charles I. At that time it belonged to Sir Robert Cotton, who was personally in attendance with it upon the sovereign. Not the least remarkable circumstance attending its history is, that, having been given by Æthelstan to Christ Church, Canterbury, the property of it should now, after the lapse of 900 years, be partly vested in the archbishop of that see, as principal trustee of the British Museum. But this interesting volume, the only undoubted relic of the ancient regalia of England, has drawn us from our subject.

Of a very different nature from the books which we have just mentioned is that which, under the auspices, and chiefly at the expense of the French Government, is undertaken by the Comte Auguste de Bastard, brother of the late Comte de Bastard, a President of the Cour de Cassation, and Vice-President of the Chambre des Pairs de France. We ourselves have seen this splendid work,—the 'Peintures et Ornaments des Manuscrits,'—but it is probable that many of our readers will never have the like advantage, for we believe that there are not two copies in England of this costly book. *Costly* we may, indeed, well call it, for the seventeen livraisons of the first of the three sections into which the 'Partie Française' alone is divided, are published at the price of 1800 francs, or

* Original Letters, first series, vol. i. p. 214.

seventy-two sterling pounds, each—so that this first portion, only forming, at the most, three volumes 'grand in folio Jésus' (who but Frenchmen would ever so profane the name?) will cost 30,600 francs, or 1226*l.* sterling (we have Count Bastard's handwriting now before us), being at the rate of 10*l.* and upwards for each colored plate! The 'Partie Française' is to consist of three sections, which, if of equal size, will amount to 3678*l.*! The conditions of subscription mention that 'à partir du 1^{er} Juillet, 1840, il paraîtra, chaque année, de quatre à six livraisons, qui seront payées, argent comptant, à Paris, au domicile de l'éditeur, rue Saint Dominique, No. 93, Faubourg St. Germain. . . . Comme garantie du travail, les planches portent tous ces mots, *Le Comte Auguste de Bastard dirait*, et un timbre sec aux armes de l'éditeur.' We fear that neither our announcement, nor the Count's guarantee, will procure him many subscribers. Of the great accuracy as well as unrivalled splendor of this book there can be no doubt; nor would we insinuate any thing tending to depreciate its high merits as a work of art, or 'illustrated book,' but we openly express our opinion that the vast cost is not compensated by the result obtained. MSS. themselves would be as accessible as this book, which would represent only a small portion of a few. If Count Auguste de Bastard's work should comprise only two other parts of equal extent with the French, the cost of a single copy will be upwards of *eleven thousand pounds!* a sum which, if well managed, would produce an entire edition of a work of high character and great beauty. The 'Antiquities of Mexico,' a magnificent work put forth at the sole expense of a young Irish nobleman, the late Viscount Kingsborough, cost his lordship, we believe, about 30,000*l.*; but for this sum a whole edition of a book in seven volumes in large folio, with very numerous colored plates, was obtained,* and, in relation to its bulk and necessary price, copies were extensively circulated. However, be the cost of the Count's work what it may, the French Government cannot be taxed with want of liberality, for it has subscribed for sixty copies (including that of the editor, and

the four required by the 'Copyright Act of France), out of the one hundred copies printed. This subscription, for the first section of the first part alone, amounts to 73,560*l.*, or, for the 'Partie Française,' to 220,680*l.*, and, should the whole be completed, on the least proposed scale, to 668,040*l.*, or, in francs, to 16,032,960! Of this enormous sum, we believe that the French Chambers have already paid no little portion. At this rate 'Illustrated Books' become of great national importance, and the length of our notice of the Count's work is amply justified.

To enter fully into the history and mystery of illuminated MSS., from which the books we have just mentioned draw their materials, would lead us too far from our subject, and would not be of much interest to those, by far the greater part of our readers, who never have had, perhaps never will have, an opportunity of examining such works of bygone times, and will know of them only by the books just mentioned and their more humble copyists. One thing we must premise, however, that whatever may be the age of the MS.—of the seventh or of the fifteenth century; whatever its school, whether of Byzantine or Flemish, Italian or Anglo-Saxon art; whatever its subject, whether the holy Scriptures or a romance, a chronicle or a book of devotions; in short, whatever its matter, whether prose or poetry—the illuminations may be generally taken to represent the arts, manners, customs, and especially the dresses of the age and country in which the MS. itself was written and 'illuminated.' Thus we may trace many of the customs and dresses of our Anglo-Saxon forefathers in a psalter which belonged to Canute, and many early English sports and pastimes in another psalter of the thirteenth century (which at a later period belonged to Queen Mary), and which also affords a very curious specimen of the bizarrerie of the early artists. At the foot of the pages of this MS., amongst the numerous grotesques with which they are ornamented, is a complete series of illustrations to—what do our readers suppose?—the romance of Reynard the Fox! and figures of the same kind with those to be found in the *miseri-cordes* or *misereres* of our cathedral stalls. The late amiable and lamented Gage Roke-wood has given, in the *Vetusta Monumenta* of the Society of Antiquaries, a number of early carriages and dresses from the Lutterel Psalter. Mr. Shaw has given figures

* Of this splendid book two copies were printed on vellum, which, when illuminated and bound, were estimated to cost 2000*l.* each. Lord Kingsborough presented one to the British Museum, the second to the Bodleian Library.

of 'Spanish warriors' of the twelfth century, which are copied from the 'illustrations' to a Commentary on the Apocalypse,* written at Burgos in 1109, and which strongly resemble some of the figures on the Bayeux Tapestry; yet the first are intended for the 'horsemen' seen by the holy apostle in his prophetic vision, the second for the Norman cavalry at the battle of Hastings. The MSS. of Quintus Curtius, Valerius Flaccus, Statius, and others, give us representations of the warriors and arms of the times of our Edwards and Henrys, of Froissart and Commines; we have now before our eyes an illumination representing part of

'The tale of Troy divine,'

in which cannon are planted against the walls of Ilion, and soldiers, armed cap-à-pie in such armor as Dr. Meyrick would assign to the year 1450, are scaling walls which, though pierced for cross-bows, are but about half their own height, whilst cavalry are advancing to gates which, though machicolated and portecoulissed, do not reach to them iddle of the warrior's lances. Even the Hebrew MSS. are not exempt from this unfailing characteristic. We have seen a MS. of the fifteenth century of the Haggada, that Rabbinical office for the first two evenings at the Passover, in which is embodied the legend of '*this is the stick which beat the dog, which bit the cat, which ate the kid, which my father bought for two-pence,*' accompanied with figures in Spanish dresses of the artist's time;—and a roll of the book of Esther, of the seventeenth century, in which Haman and Mordecai are depicted as Dutch Jews in trunk hose, and king Ahasuerus as a burgo-master with his gold chain. Sundry critics have expatiated with lofty contempt on the violation of all rules of propriety and keeping by these early illuminators. There is

* It is difficult to say with truth of any volume that it is unique; we, however, believe this to be so, except a rival to its strange mixture of styles of art exist in the dark unfathomed caves of Spanish libraries. It was purchased by the Trustees of the British Museum from the Comte de Survilliers (Joseph Buonaparte), for whom, whilst in Spain, it was not improbably abstracted from the Escorial or from the Archiepiscopal Library of Toledo. There is none like it in any collection which we have seen, nor was there before in the British Museum, neither is there, we have good reason to think, in the Bibliothèque du Roi at Paris. Only one other copy of the text of the work is known, viz. in the Royal Library
Turn

no defending them against the charge—but it so happens that it does not apply to them alone, for most of the great painters are equally obnoxious to it. We need only walk through the Louvre or our own National Gallery to observe every kind of extravagance; nor, to apply another test, does the most outrageous performance of any illuminator surpass the practical absurdity of Garrick playing Julius Cæsar or Macbeth in an English general's uniform of his own time, or (what many of our own readers have witnessed) the performance of Terence's comedies by the young gentlemen of Westminster School attired as modern dandies and powdered lacqueys. These and such like absurdities we do not now commit; but St. Paul's Cathedral is still deformed by Dr. Johnson—in a Roman toga! and Westminster Abbey by Sheffield, Duke of Buckinghamshire, as a Roman warrior, with an inscription as offensive to Christianity and right feeling as the monument itself is to good taste. The one rule to which, with all their faults, the illuminators of ancient times adhered is now of great use to us their descendants, who want to know their modes of life in all their tenses; their arms, costumes, architecture, and furniture, are thus become familiar to us. The costumes of the middle ages are now well understood; and Mr. Albert Way, we doubt not, could satisfactorily inform us of the fashions of any particular period, a knowledge which often serves to fix the epoch of a work of art. At Her Majesty's fancy ball last year, a royal duchess appeared as Anne of Bretagne, in costume historically correct; the Duchess of A. as a lady of the highest rank of the fourteenth century, faithfully copied from an illumination of—the Queen of Sheba!—from a magnificent Bible history of the time; whilst the Marchioness of E. was in the costume of the latter part of the fifteenth century, copied, aptly enough, from one of the Virtues, as blazoned in gold tissue and ermine, among the illuminations to Henry VII.'s copy of the Poems of Charles of Orléans (father of Louis XII.), who was taken prisoner at Agincourt.

To give a full account of the rise and progress of illuminated or 'illustrated' MSS. would oblige us greatly to exceed the limits of a review, but we cannot altogether pass over the subject. Its history has yet to be written, and great difficulties will attend the composition, as regards the productions of the earlier centuries of the Christian era.

The extraordinarily early dates assigned by some writers to the celebrated MSS. of Virgil and Terence, in the Vatican, are altogether conjectural, and destitute of any foundation in sound criticism. The first has been referred to the same century in which Virgil lived, the other to the time of Constantine! If these dates be true, ought we any longer to doubt that St. Mark's Library possesses, as it once boasted of doing, the autograph of that evangelist, or that the Alexandrian MS. was written by Thecla in the time of St. Paul? The late amiable and accomplished but credulous Mr. Otley has published, in the *Archæologia* of the Society of Antiquaries, an elaborate dissertation to *prove* that a MS. in the British Museum, containing an 'illustrated' copy of Cicero's version of Aratus, is of the like early date. We have known Mr. Otley discover vestiges of early Roman art in the illuminations of a work written by Convenevole da Prato, the tutor of Petrarch, and addressed to Louis of Anjou, King of Naples! That the MSS. which we have named, and many others which we could name, are of great antiquity is true; but we unhesitatingly assert that it is impossible, without better criteria than we now possess, to assign them, as is so confidently done by sciolists, to any particular century.

In our own country the arts of illumination flourished at a very remote period of time: perhaps no nobler monument of its kind is possessed by any nation than the 'Book of St. Cuthbert,' or 'Durham Book,' now in the British Museum. It is a copy of the Gospels in Latin, written, at the end of the seventh century, by Eadfrith, Bishop of Lindisfarne, who died A. D. 721, and illuminated by Æthelwald, the succeeding bishop. It was then clothed in a binding of gold, inlaid with precious stones, by Bilfrith, a monk of the same establishment: and a Dano-Saxon version was interlined by a priest named Aldred. The old chronicler, Turgot, or Simon of Durham, gravely narrates how, by the merits of St. Cuthbert, and of those who, in his honor, had written and adorned the book, it was miraculously preserved when the Danes ravaged Lindisfarne. Simon says, 'Erat enim aurificii arte præcipuus.' Its golden and gemmed binding is gone, but its intrinsic beauty is preserved, as may be seen by Mr. Shaw's facsimile.

MSS. of this remote date are rare: still rarer are those which at all approach in beauty to the Durham Book. In the time

of Charlemagne greater progress was made, and the art of writing in gold became more practised. The Codex Aureus, for which Lord Treasurer Harley gave 500*l.*, is of this time, and so is the volume well known as the 'Hours' of Charlemagne. The Bible which is said to have been written by Alcuin for Charlemagne, and which was purchased for the National Library at the cost of 750*l.*, is more probably of the time of Charles the Bald; for whom another splendid Bible, now in the Bibliothèque du Roi, is believed to have been written, of which a portion is in the Harleian Library. In this rapid sketch we cannot particularize many things; we shall name only a few of sacred subjects. We have already mentioned the Gospels belonging to Æthelstan, and we notice of the same century the Menologium in the Vatican, with illuminations which have been engraved under the auspices of Cardinal Albani, and the Benedictional belonging to the Duke of Devonshire, which was written for S. Æthelwold Bishop of Winchester, and which is fully described by the late Mr. Gage Rokewood in the *Archæologia*. These are worthy of comparison. The Psalter of St. Louis is in the Bibliothèque de l'Arsenal, and the very splendid Bible of the Anti-Pope Clement VII. (Robert of Geneva) is in the Bibliothèque du Roi. The identical copy of Guiar des Moulix's version of Pierre le Mangeur's Biblical History, which was found in the tent of John king of France at the battle of Poitiers, is in the British Museum, and also the copy which belonged to his son the Duke of Berry. The 'Hours' of this Duke of Berry are in the Bibliothèque du Roi. Sir John Tobin, of Liverpool, possesses the famous 'Bedford Missal,' for which he gave 1100*l.* It was written for the Regent Duke of Bedford brother of Henry V. The same gentleman also purchased for 500 guineas, at Mr. Hurd's sale in 1832, the Breviary which was presented to Isabella of Castille by Fernando de Rojas.* The beautiful Psalter of Henry VI.

* Amongst its many ornaments this MS. contains the arms of the Roxas or Rojas family (or five *etoiles* of eight rays, saltire wise, azure), with the inscription (we give it in full) 'Domine Elizabethæ Hispaniarum et Siciliæ reginæ christianissimæ potentissimæ semper augustæ, supremæ Domine suæ clementissimæ Franciscus de Rojas, ejusdem majestatis humillimus servus ac creatura, optime de se meritæ hoc breviarium ex obsequio obtulit.' Dr. Dibdin, who describes this volume (*Bibl. Decameron*, i. pp. clxiii.-clxvii.), mistakes the arms of Rojas for those of France!—wherein

is in the British Museum; and that which belonged to his father-in-law, René of Anjou, and is said, but on what appear to us insufficient grounds, to have been illuminated by René himself, is in the Bibliothèque del'Arsenal at Paris. The 'Hours' which belonged to René, and afterwards to Henry VII., are in this country. One of the finest volumes of this kind, the 'Hours' of Anne of Bretagne, is in the Bibliothèque du Roi; its exquisite illuminations are most faithfully and coarsely copied in Sommerard's work. Another, certainly by the same hand, and which now is in Mr. Holford's library, formerly belonged to Christoforo Madruzzi, Cardinal Bishop of Trent, who is believed to have originated the memorable council held there. The Duke of Devonshire possesses the Missal of Henry VII. The Psalter of Henry VIII. is in the British Museum. The 'Hours' of Charles V. are at Vienna. We might extend this list fifty-fold. We cannot, however, pass over the Sherborne Breviary, in the collection of the Duke of Northumberland at Sion House; the Missal (now in the British Museum) of the Croy family, that family so familiarized to us by Walter Scott's *Isabella*—a volume richly adorned with miniatures and with a profusion of blazonry quite sufficient to have gratified the vanity of Countess Hameline;—nor two beautiful Missals of Italian art belonging to the Queen, which are valuable not only for their intrinsic merits, but also as tokens of gratitude from the last of the Stuarts—the Cardinal of York—to King George IV.

The names of those who executed the beautiful works which we have mentioned, and others of like nature, have in very few instances been handed down to us. We have already mentioned Bishop Æthelwald. Oderisi d'Agobbio, and Franco of Bologna,

we observe the arms of France quartered on a blue ground—and reads, or rather prints the latter part of the inscription thus:—'*H. . . marin . . . ex obsequio obtulit.*' Dr. Dibdin fairly gave up the interpretation. Not so the compiler of Mr. Hurd's Catalogue, who thinks 'it may safely be affirmed they conveyed a compliment to *Isabella's* patronage of *Columbus's* expedition. King Ferdinand having refused any assistance, *Isabella* generously supplied the greater part of the outfit. The mutilated words *H. . . marin . . .*, furnish the key. The hiatus may probably be filled up nearly thus:—'*H [is] [Trans] marin. [ex] [F.],*' that is, *Hispaniæ Transmarinæ expeditionis Fautrici ex obsequio obtulit!*' This equals Jonathan Oldbuck's A. D. L. L. *Agricola Dicavit Libens Lubens.*

are immortalized by Dante;* of Silvestro degli Angeli little more than his name is known. Francesco Veronese and Girolamo dei Libri are known only by the beautiful missal which they adorned for one of the cardinals of the Della Rovere family; and we have not many particulars of the life of Don Giulio Clovio, who, although one of the latest, is yet confessedly the chief amongst all of his art. One testimony to his celebrity is the ready attribution by sciolists of any manuscript, having any pretensions to beauty, to his hand. A small volume, which the Strawberry Hill catalogue said was his work, produced under the auctioneer's hammer about 400*l.* His undoubted works are few. A commentary on St. Paul's Epistles, which he adorned for Cardinal Grimani, is in the Museum of Sir John Soane. Mr. Grenville possesses the victories of Charles V., painted by Clovio for Philip II.; and a missal by his hand belongs to Mr. Townley of Townley, the head of the ancient Roman Catholic family of that name. It is not known where the volume which he painted for the King of Portugal, and which is elaborately described in William Bonde's work, exists at this time, if indeed it be existing. The splendid but unfinished genealogy of the Kings of Portugal, lately added by the trustees of the British Museum to the National Collection, has been by some persons attributed to him, but there is more reason to believe the paintings to have been done, at least in part, by Simon of Bruges for the Infant Don Fernando. Our readers may judge of the value of such productions by the fact that this genealogy, consisting of eleven leaves, is thought to have been cheaply purchased for the sum of 600*l.* Mr. Grenville's Giulio Clovio cost him we believe 500 guineas.

We have scarcely space to mention another class of manuscripts; the Venetian Ducali, or codes of instructions given by the senate or pregadj in the name of the Doge to those nobles who were deputed to preside over the various possessions of the seignory. These volumes were generally adorned in a manner according with the rank of the doge and the patrician governor. Three of these ducali were brought

* 'O, diss' io lui, non sei tu Oderisi,
L'onor d'Agobbio, e l'onor di quell' arte
Che alluminare è chiamata in Parisi?
Frate, dies' egli, piu ridon le carte
Che penelleggia Franco Bolognese:
L'onore è tutto or suo, e mio in parte.'

Purg. xi. 79

from Italy by Mr. Edwards; and attributed by him to Titian, Tintoretto, and Battista Gelotti respectively. They formed part of his library sold in London in 1815. We know not who now possesses them. When we consider the numerous volumes of this kind which, during a long series of years, were adorned for the numerous governors of the numerous dependencies of the Venetian republic, their great rarity is only to be accounted for by the system of secrecy observed by that government. It is probable that these volumes were restored by the various *podestàs* and *capitani* at their return from their offices to the archives of the seignory, and there destroyed. It is certain that they were not sold, like our own Exchequer documents, to a fishmonger by the ton weight. On this supposition only can we account for the fact that not more than fifty, between the years 1360 and 1700, so far as we can learn, are known to exist—yet the state archives have been brought to the light of day, the great families have been ruined, and their libraries dispersed. Count Daru mentions only fifteen. The British Museum possesses twenty-eight, the *Bibliothèque du Roi* (according to Daru and Professor Marsand) thirteen, Sir Thomas Phillipps six, Mr. Grenville one. We know of one only at Cambridge, and we do not think that the Bodleian possesses more than two or three.

Before noticing the more modern illustrations, we must not omit to mention one mode (and that but little known to us moderns) of conveying information by pictorial representations on walls. We cannot undertake to particularize all these modes, but they well deserve a more enlarged space than we can afford to give here. We will allude to one subject only, that of geography; to the painted maps described by Eumenius,* the Peutinger Tables (which we know only by a comparatively modern copy), the maps in the king's chamber at Westminster, the Hereford map, and the

* Videat præterea in illis porticibus juvenus et quotidie spectet omnes terras, et cuncta maria, et quicquid invictissimi principes urbium, gentium, nationum aut pietate restituunt, aut virtute conficiunt, aut terrore devinciunt. Siquidem illic, ut ipse vidisti, credo, instruendæ pueritiæ causâ, quo manifestius oculis discerentur quæ difficiliter percipiuntur auditu, omnium cum nominibus suis locorum situs, spatia, intervalla descripta sunt, quicquid ubique fluminum oritur, et conditur, quacumque se littorum sinus flectunt, qua vel ambitu cingit orbem vel impetu irrumpit oceanus.—*Eumenii Æduensis Oratio pro instaurandis scholis Manianis*, cap. xx. ed. Arntzenii, tom. i. p. 225.

paintings to illustrate the voyages of the fratelli Zeni in the Sala dello Scudo at Venice. This taste, perhaps the necessity for its indulgence, has gone by; we do not expect to see Parry's voyages or Burnes's travels depicted in Her Majesty's robing room, in the new Houses of Parliament.

It is quite foreign to our purpose to enter at length into the origin and history of engraving, or to discuss the priority of this or that woodcut, or the relative authority or credulity of Papillon, Heineken, or Otley. With regard to the woodcuts 'illustrative' of the History of Alexander, and said by Papillon to have been executed in the year 1286 by a twin brother and sister of the name of Cunio, we cannot but agree (in spite of all that has been urged by Otley and Zani) with Heineken and those who believe the whole to be a fable. Were it not for the fact that Papillon had been insane, we should not hesitate to call it an impudent forgery. It is certain, however, that engravings of some sort, or illustrations, were not merely coeval with printing, but even preceded it:—the block books, as they are termed, being amongst the first. The '*Biblia Pauperum*,' whose every leaf is now worth a bank note, was the Pictorial Bible of the middle of the fifteenth century; and the '*Speculum Sacerdotum*,' which purported to be a help to '*pauperes prædicatores*,' may be considered typical of '*Simeon's Skeletons of Sermons*,' intended for the same *useful* purpose. The history of the art of cutting in wood and copper has its interest—but that interest is not general.

It is equally foreign to our purpose, and far beyond the limits of a review, to enumerate the individual books which have been put forth with illustrations during the four centuries wherein the arts of printing and engraving have flourished conjointly. Neither are the various epochs of improvement, if indeed improvement there be to any great extent, so marked as to enable us to point out to our readers those signs or instances by which they may be judged of. Our chief boast may be the great facility with which tens of thousands of copies are produced in cases where a few hundreds only in the earlier times were either made or needed. We have said that no modern printer has excelled the Mazarine Bible. Has any woodcutter excelled Albert Durer? Have any 'Illustrations' to Dante yet appeared which, save Flaxman's outlines, excel those by Botticelli or Baldini

in the Florence Dante of 1481? Yet this is the second book published with engravings. Can a higher tribute have been paid to the illustrations of a book than that, from their great beauty, they should for a long time and by many writers have been attributed to Raffaele, and that this opinion can be refuted only by the fact of Raffaele's youth at the time when the book was published? What modern designer, what modern engraver but would feel flattered were such work his own? Yet this book—the *Hypnerotomachia of Poliphilo*, by Francesco Colonna—was published in 1499, when Raffaele was but sixteen years of age.* If profusion be a test of modern excellence, what work can be said to excel the 'Perils and adventures of the famous hero and knight Tewrdanncths,' printed in Nuremberg in 1517?† In modern 'illustrated books' we have often recognized designs and engravings as having come under our observation before; having appeared on the table as 'pièces de résistance,' we have met with them hashed up in an annual or in some *rifacimento*, peppered highly to excite the languid appetite of the

* From this we must except maps and charts, which down to a surprisingly late period remained of very rude and inaccurate design and execution. Compare any isolario of the Mediterranean formed in the eighteenth century with that fine specimen of marine surveying, the map of the North Sea, published by the Admiralty, under the care of Capt. Beaufort, from the surveys of the lamented Capt. Hewitt, finished after his death by Capt. Washington.

† This work is an allegorical poem on the marriage of the Emperor Maximilian I. (*Tewrdanncths*, or 'Noble Thoughts') with the Princess Maria of Burgundy (*Erenreich*, or 'Rich in Honor'): it is dedicated to Charles V., by Melchior Pfintzing, chaplain to the emperor, who declares that he witnessed all the marvellous deeds narrated, and who is generally believed to be the author, though some writers have ascribed it to the emperor himself. The volume is a most splendid specimen of the art of printing, 'par rapport aux caractères extraordinaires avec lesquels le texte y est imprimé; caractères ornés de traits hardis entrelacés les uns dans les autres, et qui figurent d'une manière merveilleuse une belle écriture allemande.' It was long a matter of question whether the work were printed from metal types or from wooden blocks, but from accurate collations it is now proved that types were used. The woodcuts are of extraordinary beauty, and were executed by Hans Schaeufflein, whose initials (with his *rebus*, a baker's peel, *Schafflein*) are on several of the engravings. Some of them have been attributed to Hans Burgkmair, the pupil and friend of Albert Durer. Of this magnificent book the Earl of Ashburnham, the Earl Spencer, and the Right Hon. T. Grenville, and some others, possess copies printed on vellum.

employed literary public. Even here, even in the abuse of art, our forefathers excelled us. We copy even their faults. Jonathan Oldbuck says,

'I conceive that my descent from that painful and industrious typographer Wolfrand Oldenbuck,* who, in the month of December, 1493, under the patronage, as the "Colophon" tells us, of Sebastian Scheyter, and Sebastian Hammermaister, accomplished the printing of the "Great Chronicle" of Nuremberg—I conceive, I say, that my descent from that great restorer of learning is more creditable to me as a man of letters than if I had numbered in my genealogy all the brawling, bullet-headed, iron-fisted, old Gothic barons since the days of Crentheminacheryme—not one of whom, I suppose, could write his own name.'

We doubt if the laird of Monkbarns would have made this boast, had our learned friend Mr. Maitland's 'Papers on Sacred Art'‡ appeared. He would have been startled at hearing that the 'great restorer of learning,' from whom he claimed to descend, had caused one and the same woodcut head to represent in succession Hosea—Sadoch—Scipio Africanus the younger—Antonio de Butrio, a Bolognese juriconsult of the fifteenth century—and Nicolò Perotti, the conclavist of Cardinal Bessarion, who by his simplicity lost his master the popedom, himself a cardinal's hat. He would find one set of features—literally speaking, one *block-head*—used for Zephaniah, Æsop, Philo Judæus, Aulus Gellius, Priscian, and John Wicliff—another for Hector, Homer, Mordecai, Terence, Johannes Scotus, Francesco Filelfo, and sundry others—a third for Eli the priest, Virgil the poet, Arius the archheretic, &c. But books with far higher pretensions than the 'Nuremberg Chronicle' were *illustrated* with equal fidelity. In 'Fox's Martyrs,' a book having the odor of sanctity, one woodcut represents eighteen persons burned by sixes at Brentford, Canterbury, and Colchester respectively, and serves also to depict seven who suffered at Smithfield. The *portrait* of Bishop Farrer answers as well for sundry persons of inferior note. The question whether the martyrologist's text partake or not of this system of repetition, whether the same dialogue, *mutatis mutandis*, occurs more than once or twice, forms no part of our present inquiry.

* Antony Koberger was the real Simon Pure.

‡ We sincerely hope that these papers, like those on 'The Dark Ages,' will appear in a separate form.

We know of more modern instances of this conventional portraiture; for example, see Houbraken's heads. The same freak, or rather imposition, has been practised in stone: thus a statue of John Sobieski, King of Poland, trampling on a Turk, was called a statue of Charles II., having under his feet the usurper Cromwell, and was erected to that monarch's honor by Alderman Sir Robert Vyner, Bart. This citizen-like illustration stood on the site of the present Mansion-house. The late Mr. George Chalmers was of opinion that as features, the length or shape of the nose or chin or mouth, and the color of the hair or eyes, were matters capable of being described, so they were capable of being depicted, and he exemplified his belief by composing, synthetically, a *portrait* of Mary Queen of Scots!—We will not anxiously look out for very modern instances of somewhat similar deceptions; we speak with a tone of caution to those whom it may concern. It is not likely that now, as in the days of the 'Nuremberg Chronicle,' the same engraving will serve to represent Anglia, Troy, Toulouse, Pisa, and Ravenna; but we have *réchauffés—usque ad nauseam*.

For a long time the ornaments or illustrations of printed books were chiefly (we are far from thinking or saying entirely) confined to representations of actual or material things, such as persons or places existing or purporting to exist. The more imaginative portions of illustrations may, we think, be considered to arise from a taste which once obtained throughout Europe—that of EMBLEMS, as they were not always correctly termed. Few comparatively of our readers may know that these books are to be reckoned by hundreds, many of them adorned with engravings which, both as regards design and execution, would in the artistic slang of the present day be called 'Gems of Art.' What a sensation would now be made were a work advertised 'with illustrations designed by Il Parmigiano, and engraved by Giulio Bonasone'—even though the book bore the somewhat vague title of 'Symbolicæ Quæstiones de Universo Genere!'^{*} From the nature of these books, their amusing tendency, and consequent frequent destruction by use, often, we have no doubt, by the hands of children, many of them are now very scarce. They form a curious chapter in

the history of literature; and we are surprised that they are not a more frequent object of collection by bibliographers and biblio-maniacs. They have their use too in personal history. Most individuals of note, by rank or merit, had their emblem or device, or *impresa*, which served them often in lieu of a name, still oftener in lieu of arms, when, in the case of ignoble birth, arms could not, as now, be 'found to any name,' by any seal-engraver. In England we had several writers of verses to emblems. Whitneys, and Withers and others are not very generally known; but who does not remember 'Quarles's Emblems,' with all the quips and quiddities—and withal the absurdities—contained therein? Quarles owed a vast deal to the *Pia Desideria* of Herman Hugo, a Jesuit, one of the most popular books of its class. Other subjects than religion had their emblems. Otho Vænius put forth *Emblemata Horatiana*, where Horace's text is spiritualized to absurdity, and *parva sapientia* is figured as a baby Minerva, armed *cap-a-pie*, and bearing an ægis and spear! The most complete collection which we ever saw of these books of emblems was that formed by the late Duke of Marlborough, while Marquess of Blandford, and living at Whitenights. That collection is now dispersed. We hope some day to give our readers a separate article on 'Emblems.'

In the earlier half of the last century^{*} some few editions of a few books, as Milton, Shakespeare, the 'Spectator,' &c., were published, having each a few plates from designs by such artists as Hayman and Wale, and others unknown to fame, and deserving none. They have this merit in common with the old illuminators, that they represent faithfully the costumes and manners of the times. Once, we believe, and once only, Hogarth designed a merely ornamental or imaginative subject for a volume. His plates to 'Kirby's Perspective' are real illustrations. In the last century, too, existed a taste of which we know few modern instances, that of books printed entirely from intaglio or from engraved plates. Such were a 'Horace,' by Pyne, and a 'Virgil,' by Justice, now only

^{*} See Roscoe's account of Achilleo Bocchi, in his *Leo X.*, cap. xvii.

^{*} We do not mean to be understood as implying that no books had plates before this time. But we are not making a catalogue. One of the most beautiful books we ever saw was a copy of the first edition of Jeremy Taylor's 'Life of Christ,' with 'brilliant impressions in the first state' of the plates engraved by Faithborne.

met with in the collections of the curious: the former was not devoid of merit in its illustrations. A Prayer Book was also engraved by Sturt, having no other merit than that, if it be any, which arises from the difficulty of execution. Sturt was a *painful* artist. There is in his book a portrait of George I., composed of the Lord's Prayer, the Creed, the Decalogue, and sundry Psalms. He has also reproduced the old but always ludicrous error of the 'beam' in the eye, represented as a log of wood, at the least six feet long! In the last century, too, some books were published, which may bear comparison with any of the present day. We may instance the 'Voyages Pittoresques,' particularly that of Naples and Sicily by Saint Non, a book well and splendidly illustrated, but sadly disfigured by *immondices*,* most needlessly as well as offensively introduced. In the case of our own country we may instance 'Cook's Voyages,' and the truly magnificent plates with which, by the wise liberality of the Government, they were enriched.

In the latter part of the last century a great change—a marked improvement over the Haymans and Wales, *et id genus omne*—took place. There flourished at the same time Bartolozzi and Cipriani, and—a host in himself—the late Charles Stothard, R.A., a truly English artist—one to whom little justice is done in this respect. Even his industry was remarkable, and could we enumerate the plates engraved from his designs, the numbers would, we think, astonish our readers. Many of his designs, engraved by the elder Heath for Harrison's 'Novelist's Magazine,' are of great beauty, though but little known. This magazine is a work of twenty-three closely-printed octavo volumes! We cannot pretend to recount or even to know the existence of all the books which now swarmed with illustrations. Shakespeare and the 'British Classics' (here understood to mean writings originally ephemeral), and the 'British Poets' and the 'British Theatre,' were all published in an 'illustrated' form by Bell, and Cooke, and others, we believe, of whom we never heard nor

care to hear. The editions, however, published by Sharpe of the 'Classics' and 'Poets,' are far beyond the others in taste and beauty—nay, we think them not equalled by any which have since appeared. The beauty of these books rendered it not beneath the dignity of any artist to engage in similar objects, and there are few who have not fleshed their pencils in 'illustrations.' The greatest, and also the most industrious, of living geniuses in art, Turner, has, we believe, allotted a space of every day for many years past to the execution of small drawings for the 'illustration' of books. He is said to receive 25 guineas for the smallest; but the booksellers often get more than that price for the drawing from a collector, after their own purpose has been served.

At last arose the rage for Annuals, and for a time Art lay prostrate at the feet of Nonsense. We cannot think of criticising the Annuals—happily they are nearly extinct. ONE MILLION STERLING has, at the least estimate, been wasted on their production. Oh, that our readers could see—as we have seen—all the Annuals which, from the rise to the decline and fall of the imbecile mania, have appeared—in one small space of, perhaps, 8 feet by 6 feet—and moralize as we have done upon the public taste! That taste has of late been venting itself in part in Art-unions, not the most objectionable of safety-valves; but this, it seems, is now closed by the fiscal hand of government. We wait to see the next direction of the pictorial energy.

'Illustration,' as now used by booksellers, and printsellers, is incapable of being defined. Every engraving, every woodcut, every ornamented letter, however meaningless, however absurd, is an illustration; and provided such things are rather numerous in proportion to the extent of the work, it is forthwith dubbed 'an illustrated edition,' and the public are good-natured enough to buy it. Now a history may be well called illustrated when, as in the case of accurate views or authentic portraits, the pictured representation conveys to the mind a more clear and accurate knowledge than any verbal description could by any possibility communicate—when a single glance of the eye will at once impress on the mind that accurate idea of form which it is impossible for a blind person to obtain. A book of natural history is defective in one of its main objects when it wants such illustrations. It appears from Pliny (xxv.

* We must caution all parents against buying, without previous examination, any of the French 'illustrated' editions, even of their standard authors. The artists appear to wander willingly from their subjects in order to seek for dirt. Even their more scientific books are not free from this plague-spot.

24,) that Greek botanical works usually had the plants copied on the margin; and we have no doubt his own book had similar 'illustration' when first published.* Were the rule always followed, how much of technical phraseology, compounded of a vile jargon, partly Greek, partly Latin, partly of some modern language with Latin inflections (in fact *macaronic*), partly derived from names of nobodies or noodles, would be spared, and how much more accurate would be our knowledge. We should be curious to see the best representation made by the most learned naturalist from the most labored technical description of an object which he had never seen. A classic or ancient author of any kind may be illustrated by coins or figures of any antiquities, as nearly as possible contemporary with the writer. What imaginary figures by Prado or Villalpandus would impress us so strongly as the representations, no doubt drawn from the actual objects, on the triumphal arch of Titus, of the sacred utensils of the Temple at Jerusalem?

We altogether except against the mixture of the real with the imaginary, and calling the latter as well as the first, 'illustrations of the Bible.' Why place in the same category the figures on the Arch of Titus, the views of places mentioned in Scripture, the Jewish coins—and (as in the 'Pictorial Bible') the Death of Sisera after N. Poussin, who with truly French taste has represented the Canaanite Captain as a Roman Centurion—the 'repentance of Israel,' after Canova; or, 'Prudence,' after Sir Joshua Reynolds? All Gravelot's, and Cochin's, and Boudard's Iconologies might, with equal right, have been introduced. In Westall's Illustrations to the Bible, figures may be seen, the exact counterparts of those in his Illustrations of the 'Lady of the Lake.' Macklin's edition of the Bible, on which vast sums were spent, is one mass of pictorial absurdity, unmingled with any redeeming quality of truth or probability, and where the labor of the most skilful engravers has been wasted on designs unworthy of their talents. The 'Family Bible' of the Society for Promoting Christian Knowledge has 'Illustrations,' which are of as little use as those in Macklin's edition, and which excel

them only in being copied from better pictures—chiefly by the ancient masters as they are called. We rather doubt their tendency to promote Christian knowledge. It is often very difficult to ascertain with truth the scope of a picture: thus in the National Gallery is a picture by Claude le Lorrain, described as 'Sinon brought before Priam;' but how it could be supposed to 'illustrate' the lines—

'Ecce, manus juvenem interea post terga revinctum
Pastores magno ad regem clamore trahebant,'

we know not. The 'pastores' are helmed warriors! the 'juvenis' between them is offering water! It has been claimed, and justly, as illustrative rather of David, at the cave of Adullam, with the three mighty men who 'brought him water out of the well of Bethlehem.' We are not about to discuss the propriety or impropriety of painting subjects from Scripture, nor generally the errors—the flagrant errors—committed by painters of such subjects—nor the merits of such paintings, old or new, by living artists or by the great masters. We speak only as to the impropriety of their introduction as 'illustrations,' which, if the term mean any thing as generally used, implies something which tends to explain or throw light upon the text. So with any history: what light is thrown upon Hume's text by the magnificent nonsenses in Bowyer's edition? a book as superb and as useless, and as devoid of real beauty as Macklin's Bible. It outrages all probability, and sets at defiance all consistency in manners and costume. The 'Pictorial History of England' has at least this merit—we say this, because we never have read, probably never shall read, the work*—that it gives very numerous, and, so far as we can judge, accurate representations of persons, and things, and that a great proportion of the cuts are real illustrations of the text. In biography how much is the interest we feel enhanced by portraits and representations of places; but even here, where the opportunities for committing absurdities appear to be so few, what instances of every kind do we not meet with? We have now on our table Clarke and M'Arthur's 'Life of Lord Nelson,' a book published with every advantage of patronage, royal and official.

* See the English version of that very valuable manual of lore, and at the same time most entertaining tale, the 'Gallus' of Professor Becker (Lond. 1844), p. 244.

* We have read the same publisher's 'London'—and in it there is a great deal of interesting reading, as well as a world of apposite wood cuts. It is a capital 'parlor-window book.'

We pass over the questionable taste shown in many of the plates, and we will give the words of the authors themselves—*Arcades ambo*—in explanation of the *allegory* which faces the title-page of the first volume. The design—alas! for the Royal Academy—is by one of their Presidents—Benjamin West—we hope the ‘description’ was not also contributed by him—

‘The leading point in the picture represents Victory presenting the dead body of Nelson to Britannia after the battle of Trafalgar, which is received from the arms of Neptune, with the trident of his dominions and Nelson’s triumphant flag. Britannia sits in shaded gloom, as expressive of that deep regret which overwhelmed the United Kingdom at the loss of so distinguished a character. In the other parts of the picture are seen the concomitant events of his life. The Lion, under Britannia’s shield, is represented fiercely grasping the tablets with beaks of ships, on which are inscribed his memorable battles; and the sons and daughters of the Union are preparing the mournful sable to his memory. At a distance on the left is represented the “wreck of matter and the crash of worlds.” The winged boys round his body are emblematic that the influence of Nelson’s genius still exists; other figurative and subordinate parts are introduced to give harmony and effect to the whole composition.’

Southey truly says, ‘the daisies and dandelions of eloquence are strewed here with profusion;’ we wish that we had room for the whole of his comment.*

For books of Travels of course the proper mode of illustration is obvious. We do not wish for fanciful embellishments—let

* Nelson has been singularly unfortunate in his illustrators: the monument to his memory in Guildhall has been aptly described as ‘a woman crying over a bad shilling;’ that in St. Paul’s is somewhat better, but—that in Trafalgar Square! We suppose that it is intended at some future time to perform, but we know not by what means, upon the dwarfish column the same operation as on the *Penelope* frigate—to cut it in half and to insert 30 feet of additional length in order that its proportions may be just. Even the armorial bearings granted to his family in illustration of his services might be supposed to have been designed by West and blazoned by Clark and M’Arthur. Read—and honor duly the Heralds’ College of 1805!—

‘Or, a cross patonce sable surmounted by a bend gules, thereon another bend engrailed or charged with three hand grenades sable, fired proper; over all a fess wavy azure, inscribed with the word “Trafalgar” in letters of gold; a chief (of augmentation) wavy argent, thereon waves of the sea, from which issuant in the centre a palm-tree between a disabled ship on the dexter, and a ruinous battery on the sinister, all proper!’

us have as nearly as may be the real reflection of what the traveller sees. It would be endless to enumerate the excellent performances of our own time in this way. The designs of Mr. Brockedon for Italy and the Alps—those of the late Lord Monson for the south of France—and those of Mr. Roberts for Egypt and the Holy Land, occur to us as among the most satisfactory; but in these cases the letter-press is trifling in relation to the prints. What a pity that the beautiful drawings executed by, or at all events under the inspection of Bruce during his travels, and now in the possession of his granddaughter, Mrs. Cumming Bruce, should never have been engraved! They represent many splendid architectural remains which since that day have entirely disappeared.

In illustrating poetry or works of fiction, the artist may be as imaginative and his fancy as unbridled as the poet’s own: he has only to avoid the commission of solecisms or palatable incongruities. Above all things it is necessary that he should clearly understand his author. Were we ill-natured, we could point out many ludicrous instances arising from misapprehension of the meaning of a passage; one shall suffice by way of caution. We have before us Gray’s *Elegy*, and the first line of the epitaph at the end,

‘Here rests his head upon the lap of earth,’

is *illustrated* by the figure of a gentleman in full dress black lying—Lord Herbert of Cherbury fashion—(or, as Partridge would say, ‘*patulæ recubans sub tegmine fagi*,’) and literally ‘resting his head’ upon a sod of turf for a pillow!

Sundry new books of this class are very beautiful, abounding with engravings on copper and steel and wood, and in some instances printed in colors. Mr. Owen Jones’s exquisite Arabesques from the Alhambra formed appropriate ornaments for a book of Spanish Ballads; but we have since seen the same sort of *illustrations* embroidering pages for which cartouches from the tombs of Memphis would have been quite as suitable. We daily witness abominations of this sort, and we would earnestly press upon artists the necessity of preserving congruity, of using a fit thing at a fit time for a fit object, and not to consider that the merely positive beauty of any thing renders its introduction always desirable. Its relative beauty must also be considered. We would have them avoid such errors as architects,

for instance, have committed in putting, as in Regent-street, the choragic monument of Lysicrates as the steeple of a church, or in St. Pancras, the Eretheium as a vestry-room, or in the 'City' the Temple of Ceres at Tivoli to round the corner of the Bank. The works of Moore have received, as they deserve, great variety of illustration, chiefly, and as necessarily arising from the nature of his writings, imaginative. The scenes as well as the persons and machinery of 'Lalla Rookh' and the 'Loves of the Angels' are imaginary, and the artist may indulge his fancy to the utmost in the creation of ideal beauty without fear of transgression, save in departing from the words that burn in Moore. Rogers, gifted with exquisite taste in art as in poetry, has had the singular felicity of will and power to choose the illustrations to his own poems. They are too well known and valued to want commendation from us. Byron and Scott are alike in this, that they give ample scope both for real and ideal illustration, and the opportunity has not been lost. We do not speak of all the portraits of all the Ianthes and all the Die Vernons, beautiful as many of the personifications of Byron and Scott's heroines are, any more than we do of all the Hamlets and Ophelias, all the Tom Joneses and Sophias. But is it possible to read Byron without wishing to see the scenes he describes? and if that wish be strong in our minds with regard to Byron, whose interests lie abroad—in fact are foreign—how far stronger is it in the case of Scott, whose thoughts, and words, and scenes come home to ourselves—to England—to Scotland; and in Scott it is not poetry only but prose also which enchants; we wish to see before us not only where

———'huge Ben Venue
Down to the lake his masses threw;'

not only where

'The swan on sweet St. Mary's lake
Floats double—swan and shadow'—

but also Bothwell Brig, where stern Balfour of Burley fought, Lochleven where Mary was confined, and Preston Pans where Colonel Gardner was killed. It is this minute illustration, this transporting of ourselves to the actual locality of the scene that interests us, which makes us value as we do the Abbotsford edition of Scott. It is no fancy when we say that we understand him better in this edition, as the cuts—in general—we regret to say not uni-

formly—do really illustrate the text. How is it that a representation of the locality of the scenes of Shakespeare* does not in general so much interest us? Is it because, when reading 'Romeo and Juliet,' we are satisfied (let some biographers dream and say as they please) that Verona was as little known to him as 'Sarra in the londe of Tartarie' was to Chaucer? It has been attempted to fix the scene of the 'Tempest' at Lampedusa. Would it help us in any way to obtain a more accurate perception of the poet's meaning, or quicken our own imagination, if we gazed on the best pictorial illustration of the island? Does Savorgnano's account of Cyprus in 1569-71, the time when Othello is feigned to have been there, help us in any degree to understand Shakespeare, or does it in any way interest us? We feel differently respecting Herne's oak, and the Cliff at Dover.

Even new novels now-a-days come out with their 'illustrations'—and the prints are in some cases much more meritorious than the text. We do not allude, of course, to Mr. Dickens (though some of his works have been very lucky in the adjuncts)—nor to those lively Irish drolleries (cleverly illustrated as they are) of 'Charley O'Malley,' 'Tom Burke of Ours,' &c. &c.

Five lustres since and a book, Smith's 'Antiquities of Westminster,' was advertised as possessing (apparently its greatest merit then) 'the stone plate,' a solitary specimen of lithography. Need we say to what an extent lithography is carried now? To what perfection it is brought is evident by a comparison of the *etchings* of Otto Speckler's designs to the German edition of 'Puss in Boots,' and the lithographed drawings in the English edition. We have now before us perhaps the only specimen of *photography*, strictly speaking, which exists; a *bank note* engraved by the action of light upon metal, and printed in our presence by the common process. Five lustres more, and in what terms may this specimen be mentioned? It opens a strange vision! Colored and decorative printing, which we remember as existing only in the comparatively rude specimens

* We are glad to see that the affectation of writing 'Shakspeare' is subsiding almost as rapidly as it arose groundlessly. 'Shakspeare' was bad enough. Mr. Charles Knight must forgive us—we think as highly as ever of much that he has done for our great poet; and wish him all success in the very useful 'Concordance,' of which two numbers have reached us. It seems done on a most judicious plan, and with exemplary care.

given in Savage's work, is now brought to great excellence and is common. We have seen some specimens of a proposed work by Mr. Humphreys, on illuminated manuscripts, which have surprised us by the accuracy of their execution and the effect obtained by merely mechanical means.

ILLUSTRATION is now about to be practised on a gigantic, at least upon a national, scale. We are to have a *pictorial history* of England on the walls of the houses of parliament. In the name of all the unities we hope and trust that no gross anachronisms, no real absurdities, may be perpetrated in fresco by any youth of twenty-two, or of the maturer age of forty-two, or of the too ripe age of sixty-two. Let us at the least avoid the errors of the French Versailles.* Let us not represent the 'naked Picts' in 'painted vests.' In the very proper, most proper, wish to obtain excellence in art, let us not shock common sense. We know that we are not likely again to be presented with ceilings and walls

'Where sprawl the gods of Verrio and Laguerre';

but we are naturally fearful that excellence of design or richness and depth of color may be allowed to cover defects. We have, however, great confidence in some of the commission.

Some fifty, or sixty, or seventy years since an offer was made by the members of the Royal Academy (we are not sure whether in their corporate capacity or as individuals) to paint or illustrate the inside of St. Paul's Cathedral.† The offer was declined, but we know not with certainty upon what grounds. In the fifteenth century Jean Gerson, the chancellor of Paris, had good reason to object to the introduction of ridiculous pictures into churches; but still they existed in numbers, and of such a nature as, perhaps, to warrant the Genevese reformers in going to extremes, in wishing the destruction of the good or harmless—in fact of all—in order to ensure the destruction of the positively bad. The Council of Trent made one good regulation on the subject—the bishops were charged with the responsibility—'Tanta circa hæc diligentia et cura ab episcopis adhibeatur ut nihil inordinatum, aut præpostere et

tumultuarie accommodatum, nihil profanum, nihilque inhonestum appareat; cum domum Dei deceat sanctitudo. Hæc ut fidelius observentur, statuit sancta Synodus nemini licere ullo in loco vel ecclesiâ, etiam quo modo libet exemptâ, ullam insolitam ponere vel ponendam curare imaginem, nisi ab Episcopo approbatâ fuerit.* We wish that this rule had been so far carried into effect, even in the English Church, that no statue nor monument, even although ordered and approved and paid for by parliament, should have been introduced, as from the nature of some we presume they must have been, into St. Paul's Cathedral, without the sanction of the bishop. We cannot avoid the expression of our wish that they might be transferred as so many 'Illustrations' to the new houses of parliament, unquestionably the fitter receptacle for monuments to the praise and glory of man, for such undoubtedly and properly, in their nature, they are. One more instance of 'Illustration,' and we close this paper. A short year since and a church, we will not name its locality, dedicated to the Holy Trinity, was re-opened. Some stained windows had been added. The circular of the vicar stated, that 'the eastern window of this church, now completed with stained glass, is designed to *illustrate* the service for Trinity Sunday. The centre opening has reference principally to the Lessons, the side openings to the Gospel and Epistle.' The canon of the 'Tridentine' Council might have been useful here. These are not the 'Illustrations' we want.

PEAL OF BELLS FOR YORK MINSTER.—The papers mention that a very fine and powerful peal of bells is about to be erected in one of the towers of York Minster. They are the gift of the late Dr. Beckworth, a physician of York, who bequeathed £2,000 for the express purpose of furnishing the great northern cathedral with a suitable peal of bells. They are 12 in number, the largest weighing 53 cwt., and being in note C; the smallest 8 cwt., and the whole being upwards of 10 tons in weight. In addition to the above, a complete "monster" clock bell is about being cast for the Minster, which, it is stated, will be the largest in the world, and of the enormous weight of 10 tons, that of the great bell at Oxford being 7 tons; Great Tom of Lincoln 5 1-2 tons; and the great bell of St. Paul's 5 tons. It is to be paid for by subscription, £1,700 having been already collected.—*Athenæum*.

* See 'Quarterly Review,' vol. lxi. p. 1.

† The inside of the dome was painted by Sir James Thornhill, and is now in a sad state of dilapidation. His original sketches are still preserved, and might, if necessary, be used in the restoration of the paintings.

* Sess. xxv. Decretum de invocatione, veneratione, et reliquiis Sanctorum et sacris imaginibus.

A WEEK AMONG THE GLACIERS.

BY DR. H. A. GRANT.

From the *Athenæum*.

[THOUGH we have become somewhat familiar of late years with the Glaciers, still the particulars of a visit by a man of science are worthy of record; we are obliged to Prof. Silliman for this pleasant narrative.]

By the present arrangement of the government, the ascent of Mont Blanc is very expensive, in consequence of the great number of guides requisite to be taken; and it is also annoying by the forms and ceremonies attendant on such an expedition. When a party intend making the ascent, mass is previously said in the village church, for the safety of the guides and travellers; and the guides, for whom more especially it is said, are obliged to attend. On the whole it is rather an imposing sight, to see these sturdy mountaineers attending this religious ceremony, before attempting to brave the dangers of an ascent.

The attempt to ascend Mont Blanc was to me quite unexpected, for I did not wish to risk for myself the dangers of an ascent, and much less the lives of the guides necessary to such an excursion. But being in company with two English gentlemen, who determined to attempt it, I was persuaded to make it with them.

Having made known our intentions to the *hôte*, he immediately sent for Couttet, who selected from the most trustworthy of the guides, eighteen for us; and six more, after seeing the preparation of eatables and drinkables the landlord had prepared for our journey, volunteered to accompany us, for the privilege of free access to our haversacks. Every thing being arranged the night previous, we breakfasted the following morning, July 15th, at 4 o'clock. The hotel presented at this early hour a lively scene, while the guides were depositing in the different haversacks the provisions which had been prepared, and which were truly enormous for the time we anticipated being absent.

One hour later and we were already skirting the base of the mountain, myself and two friends on mules; and in this way we proceeded, till we entered the thick growth of pines that clothes the mountain side, through which we wound our way, until the broken fragments of rocks and the trunks of fallen trees prevented the further progress of the mules, when we dismounted and sent them back, while we proceeded on foot through the pines, which now becoming less and less thrifty, soon ceased altogether, and nothing but the barren rocks, with only here and there a scraggy shrub, till about 9 o'clock we arrived at the point of perpetual snow, where we halted to take a second *déjeuner à la fourchette*.

It was at this point we determined to enter upon the Glacier des Bossons, and crossing it,

to ascend the mount on the opposite side, which would, we conceived, be easier and less dangerous than continuing our course up the glacier to the Grandes Mulets, which was the point we wished to gain as a resting place for the night.

Here I made an experiment to test the diurnal advance of the glacier. I took three large blocks of stone, with the smoothest faces I could find, and having placed them in a straight line about ten feet distant from each other, I sighted (in the usual manner of farmers in setting a post and rail fence) along the smooth faces of the stones which were turned towards the summit of the mountain. I then had three other stones carried on the glacier at the distance of fifty to sixty feet from each other, and placed in a straight line with the three former stones, and left them to mark the change which should take place in their relative positions, on my return.

A similar experiment I made in the evening on my arrival at the Grandes Mulets, and on my return to the Grandes Mulets the next day at 1 o'clock, P. M., and at the point where I had made the first experiment at 4 o'clock, P. M., which made nineteen hours for the former, and thirty-one for the latter. The stones on the glacier had descended during this time, from a line drawn from the upper surface of the stones on the mountain to the upper surface of the stones on the glacier, between twelve and thirteen inches for the former, and about twenty-one inches for the latter, which is about sixteen inches for the twenty-four hours.

The number of pulsations and respirations per minute, of the whole party, I had taken at Chamonix, previous to leaving, and found that the average was seventy-six of the former and sixteen and a half of the latter. At this point, the perpetual snow line, there was a slight acceleration, the respirations being eighteen and the pulsations eighty-two per minute, after resting fifteen minutes, and of course previous to eating, as the pulsations are augmented during the process of digestion.

At 10 o'clock, A. M. we entered upon the glacier; the travelling was at first neither difficult nor fatiguing, for we had each a well-tried Alpenstock, which was equal to a third foot in case of need, and our shoes, made for the occasion, were well armed with square-headed nails throughout the whole extent of heel and sole.

The extreme purity of this glacier is remarked by all as greater than that of either of the other glaciers in the valley of Chamonix, and its crevasses present most perfectly the bluish green, and from that to the deep blue of the gulf water. The crevasses in this glacier are much deeper, wider, and more extensive, than either of the others in this valley; and this is owing probably to its great extent, and to its being one of the most precipitous of the Alps. They vary in width from a few feet to many hundred, and taking their length, including their

windings, from a few rods to one or two miles. Their depth has been estimated by De Saussure, for the deepest, at six hundred feet, which has been considered as exaggerated—an opinion in which I should agree, if this depth is given as common; but that there is one, and indeed that there are several, of this depth, below the Grand Plateau, I confidently affirm. One in particular, which I measured with a rude instrument constructed on the spot for the purpose, proved to be between eight and nine hundred feet deep: it was but a short distance from the Grandes Mulets. This crevasse, as I should judge, was about one-fourth of a mile in width, and seemed to have been formed by the inferior side sliding down to the distance mentioned above as the width of the crevasse, while its superior portion, remaining apparently stationary, (I say apparently, because the whole mass is perpetually moving onward,) had increased in height, by the additions made to it from the falling avalanches, so that the upper side rose more than two hundred feet above the inferior border of the crevasse; consequently, measuring its depth from the highest point of its upper edge, it measured near nine hundred feet, while from the highest point of its inferior border, my instrument marked something less than six hundred feet. This I give as the maximum of depth of any crevasse which we observed in this ascent. The crevasses are however, generally, from a few feet to fifty or sixty deep. Many have their sides nearly perpendicular, but in the deeper ones they are always zigzag, and many of the deepest, when they are very wide, may be descended with but little risk by means of ropes and hatchets, which are a necessary accompaniment to these expeditions. The crevasses which are the most difficult and dangerous to cross, are those whose width is about sixty or eighty feet, and eighty or one hundred deep. These frequently extend to a great length, and to avoid the fatigue attendant on following them parallel to their length, an attempt is sometimes made to pass on the bridges, which have been formed by avalanches falling across them, and thus wedging in immense blocks, forming in many places a rude but substantial arch, which rises some ten or twenty feet above their borders, and as many wide, making a very safe and convenient passage, while others at their base are sufficiently wide to tread on with perfect ease and safety. At the apex of the arch, they become so narrow, by melting, that it is quite impossible to stand erect upon their summit; it being only a few inches wide, and sloped on either side like a saddle, one is obliged for a few feet to sit astride of them as on horseback, and to trust to the steadiness of his nerves and the firm grasp of his knees to accomplish a safe transit. The ascent of these bridges is much easier and less hazardous than the descent, in consequence of being compelled, while descending, to look continually into the gap of

the depth below, exhibiting the precariousness of the position.

We traversed those seas of ice and snow from about 10 o'clock, A. M., till between 5 and 6 o'clock, P. M. when we arrived at the Grandes Mulets, which we should have reached at least two hours sooner, had it not been for a newly formed crevasse of very great extent; (I say *newly formed*, because my guides said that the year previous when they made the ascent to the Grandes Mulets it did not exist.) It was of various width throughout its length, from fifty feet to one-fourth of a mile; and in following along its side we were obliged to ascend about one thousand feet above the Grandes Mulets before we could find a place to cross it, being about two thirds up the length of the crevasse, where turning abruptly, at nearly a right angle, it was filled for the distance of two hundred feet or more by avalanches, which had fallen from the Grand Plateau, or summit of the mount, and illustrated in the grandest and most impressive manner, the way in which gravity hurls down and piles up these immense masses of snow and ice to the height of hundreds of feet, and so equally poised upon pedestals of ice, that have been wasted by the heat of the sun, till it seems impossible that they could bear the enormous superimposed weight. In crossing the chasm at this point, we passed under these shelving masses, some of which projected one hundred feet over our path. The scene was one of wild magnificence; and it was at this point that our guides enjoined the strictest silence, and to tread with the utmost lightness and precaution, which injunction I regarded at the time as being merely an attempt *ad captandum*, in order to enhance in our estimation the value of their services. Being excessively fatigued, and being here screened from the wind and the dazzling rays of the sun, I proposed to halt and rest, to which my guide in the most peremptory and positive manner objected, saying if I attempted to stop at this point, he should be obliged to take me up and carry me from underneath this shelving ice, while at the same time, pointing to the water which was dripping slowly from its summit, and trickling down its side and base, he said it would not stand another day's sun, and any cause which should produce a slight vibration of the air, would dislodge other masses above it, which were less firmly fixed than even this one, and they would set the whole mass to tumbling headlong down. This being spoken with so much earnestness, and in a mere whisper, I proceeded. Our *valet de place*, whom we had taken with us, was immediately before me, and being rather awkward, moved very slowly, and had made one or two false steps, which my guide seeing, advanced at once and stopped him, then told me to pass him, as a few more such steps might set some of the smaller blocks in motion, and as we were behind, we should lose our lives, by his stupidity.

I passed him, and a few minutes' walk carried us to the opposite side of this dangerous pass, where we sat down to rest, and viewed from a point of safety the danger which we almost unconsciously braved. It was now frightful to see other promontories of ice, which while we were crossing had been hidden from our view, resting upon mere feathery edges with sheets of snow dropping over their edges in festoons, appearing scarcely thick enough to support their own weight.

Our guides told us we could now prove, or rather test the truth of their assertions respecting the powerful effect of the vibrations of the air at this height, which hint we at once availed ourselves of, by ordering the whole company to give three shouts at the height of their voices, which they did, and the effect of which was quickly visible. The first shout produced no sensible movement, but with the second, though the sound produced none of that sharp echo, which we often hear in the gorges of the mountain valleys, yet its effect was manifest, first upon those festooned edges of snow which I have mentioned above, and which with another loud shout began to detach themselves in quick succession, falling in considerable sheets, till one of no great size fell some eighty feet upon one of those huge rocks of ice, which was poised so equally that it required but the slightest force to turn the balance, when this slid from its resting place, with but little velocity, not as fast apparently as a man would walk; but the momentum of so large a mass must have been enormous. I should judge its slide was not more than twelve or fifteen feet (though it may have been many more), when being suddenly checked, by its base coming in contact with another mass, the momentum it had acquired in its slide threw its summit beyond the centre of gravity, and it pitched headlong down the broken plane of the crevasse, which was followed by an active scene of wild and terrific confusion. Avalanche succeeded avalanche of enormous size, as the fall of one detached others larger than itself. At first their motion was slow and regular, as they merely slid from their resting places, till arrested by another mass, when they came tumbling, rolling, and bounding down as their velocity increased, till no barrier could check their impetuous course. At their onset, each could be distinctly seen, and marked amid the rest, till by their increased velocity, according to the obstacles they encountered as they rolled onward in their descent, bounding from crag to crag with resistless force, they would rend and shiver themselves and opposing obstacles into immense masses. They seemed to gain additional power from each opposing barrier, till opposer and opposed, rent into ten thousand fragments, rushed headlong, tearing, crashing, thundering down, as if possessing within themselves the elements of life; then deviating from side to side, as any solid angular inclination turned them from their forward

course, till ground and broken into myriads of pieces, their forms became too indistinct to be any longer discerned. They then assumed the confused appearance of a circumscribed storm of thick hail and snow.

Those travellers who from the valley of Chamonix have seen these masses of ice falling from the summit of Mont Blanc, on the Grand Plateau, in consequence of their distance and great height, can form no idea of their size. These blocks of ice, which from the valley appear, as they are displaced, not larger than fifteen or twenty feet square, are, to those who are in their immediate vicinity, from one hundred to two hundred feet. This kind of avalanche differs from the Staub-laminen, (dust avalanche,) as they are called by the natives of the Alps, which being formed by the loose fresh-fallen snow of winter, before it has been melted and made compact, is piled up by the whirlwinds which are common in the Alps; such avalanches increase as they descend, till they acquire an enormous size, covering acres, I may say miles, in their descent; overwhelming and laying prostrate whole forests of pines or villages which lie in their course. Another kind, the Grund-laminen, fall chiefly during the early months of spring and summer, as in May and June, when the rays of the sun being very powerful, the snow becomes more compact. They are composed of soggy snow and ice, and are also very destructive. They were avalanches of this kind, that in 1720, in Ober Gestelen, (Vallais,) and in 1749 in the Tavetsch, produced such devastation. The records of the valleys of the Alps abound with mournful exemplifications of the destructive power of these avalanches, and of many others of this class. The wind of the avalanche, whose violent effects have been described by writers, probably acts only by its vibratory power, and the concussion consequent upon the movement of the avalanche, thus filling up the momentary vacuum produced by its rapid motion through the air. This idea of the wind of avalanches is common among the inhabitants of the Alps. In support of their opinions of the wind of avalanches, they cite the fact of large and sturdy pines being cut smoothly off, without the bark or branches being chafed, but I saw nothing of this kind, which could not be accounted for by the rush of wind to fill the vacuum. It was in this way that the village of Ronda in the Visp-Thol, had many of its houses prostrated and scattered in fragments in 1720, and also one of the spires of the convent of Dissentis fell by the vibratory action of the air produced by an avalanche which fell about one fourth of a mile distant from it. This concussion of the air is familiar to all by the effects produced in the discharge of ordnance near our dwellings. It may be more perfectly exemplified, by taking a bottle and corking it tightly, and discharging, at a short distance, twenty or thirty feet, a musket or a rifle, so that the ball shall pass about one inch

over the cork; the velocity of the projected bullet produces a vacuum, and the cork leaps from its place of confinement, in consequence of the atmospheric pressure being thus suddenly removed, and by the expansion of the air within the bottle. The Grandes Mulets are two rocks which project from the Glacier des Bossons, whose summits are so pointed, and their sides so perpendicular, that the snow does not rest upon them. Here we halted for the night. They had loaded a cannon in the valley previous to our departure, and were to discharge it when they saw us (through their telescope) arrive at this point, (Grandes Mulets,) which they did, but neither myself nor the guides heard the report, although some of our guides said they saw the smoke. I had taken up with me six old pigeons, the strongest and shyest I could find in the pigeon-house of the hotel, and now determined to let two of them off from the rock; the time being marked on a small piece of parchment, and attached by a string to one leg. I had desired the landlord to note the time when the pigeons made their appearance at Chamonix. I then tossed one of them a few feet in the air, that he might see to take his direction, when to my surprise, he fluttered a little, and came down nearly as rapidly as I had thrown him up. When we then attempted to catch him, he endeavored to fly, but being unable to rise, he fluttered about, ran with his wings extended a few yards, and was easily taken. I presumed he might have been injured by the confinement in the basket, and so I made the same experiment with three others, the result being the same: proving that the rarity of the air was too great to admit of their supporting themselves. But the next day in descending, we let them off about half way down between the Grandes Mulets and the upper point of vegetation, and they took their courses directly for Chamonix, and were doubtless safely at home long before we reached the perpetual snow line.

After resting here twenty minutes, and previous to eating, the average pulsations and respirations of the whole party stood at one hundred and twenty-eight of the former and thirty of the latter per minute. Notwithstanding the increase in the frequency of the respiratory action was much greater than natural, and increases as you ascend to the higher points of the mountain, I found none of those urgent symptoms, mentioned by tourists, of difficult and laborious respiration, that is, during rest or repose; but even at this point, I found that the muscles became rapidly fatigued, and while in motion the respiration was accelerated, and consequently more or less difficult, but ceased to be oppressive after a few moments of rest, proving that the effect was due not to the rarity of the air, but the exercise in this rare atmosphere. The higher you ascend, the greater and greater is the inclination to rest and lassitude, and the power of muscular endurance is diminished almost to zero. The moment, however, you

place yourself in the horizontal position, by lying on the snow, the muscles being at rest, you feel merely lassitude, but no fatigue, which returns almost immediately, on the muscles being again called into action. The most troublesome and annoying circumstance was the intense thirst, produced in part by the cutaneous transpiration which was very abundant, in consequence of the fatigue produced by motion, and also by the peculiar condition of the atmosphere. As this thirst increases, the desire for food diminishes, until it becomes actually a loathing. This was experienced not only by myself, but to a great degree even by the guides, who at the Grandes Mulets devoured the fattest kind of roasted and boiled meats with the greatest *goût*, but at the Grand Plateau cared for nothing more than the wing of a chicken, refusing positively the hearty meats, but swallowed with infinite satisfaction the Bordeaux wine which I had carried for my own use. The only beverage that had an agreeable taste to me, and which alleviated my thirst, was the *lemonade gazeuse*. Taking a small quantity of snow in my hand, I would saturate it with this liquid, and then allow it to dissolve in my mouth.

My two friends and myself chose the highest point of the Grandes Mulets as our resting place for the night; but owing to its steepness, fearing lest we might during sound sleep subsequent to the fatigue of the day, roll, or slide down its side, we constructed, with the loose stones from the crevasses of the rock, a wall about ten feet long, and about two feet high in the centre, and descending to one foot at its extremities, of a semilunar form, against which we were to place our feet. The larger stones were now removed, to make the foundations of our beds as smooth as the circumstances of the place would permit; we selected each one his place, and spread upon it his sheepskin, while a knapsack served the purpose of a pillow. I had just wrapped my blanket around me, as the sun was sinking below the horizon, throwing its lurid glare upon the snow-capped summits, which now above, below, and on either side, rose in close proximity, presenting a scene in which were mingled the beautiful and sublime, and more than repaying any lover of nature for the fatigues endured in obtaining the sight. I now prepared for sleep, but the novelty of the position, the death-like stillness, and the events of the day crowding before my imagination, precluded sleep; while the vast expanse of the blue arch of heaven, which was my canopy, studded with its myriads of scintillating lights, invited contemplation rather than repose.

I was not allowed long to enjoy this scene of tranquillity and silence, for the day had been one of excessive heat, and its effects began to be manifested by the fall of avalanches. Situated as the Grandes Mulets are, about ten thousand feet above the level of the sea, below the Grand Plateau, at two thirds of, the height of Mont Blanc, within

two thousand five hundred feet of the summit of the Aiguille de Midi, and projecting from the middle of the glacier, they stand as opponents to very many of the avalanches that fall from either of these elevated points. I had not lain more than twenty minutes, when I was aroused by a tremendous crash, while the entire rock still vibrated from the concussion of the ponderous mass: as I sprang to my feet, and looked over the mountain side, by the light of the moon, which had just risen, making every object, though enlarged and softened, almost as distinct as noonday, this mass of snow and ice could be seen hurrying and rushing headlong in its course, till ground and broken by its own violence, it settled down still and tranquil, thousands of feet below, amid the ever moving glacier. They continued to fall for about one hour; at first the interval between was some ten minutes, then more frequently, till becoming less frequent, they ceased altogether, and universal stillness reigned once more, broken only now and then by what is termed the groanings of the Alps, which is the cracking of the ice among the glaciers.

The fall of the avalanches at this hour is caused by the effect of the sun (melting the ice), and at this high point it requires the whole force of the sun's rays during the entire day; the water thus produced runs down and forms pools about their base, which continues to melt there for some time after the sun has set, when one avalanche after another is dislodged, and beginning to fall, they continue till the water again congeals, which prevents any further descent until the following evening, when the same effect being again produced during the day by the same cause, their fall is again renewed. I once more prepared myself for sleep, but feeling no inclination that way, I amused myself in watching the constellations which, being immediately over me, were shining with peculiar brightness, and during the course of an hour or more that I was thus engaged, I observed slight flashes of light passing before my eyes, not unlike aurora borealis; and supposed it an optical illusion, probably caused by the glare from the sun and snow to which my eyes had been exposed during the day; but as they became more frequent, I satisfied myself that they were real. Rising and looking down in the direction of Chamonix, I discovered at once the cause, which was a thunder shower in the valley. The *sillons* [streaks] of electricity presented a beautiful sight, as they sported amid the dense clouds that overhung the village. There was none of that dazzling brightness presented by the lightning seen when below the cloud, but merely the red zigzag or forked lines, owing doubtless to the cloud being between us and the electric fluid. Although the lightning could be distinctly seen, we could not detect the slightest sound of thunder; whether this was caused by any peculiar condition of the atmosphere at the time, or by the rareness of the air, or

our distance, or whether it is a constant phenomenon here, I am unable to say. There was, however, much thunder in the valley, and some very heavy explosions too, I was informed by the landlord, on my return the next day.

We left the Grandes Mulets between 2 and 3 o'clock A. M., and arrived at the Grand Plateau between 8 and 9 o'clock. The view from this elevated point is almost boundless, and the whole extent of country for miles on every side (except that portion where the prospect is interrupted by the summit of Mont Blanc) extended itself far and wide, presenting its plains, mountains, and lakes, as distinctly as if spread out upon a map before the eye. The Plateau is an almost level plain, with a small area, I should judge, of ten acres. The Roches Rouges are between this point and the summit. The clouds began very soon to rise from different points, and often obstructed view after view, so that to continue the ascent to the very summit, we deemed would be useless, as far as the prospect was concerned. This was now nearly or completely limited by the moving masses of cloud and vapor, as they rose from the valleys or hung pendulous on the mountain side: for a moment they were stationary, and then rising in undulating broken lines, they assumed a deeper and denser form, as expanding and spreading themselves through and beyond the various mountain passes, they extended as far as the eye could discern. * *

We now hastened our descent, which was quickly and easily achieved in comparison with the toil of the ascent; as, in a few minutes, we slid down the snowy plains, which had taken hours of indefatigable effort to surmount.

THE RAILROAD BRIDGE OF VENICE.—A Correspondent in *The Builder* gives the following account of the state of this undertaking:—"This bridge is commenced in many places, and up to the present time (I was there last month—May), there are no less than 147 arches finished, or nearly so, and yet there is much more to be built before this magnificent work will be completed. The masonry of the arches is all stone, and the piers placed at certain distances, are of brick faced with stone; the top of the arch to the surface of the water is, I should say, about 12 feet, perhaps not so much, as I had not the means of measuring it. No one besides those persons who have seen it can imagine the difficulties and labor required for this gigantic work; every morsel of earth, stone, brick, lime, iron, wood for framework and for the coffer-dams, together with the fresh water for making the cement, is brought in boats from the mainland, a considerable distance, and yet this has all been surmounted by the indefatigable zeal, talent, and industry of a German engineer, Milano by name, by whom the extraordinary undertaking is superintended, planned, and executed. The engines and one-half of the iron rails are of English manufacture.—C. T. A."—*Athenæum*.

THE ROBERTSES ON THEIR TRAVELS.

BY MRS. TROLLOPE.

From the New Monthly Magazine.

"AND here we are then! actually in Paris! and in a very tolerably decent-looking hotel too," exclaimed Mrs. Roberts, looking round with great complacency upon the mirrors, alabaster, and ormolu, which adorned the room. "And I must say that from first to last I do think I have managed better than most people could have done. Here we are all just as gay and as fresh as the morning we set out, without a single packet stolen or lost, and without one disagreeable accident, excepting, indeed, the absurd whim of that fool, Stephen, taking it into his head that he must go home again because he could not get porter. That's the only disagreeable thing that has happened to us, isn't it?"

"And I don't call that disagreeable at all, my dear," replied her husband. "Depend upon it we shall do very well without him. And you have brought us to a very beautiful room, that is certain, Mrs. Roberts. And now, my dear, what are we to do next?"

"The first thing that I shall do will be to change my dress, and take a walk in these lovely Tuileries gardens," said the young Mr. Roberts.

"Yes, my dearest Edward! Those *are* the far-famed gardens of the Tuileries; I give you great credit for recognizing them so immediately. You are your mother's own son, Edward," said Mrs. Roberts, giving him a maternal tap upon the cheek.

"Why should not we go too, mamma?" demanded her eldest daughter. "The day is so very lovely that it would be a shame to lose it."

"I delight in your eagerness, my dear love, to enjoy the charming scenes to which I have brought you; for even the day is as much French as the Tuileries themselves. I knew very well what I was about, didn't I? But as to our all setting off to show ourselves in the gardens of the Tuileries before we have bought a single thing, or even unpacked what we have brought with us, I can't say that I think it a good plan at all. If we had Stephen with us, indeed, to walk behind you, it would not signify so much; but if I were Edward, I positively would not take you out in your travelling bonnets; they were very pretty when you set out, but they are a good deal the worse for the wear, I can tell you."

"Then what *are* we to do first, my dear?" demanded Mr. Roberts, a little fretfully. "This is a very gay looking room to be sure, and it has got a very pretty look-out; but that's no reason why we should sit up here all day with our hands before us."

"If you begin to grumble, Mr. Roberts, I give the thing up altogether. It is too bad, exerting myself as I do for you all, that I should be reproached so very bitterly because the things can't be unpacked the very moment we arrive! I must see the master or mistress of the house. Perhaps it will be better to see both of them, and when I have asked them all particulars respecting the rent of their rooms by the month, or perhaps by the year, I shall be able to decide whether it will be better to remain here, or immediately seek for private lodgings. Ring the bell, Mr. Roberts, if you please. Every thing is so excessively cheap in France, that I dare say we shall find that we can very well afford to live at this comfortable hotel, if we like it."

"Do make haste about it, then, mamma!" exclaimed Miss Agatha, with a good deal of vivacity, "it is really too dull sitting here and doing nothing."

"You are such a dear lively creature, Agatha, that I always excuse your being a little impatient. Ring the bell, Mr. Roberts, can't you?"

"I *have* rang it, my dear," replied her admirable partner, merely raising his brows a little as she raised her voice.

"Then ring again, sir, if you please."

He did so, and after the interval of, what appeared to the impatient party, many minutes, a waiter answered the summons. "Vous êtes une servante, je crois?" said Mrs. Roberts, interrogatively—"seulement une servante?"

It is very rarely indeed that a French man or a French woman either is seen to laugh at the blunders made by foreigners when attempting to speak their language; however much their pretty idiom, of which they are justly proud, may be spoken "*à la vache espagnole*," they contrive with admirable politeness, and most extraordinary command of muscle, to give no indication whatever of the amusement occasioned thereby. But the unfortunate waiter now addressed by Mrs. Roberts was not proof against this attack upon his dignity of sex, and in spite of all his efforts, he showed his teeth from ear to ear as he answered, "Pardon, madame, je suis un garçon."

"What does the idiot mean?" exclaimed Mrs. Roberts, with great indignation. "A boy indeed! Great fool! J'ai besoin de votre maitre, et de votre maitresse. Ditez à eux de monter l'escalier à me parler."

"Oui, madame," said the man, hurrying out of the room with less command of feature than is usually found in persons of his class and country, and which, if displayed before his employers, would have very properly ensured his instant dismissal as proving him utterly unfit for the situation of waiter at an hotel deriving its principal emoluments from the reception of English travellers. The mission with which he was charged was so far successful that it brought the mistress of the mansion to the presence of Mrs. Roberts. We will not follow the dialogue which ensued through all its verbal *niceties*; it is sufficient to say, that by the help of Miss Agatha it at length became evident to her mamma that their present gay abode must be exchanged for one considerably less costly, and that the sooner the movement was made the better chance there would be of her finding herself able to keep her often pledged promise, of living in an elegant style without running the slightest risk of exceeding their income. She dismissed the elegant landlady, therefore, with a very magnificent sort of nod, and the words "Je veux penseray, madame, a tout cela."

Mrs. Roberts would not have confessed the fact for much, but the truth is, that for a few moments she felt considerably at a loss as to what she *ought* to do next. To have asked the opinion of her husband would have been a sort of domestic innovation exceedingly unpalatable, and perhaps dangerous; but, after a little reflection, she very cleverly hit upon a tone of general consultation which, without the slightest degradation, gave her the amiable appearance of wishing to please every body.—"Now then," she said, with a gay and good-humored smile, "now then let us put it to the vote. What are we to do next in order to settle ourselves permanently in the most agreeable manner. I am quite ready to hear every body's opinion; only observing, before any of you begin to speak, that I will *not* consent to stay here beyond one night. I believe I am pretty quick in finding out people's characters, and I will venture to say that the woman who has just left the room is one of the most audacious and unprincipled cheats that ever trod the earth. I kept my temper with her, as you

all saw, never once telling her that I would see her and her house, and all the finery in it, buried in the bottomless pit, rather than stay in it. I certainly *was* very angry, because I so well know that the terms she asked were not only very high and very unreasonable, but totally out of the common way; and that it was only because she saw something about us which made her conclude we were people of consequence, that she did so. Now then, give me all your opinions; what must we do next?"

No one seemed in haste to answer the question so condescendingly put, but after the pause of a minute or two both the young ladies spoke at the same moment, the eldest saying, "I am sure I don't know," and the youngest "I am sure I can't tell." The father of the family took still longer to reflect before he spoke, but then there was something like a valuable hint in what he said. "I wonder, my dear, if there are any such things as advertisements in Paris?" were the words he slowly and rather timidly uttered, by no means certain that he should not be chided for an absurdity.

"Certainly, my dear, there are advertisements, you may be very sure of that, but the worst of it is, you see, that we do not exactly know where to look for them. But where there is a will there is always a way," and Mrs. Roberts again rang the bell. It was now an older man who answered it, and one who probably thought himself proof against any French the lady could speak, but although his gravity was in no degree endangered, even this experienced personage felt puzzled when she said, "Avez vous aucun papier de nouvelles dans la maison?"

"Journal, mamma," whispered Agatha.

"Nonsense, child! how can you fancy such a fellow as this keeps a journal? Or, if he did, what should I want with it?" said her mother sharply. But luckily for the business in hand, the quick Frenchman had caught the word, and before Mrs. Roberts ceased speaking he had left the room. His return was almost as rapid as his exit, and greatly to the satisfaction of the party he brought several newspapers in his hand. Though unconscious of the value of the universal compendium which she seized upon, Mrs. Roberts instantly took possession of *Galignani*, the English title at once attracting her eye, civilly pushing across the table to her husband half-a-dozen French papers, unmindful of, or indifferent to, the fact that he could not read them. There was equal cleverness in the rapidity with

which, at a glance, Mrs. Roberts perceived the invaluable nature of the publication she held in her hand, and in the manner with which she concealed her joy at the discovery under the semblance of indifference.

"After all, my dear, I think the best thing we can do will be to set off just in our travelling dresses as we are, and look at some lodgings," and as she spoke she rolled up the precious paper and put it into her bag.

"Just let me have a look at that newspaper first, my dear," said Mr. Roberts; "an English paper will be quite a treat."

"You can't stay to read papers now, Mr. Roberts. I tell you we shall be ruined if we stay in this horribly cheating house, and if you will just trust to me, I'll answer for it I will find out some lodgings that will do for us before night."

Mr. Roberts must have been a much less wise man than he really was had he attempted any remonstrance. He knew his place better, and immediately answered, "I am quite ready, my dear."

"Come then, girls! I suppose you will like to come too? Let us go and put our bonnets on." While thus employed in the sanctuary of her own apartment it occurred to Mrs. Roberts that it would be impossible for her without a guide to find out the different streets referred to in the advertisements, and taking the *Galvani* from her bag she took her eldest daughter so far into her confidence as to point out the advertisements, and to say—"how in the world are we to find out all these streets, Agatha?"

"If I were you, mamma, I would take a hackney-coach," replied the young lady.

"Certainly, I will take a hackney-coach," replied her mother, "if," she added with a little embarrassment, "if there are any."

"Oh! there are lots, mamma!" exclaimed both her daughters at once. "That was one that brought us from the diligence. Did you not see the number?" said Maria.

Thus reminded, Mrs. Roberts, who at that time did certainly feel a little overpowered by all she had undertaken, recovered her composure, and wisely resigning the paper to Agatha, for the purpose of studying the names of the streets, she ordered a coach to be called, which was done as readily by the well initiated waiter as if she had asked for a *fiacre* instead of a "*voiture avec un numéro*."

Miss Agatha pronounced the names of the various streets and the numbers of various houses very distinctly, and the coachman obeyed the orders given with such ce-

lerity, that in the course of about two hours they had seen no less than eight sets of apartments, among which one was selected as being in all respects likely to suit them. The bargain for *one month certain* was speedily made, and the party drove back to their hotel in high spirits, and with the comfortable persuasion that all their difficulties were over.

"Pay the coachman, my dear," said Mrs. Roberts, addressing her husband.

"Ask him how much, Agatha," said that obedient functionary, addressing in his turn his accomplished eldest daughter; and "qu'est qu'il y a à payer?" demanded the young lady of the coacher.

The man put himself in the attitude of one who has a calculation to make, tucking his whip under his left arm, and extending the fingers of his left hand, while with the fore-finger of the right he began to mutter the name of a street over each extended finger. But these, though he included the thumb, were not sufficient for his purpose, and he therefore shifted his whip and recommenced the same process, only reversing the order of his hands; and having thus reached the fourth finger of his right hand, he made a French bow, and said with a French smile, "Treize francs et demi, mademoiselle, et puis, le petit pour boire."

Agatha translated the man's words very faithfully for the benefit of her papa, adding, however, that she thought it extravagantly dear.

"Dear!" repeated her comely parent, his florid complexion deepening to crimson—"dear! it is the most audacious imposition that ever was attempted. Mrs. Roberts, my dear, step back for a minute," he added, raising his voice so as to overtake his retreating lady. "For goodness' sake just tell me what I am to do? This fellow here asks thirteen francs and a half, and something over for drink, though we have not been gone from this door above two hours by my watch at the very utmost."

"Asks, Mr. Roberts! How can you be so silly? What does it signify what he asks? Of course we know that the French are the greatest rogues upon earth. You will just pay him the proper fare, if you please, and not a farthing more. Something for drink indeed! Who ever heard an English hackney-coachman ask for such a thing? Yet these fellows are called sober, and ours the contrary! Pay him his fare, Mr. Roberts, I tell you, and no more."

"But how am I to know, my dear, what his fare is?" demanded her husband.

"Good gracious! Can't you ask the people of the house?"

By the help of Agatha this was done; and the waiter she applied to, after exchanging a few words with the coachman, assured her that he was asking no more than his due. The anger and indignation of Mrs. Roberts were far too great to permit her making any inquiries respecting the nature of the charge, beyond the fact of its amount, and as she had twice in her life resisted with success an exorbitant charge from a London hackney-coachman, she instantly determined to try her skill in the same manner in Paris. Neither the coachman nor the waiter, whose judgment in the cause she had so vehemently rejected, appeared at all averse to her having recourse to legal authority to settle the matter, but on the contrary, as soon as they became aware that such was her wish, they afforded all the information necessary for immediately making the application she desired. The process by which the question was decided was a very summary one, consisting of a question on her part, or rather on that of her daughter, and an answer on that of the magistrate to whom she had applied. Nothing could be more explicit than this answer, which assured her that the charge made was perfectly correct,—as, according to her own admission, conveyed by the lips of her fair daughter, she had been driven to eight different houses, where she had stopped, and finally to the hotel from whence she had set out. Nothing could exceed the explicitness of this sentence, unless it were the politeness with which it was pronounced. The magistrate obligingly took the trouble of making the calculation of nine times thirty sous for her satisfaction, and then told her that the *petit pour boire* was a matter of custom, but not of right, and that she might, if she chose it, refuse to give it. He then very good-naturedly proceeded to point out to the ladies the blunder they had made in not taking the coach "*à l'heure*," as, without this precaution, every stoppage may be legally reckoned a separate fare. All this, though with studious civility addressed to both ladies, was understood only by the younger one, Mrs. Roberts listening with ears which helped her but little, but with eyes that flashed unmitigated indignation on the speaker; and when he ceased, or rather before, she burst forth with the expression

of feelings she could no longer control, exclaiming, "Vous êtes, une, et tout, de voleurs, et rascals, monsieur, et soyez sûre que je disais tout cela à tout la monde."

Miss Agatha, notwithstanding that she fully shared the family reverence for her mother's powers as a woman of business, was a good deal shocked at this attack upon a gentleman who had comported himself with so much politeness, and she ventured to pronounce a gentle remonstrance in her mother's ear, concluding with an earnest request that, as the business was ended, she would withdraw.

"Don't be impertinent, Agatha," replied the indignant Mrs. Roberts, shaking her off. "I know quite as well as you do what this audacious fellow means by his bows and his smiles, and he shall know that I do too, before I stir a step."

Then turning fiercely towards the magistrate, she said in a voice that brought every eye upon her, and there were many in the office,

"Monsieur, nous suis pas si ignorant pour non savoir le raison pour votre manière à ma fille. Vous voulez faire de l'amour à elle, monsieur. Je sais comment comprendre tout cela parfaitement. Mais si vous venez près de notre maison pour aucun excuse dans la monde, je prendre soin de dire tout ce histoire à l'ambassadeur de l'Angleterre." Having pronounced these words in a voice very peculiarly loud and distinct, she took her daughter's arm under her own, and stalked out of the room.

I must not attempt to follow my dear countrywoman and her family step by step, although, if I did so, I should find that there was scarcely a single transaction in which they were engaged, during the first few weeks of their residence in Paris, which would not recall some trait by which the generally received theory respecting English manners on the continent might be accounted for. But we must content ourselves by a specimen, taken here and there at intervals, which may suffice to enable an acute reader to guess at the rest.

The apartment hired by Mrs. Roberts was really very handsome, and though not quite so cheap as she had anticipated, she speedily discovered, not only that it was cheaper than a London house, but that three servants in Paris did quite as well as four in London, nay, as well as four and a

half, or in other words, as four and a page, which was the extent of their London establishment. The use of a carriage, too, if skilfully managed, so as to make half days do instead of whole ones, appeared now to be within reach of their income, which it had never been before, even when that income was considerably larger than at present; so that, on the whole, the Roberts family were exceedingly well contented with the change they had made. Mrs. Roberts, in particular, who had certainly not obtained her high renown as an excellent manager without deserving at least a part of it, very soon became aware of one very important feature in the organization of English society abroad.

"It is easy enough," said she to her admiring husband—"it is easy enough, my dear, to see why and how it is that people contrive to get so much more into company abroad than at home. The moment, you know, that one made a good new acquaintance in London, one I mean that was worth cultivating and keeping up, one had to send them an invitation to dinner; and here, you have but to open your eyes a little in order to perceive that no such expense is necessary. This makes an immense difference, Mr. Roberts."

"Immense, indeed, my dear!" replied Mr. Roberts, very cordially. "Do you remember the fishmonger's bills, Sarah? mercy on me! How I hated the sight of them!"

"And then the poulterer, and the greengrocer, and all those horrid bills at the confectioner's, because we could not afford to keep a cook good enough to make the soups and things at home; even the very cream bills were horrid to think of—and, ah! that hateful grocer!"

"But you forget the worst of all, Mrs. Roberts—just think of the wine bill!—getting worse and worse, too, every year! For when we first married, no one in our station ever thought it necessary to have French wines; and now I should like to hear what any body, just in our own style of life, you know, would say to a dinner where there was not champagne and claret too. That was the real ruination, my dear, after all."

"Yes, to be sure; but it was all ruin, that is the real truth; and I saw plainly enough, before I ever thought of coming abroad, that as nothing but dinner parties ever will bring decent men to one's house—at least, in England, I mean—it

was out of the question that our poor dear girls, with all their beauty and accomplishments, would ever have a fair chance there."

"Quite true, my dear, quite true. I certainly do enjoy the seeing you make one gay acquaintance after another, without ever hearing the old tune you know, Sarah—'Mr. Roberts, we must have a dinner-party.' It certainly is a good relief, I won't deny it."

"And I am not going to deny it either, I promise you," returned the lady; "and, moreover, I think we are getting on admirably. Lady Morton and Lady Foreton both told me last night at the embassy, that they hoped to have the pleasure of making our acquaintance. Did not my scheme about the letter answer beautifully, Mr. Roberts?"

"What? the letter that our good apothecary got for you to the embassy? Yes, faith did it, my dear. We have been here but six weeks, and we have got to two magnificent parties there already; and then again, the not being obliged to ask the givers in return makes a monstrous difference in my judgment in the pleasure of being invited."

"No doubt about it, Mr. Roberts. It is not, I am sure, that there is any want of hospitality in either of us; and as for the dear girls, and Edward too, they never used to enjoy any parties so much as those given at home, so that we have no cause, any of us, to reproach ourselves on that score. But the truth is, that where there are young people to be set off to the best advantage, the dress, and the carriage, and the hair-dressers, and all the rest of it, do run away with an immense deal of money."

"Pray, mamma, did Lady Morton and Lady Foreton really say they hoped to make our acquaintance?" demanded Maria, as soon as her father was out of the way. "Because, if they did, I think it is exceedingly wrong to let to-day pass over without leaving cards."

"They certainly did say it, Maria, and I know why too. I have found out that they are both widows, that they are cousins, and that they live together. Moreover, I know into the bargain that Lady Foreton, who they say has been beautiful, has been a good deal talked of, and that Lady Morton did not live with her husband during the last year or two of his life; and now they have taken very beautiful

apartments together in the Rue de Rivoli, and are going to give balls. No wonder, therefore, that girls dressed as you were last night, if they were as ugly as sin, would be a great catch to any body going to give balls—not to mention the particularly striking appearance of your brother. Of course I understand the thing perfectly."

"And you will leave cards to-day, mamma, won't you?" inquired the two young ladies in a breath.

"Why, yes, I suppose we had better not delay it, if we mean to get to the first ball. But here comes Edward; he is ten times more a man of the world than your father, young as he is. I want your opinion, Edward, about visiting Lady Morton and Lady Foreton. I suppose you have heard all the gossip about them? What do you think? Is there any objection?"

"Objection? Why, no, ma'am. What objection can there possibly be to visiting two ladies of rank, who have taken a magnificent apartment in the most fashionable *quartier* of Paris, and who have given out that they intend to receive?"

The son and heir of the Roberts family had always been a person of consequence in the domestic circle, but his importance was now increasing daily, and might very literally be said to grow with his growth, and strengthen with his strength. The budding hair beginning to be visible upon his upper lip, and which it had been one of his best delights to shave during the last year of his university studies, had been suffered to grow since the second day of his residence in Paris; and being of a dark color was rapidly assuming the impressive aspect of a moustache. His mother, and perhaps his sisters too, watched the growth of this manly appendage with satisfaction almost equal to his own; and, in fact, it really was very important to them all. The youth, as I have said, was well-looking; his sisters had, before they left London, inured his brain to the exercise of waltzing, by pretty incessant morning practice, during the last vacation, in the Baker-street drawing-room, and the skill thus acquired had now been well-nigh brought to perfection by assiduous daily practice in the private rooms of the most accomplished professor in Europe. His style of dress too was really as good as the inexperienced imitation of so young a scholar could reasonably be expected to make it; and take him for all in all, he was precisely the sort of youth with whom young ladies under

twenty long to dance, and with whom young ladies verging towards thirty are thankful to dance, if they can get nothing better. The sisters of a young man of this class are soon taught to know the value of such a brother. They have no need to fear, in going into a ball-room where there are strangers, that they shall be greeted with cold examining glances, or find any difficulty in obtaining an eligible *vis-à-vis* among the young beauties they find there. They have only to persuade him to let them "arm him with the freedom of a" sister during a few turns up and down the room, and their invitation to the set is secured, beyond the danger of a single dissenting voice. Agatha and Maria Roberts were by no means dull girls; they saw and felt all this by a sort of natural instinct, even before experience had taught them the full value of its effect, and it is no wonder therefore that his judgment respecting the propriety of immediately calling upon Lady Morton and Lady Foreton was received by them as conclusive.

"Now then, mamma, I suppose you will have no further scruples?" said Maria.

The Robertses were a very happy family in one respect. There was great uniformity of opinion amongst them, arising from that sympathy of tastes and feelings which is the best security for domestic harmony on all questions of conduct. Mrs. Roberts nodded her assent, saying with a smile, as she looked at the pretty figure of her son, while he supported his elbow on the low chimney-piece,

"Young men are sure to be the best judges on such questions as these. We will leave the cards when we go out after luncheon for our walk in the Tuileries."

Among many new acquaintance made and making at Paris, Mrs. Roberts had found one old one. This was a certain Mrs. Bretlow, who might indeed be called an old acquaintance, inasmuch as the intimacy now renewed between the ladies had existed before either of them had been married. As to all the various twistings and turnings in Mrs. Bretlow's destiny, which had ended in her becoming a childless widow, resident in Paris, they matter not. When Mrs. Roberts discovered her old friend, by happening to sit next her at the English church, and catching sight of her name in her prayer-book, she found her in

apparently easy circumstances, living in a neat apartment *au troisième* in the Faubourg du Roule, and enjoying the *entrée* to many French houses of considerable fashion, if not of the highest "*quartier St. Germain*" rank. Both the ladies were delighted by the unexpected meeting, which afforded Mrs. Bretlow the satisfaction of hearing a great deal about old acquaintance whom she had lost sight of for many years, and which eventually gave to Mrs. Roberts and her family an opportunity of seeing much more of French society than they could ever have done without it. Complaints are often made by English travellers, and not without reason, of the difficulty of getting into French society in Paris; and assuredly it is no great wonder that it should be difficult, as were it otherwise, that is to say, were the French to open their doors freely to the English, they would speedily be so surrounded by foreigners as to leave little room in their saloons for any thing else. And this is quite enough to account for the difficulty, without having recourse to any other cause. Certain it is that when, by the advantage of a sufficient introduction, French doors are opened to us, nothing can exceed the amenity and good breeding with which we are received. The Roberts family (with the exception of Mr. Roberts himself) were in ecstasies, when an introduction, managed very skilfully by Mrs. Bretlow, obtained an invitation to an evening party at one of the gayest houses of the *Chaussée d'Antin* aristocracy.

Madame de Soissonac was an exceedingly pretty and elegant-looking young woman, whose husband, a rich manufacturer of Lyons, appeared never so well pleased as when the magnificent set of rooms which he had furnished on his marriage were crowded with guests. But, notwithstanding this expensive hospitality, he did little or nothing himself towards bringing together the gay crowds which he delighted to see parading through the rooms his lavish expenditure had decorated. All that part of the business was left to his wife, and it was impossible that he could have been blessed by the possession of a helpmate more admirably calculated to fulfil all his wishes in this respect than was Madame de Soissonac. Of course it was *morally* impossible that any pretty young woman occupying so enviable a situation could escape the tax always levied upon those who are conspicuous in any way; that is to

say, that Madame de Soissonac was a good deal talked of. This phrase, if used in England respecting a young and pretty married woman, means, I believe, invariably, that she has been incorrect in her conduct as a wife;—but in France it means no such thing; one remarkable difference between the two countries being, that the theme which is first brought under discussion with us, when scandal is the business of the hour, is the last alluded to: whereas it is never alluded to at all by our neighbors. No, nobody talked about Madame de Soissonac's lovers, but a great many people talked about her extravagance, her horses, her carriages, her dresses, and above all, of the absurd, and every-way detestable vanity of which she and her husband had been guilty in prefixing *de* before their name. But not for this were the *salons* of Madame de Soissonac the less brilliantly filled; and well might our English friends rejoice at the thrice happy chance which had opened these *salons* to them. Pretty looking, always well-dressed, and with very little, or at any rate, very short-lived insular shyness to obscure their good gifts, the Miss Robertses, as well as their portly mamma, soon became constant guests at this gay mansion; nor was their daily improving brother less fortunate; and so effectually did the charming hostess exert herself to bring the young strangers advantageously forward, that their partners at her weekly balls were always among the most distinguished persons present. Of this honor and happiness they might none of them perhaps have been fully aware without the assistance of their good friend and original patroness, Mrs. Bretlow, who naturally took some credit to herself for having so speedily and effectually launched the party into Parisian society. But what was her triumph compared to that of Mrs. Roberts? Who but herself, as she regularly asked her family collectively and individually every morning—who but herself could have contrived to make so much of reading a name (which she had never heard mentioned for the last twenty years) in a prayer-book?

But why, oh, why is it the fate of humanity that no blessing ever visits it without being followed by a concomitant evil? Before the introduction of the Roberts family to Madame de Soissonac, they had been delighted, flattered, gratified in the highest degree, by having been invited to the English embassy two Friday evenings out of

the six that they had been in Paris. But now they began not only to think, but to say aloud to all who would listen to them, that "the manner in which the English were neglected at the embassy, was perfectly disgraceful!"

"May it not be," said a French lady who was upon one occasion the recipient of this complaint, "may it not be that the number of English in Paris is so great as to render it impossible for Lady G—— to receive them all every time her rooms are open?"

"All?" replied Miss Agatha, with great indignation. "All the English? Nobody of course expects that Lady G—— should invite *all* the English. But people like ourselves, who move in the very first circles of Paris society, may certainly expect to be among those who *are* invited."

"Always?" said the French lady, with a gentle smile.

"Yes, madame, certainly, always; why not? Why, *s'il vous plait*, should our names ever be omitted when the weekly list is made out? It is impossible but that we should consider it as little short of positive impertinence. We none of us, I assure you, scruple to say so—not to mention the extraordinary want of hospitality shown by their never having once asked us to dinner. I really should like to ask them what they think they are sent here for? Coming, too, with such introductions as we did, it is perfectly unpardonable!"

Perhaps it is not very extraordinary that the lady to whom this was said, was heard to observe afterwards, that although she had always fancied a distinguished diplomatic appointment furnished the most agreeable as well as the most dignified situation that could be offered, she certainly did not covet that of ambassador from St. James's to the Tuileries, although there were many reasons which might make it rank as the most desirable in the world.

"Mais il faut avouer," she added, "que les Anglais sont bien drôle."

Nor were these heart-burnings respecting the ingratitude of the ambassador and ambassadress of England towards their distinguished countrymen the only evils that followed upon the pleasures enjoyed in the splendid salons of Madame de Soissonac. It must not be supposed that Mr. Edward Roberts was a degenerate son of his high-spirited mother; on the contrary, he inherited a good deal both of her noble self-confidence and high-minded ambition. The gay weeks that

had passed since the arrival of his family in Paris, had not been an idle interval for him. Never had he omitted an opportunity of pushing into intimacy every casual introduction which seemed in any way to promise a profitable result; and Mrs. Roberts had very soon the extreme gratification of knowing that her son might every day be seen walking arm-in-arm on the Boulevard Italien with sundry dissipated young countrymen, who, whatever might have been their "*standing*" in St. James's-street, considered themselves, or at least insisted upon it that all Paris ought to consider them, as specimens of the highest class of English. From these new friends and associates, Mr. Edward Roberts learned much. It is always a source of great satisfaction to young men of this description when they meet with a young countryman fresh from college, to whom they may display, with all the superiority of experience, the as yet unopened volume of Paris dissipation; and many a youth who has patroled the streets of Paris for a month, will assume the office of cicerone to a new comer, with the air of a man who has passed his life among the scenes he describes. Among all the themes discussed between Edward Roberts and his young countrymen, there was none to which he listened with so much interest as to the accounts they gave of their success in all affairs of gallantry. Their histories were all of the *veni, vidi, vici* kind; and certainly if their statements were correct, the fathers, husbands, and brothers of France would do well to close their doors forever against the too fascinating attractions of our English youth.

"Upon my soul you seem to have had capital fun here," returned the juvenile Roberts to the series of interesting anecdotes to which he had been listening; "and the best part of the joke is, that the ladies being all married, there is no danger of being desired to 'declare your intentions,' which must, I think, without any exception, be the horridest bore in the world."

"Bore?" reiterated the youngest of seven sons, who had the honor of having a baronet for their father. "I believe it is a bore, and so you might say if you were in the army, and stuck down in Irish country quarters as my brother Tom was last year. But in this blessed city you may make love just as much as you like without any sort of mischief following. Of course you know it must be to married women. Nobody

here, indeed, ever dare take any notice of girls (unless they are English)."

"Well! any thing is better than being called to account by a musty-fusty old father, merely because one has paid a girl the compliment of admiring her," replied the hourly-improving Edward Roberts. "But I suspect," he added, "that it must be necessary to know a little what you are about before you make downright positive love to a married woman. She would be likely to kick up a row, wouldn't she, if she did not happen to like you?"

"Kick up a row, my dear fellow?" returned one of his accomplished companions. "Much you seem to know about the matter. I give you my sacred honor, Roberts, that I have never known a married Frenchwoman yet, under five-and-thirty, who did not as decidedly expect me to make love to her, as one of our English girls expects to be asked to dance at a ball when a man has desired to be introduced to her. Nay, moreover, I tell you that if you do *not* make love to them you will speedily be sent to Coventry, as a stupid English *bête* not worth the civility of a bow."

A few such conversations as the above, carried far enough in some instances to merit the name of confidential communications, went far towards removing some of the old-fashioned English prejudices which young Mr. Roberts had brought out with him; and he was the more easily induced to attempt putting these continental theories in practice from the strong innate consciousness of superior attractions, which the openly expressed admiration of his mother and sisters had generated. In short, Mr. Edward Roberts determined not to waste his time any longer as he had done; but to select, without further delay, such an object for his vows, as might render his residence in Paris as enchanting to him, as he was assured it had been to his more experienced friends. He would have found no difficulty whatever in making this choice (for he really thought Madame de Soissonac one of the most captivating women he had ever seen) had it not been for some trifling doubts, which, despite all the eloquence he had listened to, still hung about him, as to the certainty of his success. It was not that he questioned the truth of his friend's statements in general, and still less did he doubt his own chance of success in particular; but he thought he should like, before he committed himself by an open declaration of his passion, to learn, if possible,

something more concerning the object of it, than he had as yet found any opportunity of acquiring. With this view he made a morning visit to his mother's old acquaintance, Mrs. Bretlow, at the hour when she was known to be at home to her friends, hoping that by making Madame de Soissonac the subject of conversation to the sort of circle he was likely to find there, he might hear something which might throw such a degree of light upon her character as might enable him to decide for or against her claims to becoming the idol of his affections. But essentially French as young Mr. Roberts flattered himself he was becoming, his calculations upon this occasion were very completely English. It might have been very possible, even for so young a practitioner as Mr. Edward Roberts, to have set the morning gossips of a London drawing-room sufficiently upon some absent fair one, as to have produced such hints as he wished to hear if any such could by possibility have been uttered. But they manage those things *very differently* in France. All persons who really know any thing of French society, must be aware that *such* gossip as that for which our young man was hoping, is precisely the very last which he, or any one else, would be likely to hear. What may be the cause or motive for this, I will not pretend to say, nor could the discussion of the question be of any possible use to us, whereas it is just possible that the relating Mr. Edward's notions upon the subject *may*, and to him therefore let us return. He found at Mrs. Bretlow's much such a party as he expected, and no greater difficulty than he anticipated in making Madame de Soissonac the subject of conversation. Every one seemed to agree that her salon was one of the most agreeable in Paris, and she herself very charming, although one thought she was *un petit peu* too thin; and another that she was *un petit peu* too pale, &c., &c.; but every one acknowledged that she was perfectly elegant, and that her toilet was irreproachable. Now all this Mr. Edward Roberts knew perfectly well before, and he therefore determined to take courage, and at once to hazard a question, the answer to which would go far towards deciding his future conduct. Our young man, it must be observed, had already made no inconsiderable progress in the French language, and with a little occasional assistance from his friend Mrs. Bretlow, he contrived to take his share in the conversation,

and at length screwing his courage to the important point he had in view, he managed to ask very intelligibly, whether the fair lady they were speaking of had not been a good deal talked of in Paris?

"Mais, oui, oui!" exclaimed two or three voices at once; and one lady in a tone of considerable authority, added, "That unless it were, perhaps, in the very highest circles, she had never known any one more talked of than Madame de Soissonac."

"Assurement!—mais assurance!" was replied by two or three of the circle, and so distinctly that Edward Roberts felt quite sure, without asking Mrs. Bretlow any questions on the subject, of his having comprehended perfectly what they said.

Had a young Frenchman made up his mind as decidedly as our young Englishman now did, to make a declaration of love to Madame de Soissonac, it is rather more than probable that he would have sought the earliest opportunity of finding that charming person alone. But had any such course of proceeding been proposed to our young tyro, he would certainly have replied that he knew better than that. In truth, though by no means particularly diffident, the young Englishman thought it would be necessary to pave the way to this decisive interview by a series of those delicate initiatory attentions (with which young gentlemen on this side the channel are apt to make evident to all, what those on the other prefer communicating to one alone.

Accordingly young Mr. Roberts determined to commence his attack upon the heart of the charming Madame de Soissonac precisely in the same style that he would have adopted at home, had he, with the full consent of the parents on both sides, commenced paying his addresses to the lady he intended for his wife. The unsophisticated young man conceived, in the simplicity of his heart, that what were received as delicate attentions on one side of the water, must of necessity be received as delicate attentions on the other, and little did he guess that the only indication by which a spectator having some *connaissance des choses*, could ever be led to suspect that M. *un tel* was on particularly good terms with Madame *une telle*, would be the total avoidance on the part of the gentleman of every attention whatever. No sooner, therefore, had our young Englishman made up his mind on the subject, and decided positively that Madame de Soissonac, and no other, should for the time being be elevated to the

enviable station of his *chère amie*, than he dressed himself "by the card," not the "shipman's," but the shopman's, and brushing his hair and tying his cravat with a tender anxiety that proved he was very much in earnest, he set forth "alone in his glory," to call upon her. Her carriage was at the door, but nevertheless he was admitted, and found the fair object of his intended vows in the act of reading aloud to half-a-dozen visitors a *jeu d'esprit* that had just been added to the collection in her album. She gently bent her head in salutation as the young man entered, but made no pause in her lecture. Had he been French instead of English he could not have understood very much of an epigram of which he only heard half; he did not, however, allow himself to be disconcerted by this, but showed his handsome white teeth as cordially as the rest of the party, when the lady ceased. But this was not all he did. The party he had found there, consisting of two ladies and four gentlemen, were all, as well as their fair hostess, standing, for, in fact, they were just about to separate, the carriage of madame having been announced. But not for this did the young lover deem it necessary to change his purpose of not suffering another day to elapse without making Madame de Soissonac aware of her conquest; for in fact he was beginning to feel a good deal ashamed of not having paid her this compliment before. He, therefore, while the rest of the party were making their lively remarks on the lines they had heard, glided round to the other side of the table around which the party were standing, and seating himself on the sofa from whence Madame de Soissonac had just risen, he extended his hand to take the manuscript volume she held in hers, and looking up in her face with a smile at once tender and familiar, said, "*Laissez moi voir donc.*"

Madame de Soissonac colored slightly, and withdrawing the book, replied, "*Pardon, Monsieur,*" locking at the same time its little golden padlock with a jewelled key which decorated the watch chain suspended from her fair neck.

"*Madame va sortir,*" said one of the gentlemen present, taking up his hat and preparing to depart.

"*Si, si; il faut dire adieu,*" said more than one voice, and a general movement announced their intention of taking leave. But young Mr. Roberts kept his ground, or rather his sofa, depositing his hat under the table in a manner which spoke very dis-

tinctly his intention of prolonging his visit. Now nothing in the world can be *si mau-vaïse ton* at Paris as any sort of *persiflage*, or, in plain English, quizzing, upon any occasion where accident may betray a greater degree of intimate acquaintance between a lady and gentleman than the parties publicly acknowledge; and the two ladies and the four gentlemen looked as grave as owls, while they retreated from Madame de Soissonac's drawing-room as rapidly as politeness would permit. Inexpressibly provoked, Madame de Soissonac continued standing, awaiting in perfect silence the young gentleman's explanation of this extraordinary manœuvre, and probably expecting that the awkward creature was charged with some stupid message from his mother. But it appeared that the young man did not yet feel himself prepared for the declaration he meditated, and thought it would be better to preface it by a little more preliminary flirtation. He, therefore, began turning over the books and ornaments, which lay scattered on the table, muttering as he did so something about his satisfaction that "*tous ces gens là*" had taken themselves off.

"Monsieur?" said Madame de Soissonac in reply, and with a look and accent which, if he had understood *French thoroughly*, might have sufficed to bring him to his senses. But instead of interpreting either the looks or accents of the lady, the young man was occupied in recalling all that his Mentor of the Boulevards had said, respecting the propriety, or rather the necessity, of declaring his passionate admiration of every married lady with whom he fortunately found himself *tête-à-tête*. The instructions he had received were too distinct to be mistaken, and therefore, making a magnanimous effort to conquer the embarrassment which beset him, he exclaimed, clasping his hands very passionately, "Ah, madame! Placez-vous, je vous prie, sur le canapé pres de moi!"

Madame de Soissonac stared at him for a moment, and then very gently walked towards the chimney and rang the bell.

"Que tu* es belle!" exclaimed the young gentleman, taking courage.

"Que tu es Anglais!" returned the lady, walking out of the room, and making her escape into her carriage.

* * * * *

* This sudden and astounding use of the most eloquent of pronouns is a *trait from nature*.

MONUMENT TO DR. ARNOLD.—A sum of two thousand pounds and upwards was subscribed towards the Memorial to the late Dr. Arnold, of Rugby. The greater part has been expended in establishing an exhibition, and the small remainder applied to the erection of a monument to be placed in the chapel at Rugby, executed by Mr. Thomas, the superintendent of the stone carvings at the New Houses of Parliament. The monument consists of a recumbent effigy of the deceased, robed, with the head resting on a book. Above the figure is a large canopy formed of the ogee arch, richly decorated with crockets and finials. We presume the monument is of a character accordant with the architecture of the chapel in which it is to be located. It will project from the wall, against which an inscribed tablet is to record the name, birth, death, &c. of Dr. Arnold. The execution of the workmanship is excellent; but we cannot say much for the design, which is essentially based upon ancient examples. Assuming it to be consistent, architecturally, with the character of the building, it has so far a superior merit to most modern monuments. The canopy is more important than the effigy which it covers. The effigy itself is tame, and, though the mistake of affecting the quaint attitudes and stiff draperies of the ancient models is avoided, it is deficient in that earnest expression generally imputed to them. This monument, indeed, is to be praised negatively rather than positively; and certainly is in better taste for a mediæval chapel than Chantrey's James Watt, or Flaxman's Lord Mansfield, though far inferior, viewed as a work of art.—*Athenæum*.

THE ROYAL ACADEMY.—Mr. Hume has given notice in the House of Commons, that he will on an early day move a humble address to her Majesty to appoint a commission to examine the rules and laws of the Royal Academy, with the view of rendering that institution more effective for the promotion of the Fine Arts.—*Lit. Gaz.*

NATIONAL MONUMENTS.—Among the imperial behests of the Emperor of Russia on leaving England, after only too short a stay amongst us, none have afforded more gratification to the people than the gift of £500 each, to the two national monuments now in progress, to commemorate the heroic services of Nelson and Wellington. The column in Trafalgar Square was, of course, seen by his majesty; and it is to be regretted that he had not an opportunity of witnessing the casts of those portions of the Wellington group in Mr. Wyatt's studio, from which an idea may be acquired of its prodigious magnitude. Every thing had been prepared for his reception; but H. I. M. was too much hurried to be able to accomplish the wish he had intimated, to inspect this the largest bronze work of art in the world.—*Lit. Gaz.*

RECENT REVOLUTIONS IN HAYTI.

From the Foreign Quarterly Review.

1. *Colonies Etrangères et Hayti*. Par V. Schoelcher. Paris. 1842.
2. *Brief Notices of Hayti, with its Condition, Resources, and Property*. By John Candler. London. 1842.
3. *Le Manifeste, 1er Mai, 1842—Avril 23, 1844*. Published at Port-au-Prince, now Port Republicain.

THE history of Hayti, Hispaniola, or St. Domingo, is an epitome of that of America. It was the first island at which Christopher Columbus landed. He was received by its hospitable inhabitants with kindness, which his successors repaid with treachery and massacre, terminating in the total destruction of the aboriginal population. A foreign race now took possession of the soil, introducing a foreign religion and foreign manners, to be modified and corrupted by the almost unavoidable influences of climate and circumstances. The new comers, however, seized with so faint a grasp on their rich acquisition, that a few hundred Gallic buccaneers were sufficient to dislodge them from the mouths of the Artibonite, and the two promontories that embrace the great bay which indents the western extremity of the island. France, ever prone to accept established facts of such a nature, and not to pry too curiously into causes, recognized the proceedings of her lawless sons, and founded thereon a claim which the dialectics of the Spanish government were unable to refute. One-third of the island was, therefore, ceded to her; and the superior industry of the colonists she sent out, soon began to develop the immense resources of the soil. But the fatal impulse to which all the nations of Europe have successively yielded was soon given. Cargoes of African blacks, first imported by the Spaniards, were not long in finding their way to the French side. A vast slave population, that terrible enemy, in modern times, to all institutions, was rapidly formed. It would be painful to relate in what manner they were treated by their masters; but when we reflect that these were descended from the friends and associates of Monbars, the Exterminator, and a rabble of women raked from the prisons, hospitals, and most abominable quarters of Paris, it is easy to conceive that it was any thing but paternal. What ensued when this heterogeneous mass was

leavened by revolutionary principles, is well known. All, at least, have heard of a frightful disruption of society, of the arming of every rank against the others, of confusion, war, bloodshed, alternate exhibitions of patriotism and treachery, of Toussaint's heroic conduct and melancholy fate, of the savage Emperor Dessalines' frightful tyranny, with its fruits, conspiracy and assassination. A republic and a monarchy then appeared upon the scene. The former, by its expansive energy, subdued the latter; and then, breaking its bounds, overran the island as far as Cape Samana, and united the whole under one government. Since then, a virtual despot, ruling under the deceptive mask of a president, kept the population in order, until the occurrence of events, long looked for by politicians, and fated to affect materially the destinies of Hayti, and perhaps of the whole West Indies.

To unfold the causes of these events, we must look a little into the constitution of society in the island. The first feature that strikes us is the difference, the next the rivalry of races. Without seeking farther, this is the fertile source of dissension and misery. This it is that converts every civil broil into a revolution, and makes every political controversy a signal for massacre. The white population in the French part has been long exterminated or driven out; but they left behind them the mulattoes, or the browns, the mixed or the colored race, which first operated as the instrument of their destruction, and became a legacy of torment to the enfranchised blacks. The fruit of crime in this case, as in every other, was misery and more crime. Every mulatto that came into the world was an additional enemy to society. Hating the superior, and despising the inferior class, with all the pride of the one, and all the ignorance of the other, impatient of subordination and incapable of command, the mixed race, until it had passed through the crucible of revolution, was an all but declared enemy to the existing order of things. They were the first to set the example of revolt, and driven to desperation, no doubt, by the atrocious cruelties of their masters, were the first also to encourage the negroes to the perpetration of those deeds of horror, the relation of which must ever form one of the most melancholy chapters of history. Nor did they suffer themselves to be excelled in any species of villany. By their very position, indeed, they

were enabled to perform acts of excessive wickedness which were denied to the blacks; and parricide was never committed with so much profusion and so much recklessness as by them. But this result was almost inevitable. There was scarcely a single colored man who was not the offspring of crime, and bred up to the licentiousness of which he was the child. Every one of them almost was a living proof of the total immorality of the island. They were all—it is useless to carry on the exception in favor of a few individuals—ignorant, covetous, lazy, proud, vindictive, and cruel, with scarcely any religion, none of any value, almost totally destitute of moral feeling. They had learned, however, to contemplate their own numbers. In an ancient state, when it was proposed to distinguish the slaves by a separate custome from their masters, it was objected that they would thus be enabled to ascertain their own numerical strength. Nature had provided for this in Hayti. Every mulatto beheld at once, in the sinister face of his fellow, the reason and the pledge of his co-operation. They required no peculiar badge. Friends and foes were sufficiently distinguished by their complexion.

The extirpation of the whites at the first outbreak of the revolution, left the negroes and the mulattoes on the field face to face. Whilst dread of foreign interference was entertained, they appeared to coalesce; but as soon as the outward pressure was taken away, the chasm by which they were naturally separated began to open. The process is easily conceivable. The liberated African slaves, by their very position, were forced to entertain one single feeling, in common with those men who, in more fortunate countries and under happier combinations of circumstances, have labored, from principle, to infuse a democratic spirit into society—we mean an impatience of inferiority. In them, however, this feeling was associated with none of the nobler impulses of our nature. They were a bruised, degraded, unhumanized set of beings, suddenly, and as if by magic, relieved from their chains. This liberation was the result of no profound conviction of wrong in their own minds. Oppression and tyranny had elaborated for them no theory of the rights of man. They saw the door of their cage open, and, like tigers, slipped out to rend and tear those who had confined them. It was consistent with their nature that they should seek to wipe out every trace of their

former degradation, and to expend the yet unexhausted rage of their hearts upon the imperfect representations, the mimics, the parodies of their former masters. But in these it was equally natural that they should cling to that distinction, that pre-eminence, to which their superior origin, they thought, entitled them, and they nourished, therefore, sentiments of contempt for the negro race, which produced the most unfortunate results. It at once disgusted the mass of the population, and, acting fatally on their own minds, served to distance them every day more and more from those with whom they should have sought amalgamation.—Had these feelings not existed on both sides, the barrier between the two races would have been speedily broken down; and, on the principle that the physical type of the majority must ultimately prevail over that of the minority, in the lapse of years one homogeneous population would have dwelt in peace and quietness in Hayti. But a bias of the mind is as unchangeable as a disposition of the body; and we must speculate on facts as they exist.

The two antagonistic sentiments we have been describing became at length embodied, as it were, in the two states which rose on the ruins of the French colony. The mulattoes, by their superior wealth and intelligence, had obtained the political preponderance in the south, the blacks in the north. The former established a government republican in form, the latter a monarchy. But the two constitutions were de facto exactly similar. Pétion was as absolute as Christophe; and when President Boyer overthrew the black king of the north there was no triumph of the principles of liberty, but a temporary victory of one race over another. Though not openly acknowledged, this was generally felt at the time. When Christophe, or Henry I., the 'humane and benevolent' monarch of the 'Quarterly,' who was so eminently distinguished 'in the exercise of all the social virtues, and so strict in the observance of all the duties of morality and religion,' began to grow old, he determined to make the citadel of La Ferriere one of the strongest fortresses in the world. Men and women were employed upon it, as on the great public works of Mohammed Ali, and forced to labor with such severity that it was calculated that every stone cost the life of a human being. Among the rest Captain Agendau, with thirty other colored men, was compelled to join in dragging stones

up the steep sides of the mountain, because two of his race had deserted to Pétion. On every occasion possible this 'humane' king evinced his hatred to the descendants of the whites. At one time they feared a general extermination, and the mulatto women of Cape Haytien met in the great church to offer up prayers for the black monarch's downfall. No sooner did this reach his ears than a company of soldiers was ordered to make domiciliary visits. The unfortunate women were torn from their families, taken to a retired spot about a mile from the city, and there butchered. Their bodies were thrown into a well, still called the 'well of death,' of the water of which nobody until this day will drink. This persecution of the mulattoes by the king was intended to operate in his favor with the majority of the people, the blacks; and he placed so much reliance on this resource, that, when all other means had failed, he thought it sufficient to issue an order for the massacre of the colored race to regain his popularity. But it was too late. He had not been exclusive in his tyranny, and Boyer besides was advancing with an army. The result is well known. Christophe fell by his own hand; and the conqueror, with the idea of the rivalry of races ever present to his mind, immediately sent his troop of African descent to the south, where, at that time, his own race was predominant, and his colored regiments to the north, to keep down the black population. That this precaution was wise will be acknowledged by those who have observed that every attempt made against him, during the early part of his rule, was concocted and led by blacks, who in his triumph saw their own defeat.

The expulsion of Boyer, though he was succeeded by another mulatto, was virtually a reaction of the negro population against the rival race, because it was brought about by a black army or mob. The result also would have been the choice of a black president had not Herard, a man of great ability and influence, procured his own election by intrigue backed by menaces. Eight tenths of Boyer's troops were black, but these West Indian sipahis were officered by mulattoes. Such a state of things could not be expected to continue in a country where any of the principles of republicanism were recognized in theory, however they might be violated in practice. The great struggle indeed which began with the first introduction of the blacks, and

which we fear will only terminate when they shall become the sole possessors of the island, took a step in advance in 1843.— Since then it has made rapid progress every day, and will continue leaving a track of blood behind until the consummation we have predicted.

At any rate it is not from France that Hayti must look for its political regeneration. It must never again come within the sphere of the pernicious influence of that power. It can never do so but by war, and a war of the most terrific description. The present unprincipled attempts of Louis Philippe to disturb the island,—already, alas! sufficiently disturbed,—show a desire if not to conquer, yet to revenge the former defeats of the French armies. But they must be classed with the rancor exhibited by the French inhabitants of Jamaica to the fugitives of Aux Cayes, as impotent to effect any great result. The subjection of Hayti would be even more difficult than that of Algiers. Twenty battles would not decide the affair. The discomfited blacks would lay aside the musket and take to the torch and the dagger. They would devastate their fields, burn their plantations, give their towns up to the flames, and if finally overcome, would bequeath nothing but a desert to the victor. The antipathy of the blacks, in fact, to French dominion is unconquerable. They have been injured past forgiveness. Their traditions teem with nothing but the horrors of slavery.

A rapid coup-d'état over the state of the island, in the early part of 1842, will show that every thing was prepared for a civil commotion; and that an accident only was wanted to precipitate it. In the first place, as we have before hinted, the government, though in form free, was in reality little better than a downright tyranny. No authority but that of Boyer was recognized, and where his grasp relaxed there was none to replace it. The miniature houses of parliament were completely under his control; he could silence or expel obnoxious members at pleasure. The courts of justice even were not free from his influence; and it was the custom to dig the graves of persons accused of treason against the state before they were tried. Hayti was a monarchy tempered not by songs, but by the feebleness of the executive. Cultivation and commerce, which had gradually been on the decline since the separation of the island from the French crown, reached

nearly the lowest possible ebb. The vast plain in the east called La Despoblada, or the Unpeopled, had become almost characteristic of the island. Plantations occurred only here and there in the midst of jungle or deserts; and the coffee in most places had run wild among the woods, an experienced planter having calculated that one tree would not produce more than two pounds of coffee in the husk. A general confusion pervaded the island. It was like the house of a fraudulent bankrupt given up to the pillage of his servants.

During such a state of things it was not to be expected that the exchequer would be in a very prosperous condition. However, we find that about two millions and a half of Haytien dollars were annually extracted from the people, a great portion of which went to the support of an absurdly large army, not to be depended on, as subsequent events have proved, and actually disbanded for two weeks out of every three. During this time the major part gained an honest or dishonest livelihood in the neighborhood of head-quarters, while some few went to *cultivate their estate in the mountains!* This, however, they could not very effectually do, having to present themselves once in every seven days of their furlough. The other establishments of the state were on the same scale, and conducted in the same slovenly manner. The church subsisted on enormous though irregular fees, and was anxious only to multiply occasions of receiving them, actually baptizing door-posts, houses, and boats, for a consideration! Morals, as may be supposed, were in accordance with this state of things. We have no space for details; but one fact will speak for itself. Children born out of wedlock were calculated to be three in every four.

The distribution of wealth, especially if it coincide with that of races, is not an unimportant consideration in any state. In Hayti, property was in the hands, to a certain extent, of the mulattoes. At least these formed the majority of the opulent inhabitants. There were doubtless many blacks possessed of wealth; but as a general rule this ignorant and savage race lived almost wild among the mountains, never coming in contact with the government, except under the provisions of the *Code Rural*, by which labor was made compulsory in this free country.

It would have been a curious story for a philosopher to have examined completely

the state of Hayti during the latter years of Boyer's government. Mr. Candler's volume, published in 1842, and the work of M. Schoelcher, furnish the best accounts; but the opinions of the first mentioned gentleman were too much influenced by his honorable aversion for slavery to be impartial. He endeavored to persuade himself that the Haytiens were to a certain extent happy, and that they would work out peaceably a reform in their institutions. Results have proved his mistake; and if he had suffered himself to contemplate with a little more coolness the political aspect of the island, he might have foreseen what actually occurred. Society, he would have discovered, was still tremulous from the shock imparted to it by the French Revolution, and the vibrations striking upon hearts differently attuned by circumstances, produced strange discord. It required no very fine ear to detect on every side, rising above the turmoil and clamor of daily business, the echoes of 1793. Theories of government suggested as alleviations of temporary and local evils occupied the minds of the most speculative; but it was more common to encounter an unreasoning discontent with the present, exhaling itself in lowly muttered threats against society and plans of reform by the strong hand at once unwise and reprehensible. The great evil—namely, the distinction of races—few had courage to contemplate face to face; but if any were so daring, the result was not any scheme for assimilating the two; but on the part of the mulattoes a sort of yearning after an aristocracy of color, on the part of the blacks a wild desire of vengeance, an appetite for massacre tending to the total extirpation of the objects of jealousy. These feelings, it was said, Boyer was himself so culpable as to encourage. *Divide et impera* became in reality his motto. In the beginning of his reign he was the representative of the colored race. Towards the close, finding these advancing in knowledge, and desiring reform and an abridgment of his authority, it suited his policy to foment to a certain extent the prejudices of the blacks against the mulattoes, and even against the whites. Towards the English he was always decidedly hostile, probably because his former rival, Christophe, looked on them with a friendly eye, and even attempted to extirpate the French language by causing English alone to be taught in his schools. Three weeks before his abdication, he issued a proclamation

declaring that no *white* merchants should for the future have patents granted them to do business, and that those firms that possessed patents should only be permitted to trade during the lifetime of their present partners. This policy, however, was one of retaliation. All European governments, not excepting England, discouraged and almost forbade intercourse between Hayti and the other islands of the West Indies.

It is probable that these acts would have had no effect on Boyer's popularity, had he not attempted of late years to play the despot too openly. He went so far as to imitate the Russian autocrat, by forbidding his subjects to leave the island without his permission; and, feeling that the House of Representatives sometimes crippled his movements, undertook to purge it of the malcontents. He began this system in 1838, by expelling, under awe of a body of troops, though nominally by a vote of the house, certain members who had been most forward in the promotion of an address, praying for redress of grievances, among the principal of which was the appointment of a president for life, with power, like a Roman emperor, to adopt a successor. In 1842, Herard Dumesle, brother of Charles Rivière Herard, and one of the expelled members, and André Laudun, a man of known liberal principles, were elected for Aux Cayes. The latter was chosen president of the chamber, and actually invested with the office. But Boyer procured, partly by threats, partly by persuasion, another vote, which reversed the former and deposed Laudun. No sooner was this made known throughout the country than a gradually increasing excitement, manifesting itself at first in murmurs, and then assuming the shape of open threats, evinced to the president that he had taken too bold a step. At the same time a conspiracy was set on foot at Aux Cayes, which soon spread over the whole country. A sort of carbonarism was instituted, and the materials of revolution rapidly accumulated. The chamber, encouraged by the general state of feeling, attempted to assert its dignity. Mobs collected to encourage it. But an army of 20,000 strong was called out on the side of government, and the unripe movement for a while checked.

Such was the situation of affairs when a most unexpected element of confusion was added to those that already existed. For many months a severe drought had parched the plains and dried the streams in almost

every quarter of the island. An unusually sultry atmosphere filled the valleys, and the sky, whether clouded or serene, assumed strange aspects, as if to presage the misfortunes to come. Heavy volumes of vapor hung on the peaks of Cibao and La Selle, and overspread the country like so many vast umbrellas; and before the going down of the sun every day an extraordinary livid tinge painted the whole heavens. Travellers coming across the mountains told of strange phenomena they had witnessed. To some groves of palm trees stretching along the edges of cliffs had appeared wrapped in fire. The moon and stars by night, and the sun by day, seemed dilated and wore an unnatural hue. But there was no prophet to speak in the language of warning to the unfortunate Haytians. They had eyes to see, but they did not see. Though many felt anxious and uneasy, none fled. They were fated to destruction. On the 7th of May, 1842, at a little past five o'clock in the evening, after a calm, sultry, hazy afternoon, the whole island began to shake and quiver, and roll like a drunken man. The loftiest mountains trembled, chasms opened on every side, streams hung suspended in their course, houses, towers, churches, palaces, came to the ground; and the sea, rushing upon the shore, threatened for a moment not to leave a single Deucalion to tell the tale. It is useless to enumerate the places where the shock was felt and disasters occurred. Not a single town escaped without some casualty. In many quarters powder mills blew up; in others conflagrations began to rage as soon as the earthquake manifested itself; water and sea-sand gushed up in many places in the interior, and lakes took the place of savannahs. Thousands of lives were lost, and property to an incalculable extent was destroyed. But it was at Cape Haytien, the capital of the north, and the great depot of agricultural produce, that the earthquake produced the most disastrous effects. It was Saturday, and the town was full of people come to buy and sell in the market. No prelude noises, no roaring of the sea, no subterranean rumbling announced the approach of the calamity. It came on suddenly. The vibration was generally lateral or horizontal, and from west to east, though one or two vertical movements were felt, as if the subterranean fire was struggling for an exit. The very instant the shock was experienced the houses began to tumble or rather to rush down upon the heads of their

twelve thousand inhabitants, more than half of whom were buried in the ruins. For forty minutes there was one continual deafening sullen roar of falling houses. The bellowing of artillery in the greatest battle that ever was fought can impart no idea of the overwhelming torrent of sound that rose from the devoted city. Every building, small and great, was levelled with the ground. Not a fragment of wall remained entire. The sky became suddenly dark and lowering, and clouds of blinding dust rising through the hot air increased the horror of the scene. It is easier to imagine than describe the shrieks, the wailings, and the struggles of the wretched crowd that survived the first shock. Climbing over tottering walls and smoking ruins, all endeavored to make their way towards the outskirts or the great square in front of the church, which, like every thing else, was humbled in the dust. Some miraculous escapes are recorded. Men, women, and children, who were sitting in balconies or in the upper stories of their houses, suddenly found themselves unhurt in the streets. Some were saved by standing under arched doorways, that protected them from the falling mortar and stones, and were the last to yield to the successive shocks that finally laid all prostrate. An English surgeon, Mr. Daly, was stopped in the streets by a father who bore his child with a broken arm, and had courage enough to splinter it with a shingle in the midst of the toppling houses. There was only one family in which no death occurred. Many, with limbs shattered by huge stones, endeavored still to drag themselves along. Others lay down awaiting patiently the death that soon came to relieve them. Affection now displayed its untiring energy. Fathers, mothers, husbands, wives, friends who had made their escape in obedience to the first impulse, hurried back amidst the tottering ruins to save those who might have been buried alive. Some were dug out within less than half an hour; others bruised, wounded, bleeding, and faint, were extricated in the dead of the night; but the greater number were left until the following morning; and many remained four, five, twelve, and even thirteen days, before they were found. It is scarcely possible but that some were left to perish of hunger and thirst. Hundreds were drowned by the rushing in of the sea, or swallowed up in the chasms, some of them three quarters of a mile in length, that opened in the streets.

There perished, it is supposed, about seven thousand souls.

The principal place of refuge was an elevation called La Fossette, close to the town. Here the survivors, most of whom were dreadfully wounded, collected and lay down on the bare quaking earth, almost heart-broken, to pass the night. The shocks were repeated every five minutes, but there was nothing more to shake down. The roaring in the bowels of the earth was uninterrupted. Most expected, some wished, that the earth would open and swallow them up. To add to the horrors of the scene, the ruins were soon wrapped in flames, and many poor creatures, who had sunk exhausted upon them, were burned to death. Their shrieks could be distinctly heard at La Fossette, and added to the misery of the survivors, who imagined every now and then that they recognized the voice of a friend in his agony. Few could muster strength or courage to go to their assistance, and several of those that went perished miserably. A torrent of rain, that fell about midnight, increased the wretchedness of the wounded, without extinguishing the flames, which shone so brightly on the limestone rocks that crown the mountains behind the town, that many thought a volcano had burst forth. By this light, too, the vessels in the harbor, crowded with fugitives, could be seen tossing and rolling on the disturbed sea, that hissed like a seething caldron along the shore. Suddenly, a column of light more vivid than ever shot high into the heavens. It was followed by a terrific roar. The great powder magazine had exploded, and blown numbers of miserable men to atoms.

The morning of the eighth dawned bright and balmy, but served only to reveal the extent of the general misfortune. At the foot of a huge heap of shattered hills, covered with uprooted trees, lay the smoking ruins of the town, and beyond stretched the still heaving sea, white with foam, and bearing on its breast the four ships which had served as a refuge to so many of the inhabitants of the cape. Presently, issuing from every ravine, and swarming along every road, hordes of black savages, armed to the teeth, appeared rushing on with wild yells to plunder the devoted town. In a few hours the streets were one dreadful scene of fighting. Every thing of value that was found, these inhuman villains madly struggled for; and those who had taken refuge on La Fossette, could every where descri-

groups of infuriated blacks with swords, daggers, and guns, engaged in desperate conflict with each other. A desultory fire was kept up on every side. Many of the merchants collected in armed bodies, and attacked the plunderers, putting them to death without mercy, as they deserved; for they stabbed and shot the wounded wherever they found them, and tore necklaces and earrings from women who lay half dead among the ruins. Even the soldiers and their officers joined in the pillage. The surviving inhabitants, that ventured unarmed into the town, were ruthlessly murdered. Four men found a piece of linen and fought for it. Two fell beneath the strokes of the others, who were about to renew the contest, when some officers rode up and shot them dead. An article of trifling value was discovered by two blacks armed with swords. They left it on the ground, and rushed at each other. A desperate encounter ensued, and one being at length cut down, begged for mercy, but his ruthless opponent plunged his sword into his breast. At that moment a shot from a neighboring ruin brought the villain to the ground, and he never spoke more. No city taken by storm was ever sacked with greater ferocity. A gentleman, armed with a pistol, was endeavoring to save some of his property; five blacks came up in succession to disturb him, and he shot them all, reloading coolly after each discharge, and continuing what he was about until the next plunderer came to meet his death.

This state of things continued with little abatement for nearly a week, during which a pestilence, engendered by the effluvia of so many dead bodies, swept away a great number of the survivors. At length, however, order was restored, and the wretched remnants of the population of Cape Hayti began slowly to endeavor to clear and rebuild it. But many, their hearts overlaid with sadness and unable to bear the sight of a place where they had suffered so much, embarked for various foreign countries, or retired to remote quarters of the island; and even unto this day, in spite of the great events which have since occurred, many who were witnesses of the terrible calamity we have described, retain a sadness which they will probably carry with them to the grave. It was remarked, however, at the time, that not a tear was shed; the blow was too severe and too sudden; it stunned the faculties, and checked the natural overflowings of feeling.

The most remarkable circumstance in the history of this catastrophe is the total apathy with which the blacks of the interior, even when they did not actually join in the plunder, beheld the misfortunes of their fellow-citizens. The same feeling seems to pervade the whole of this injured and vindictive race. Even in Jamaica, when a fire takes place, the former slaves look stupidly on without attempting to afford any assistance, and in every other part of the West Indies their conduct is almost invariably the same. Frequently, indeed, the first flash of a conflagration is a signal for plunder. In Hayti, we must regard the conduct of the blacks on this occasion, as partly indicative of a state of political feeling directed against the mulattoes, and those more fortunate negroes, who, by acquiring property, had learned to identify themselves in some respect with them. It must be remembered, indeed, that an upper class had by degrees been formed in Hayti, composed of the two races, actually divided amongst themselves, but apt, like the aristocracy of England, to combine against the lower orders. This circumstance had diverted the attention of many from the incessant action of the rivalry of the two races, which in reality is the cause, proximate or remote, of almost every event that has taken place of late in Hayti.

The mass of the population, though astonished for a while by the awful visitation we have described, soon recovered sufficient elasticity of spirits to return with fresh ardor to their intestine discords. But it is very possible that the physical convulsions which had taken place around them may have prepared their imaginations calmly to receive impressions of civil strife. Many, besides, had been totally ruined, and looked forward to the storms of revolution for an opportunity of regaining their position in the world. It was their fancy to fish in troubled waters.

Meanwhile the secret society, at Aux Cayes, was taking advantage of the general excitement to diffuse its principles and dispose the minds of the people for a revolt in their interest. But it was not until the beginning of 1843 that they had sufficiently ripened their plans to put them into execution. A frightful hurricane had, in the meanwhile, again devastated their unfortunate country; and a third disaster ushered in the new year. On the 9th of January a dreadful fire burst out at Port-au-Prince, which the late earthquake had scarcely

touched. Six hundred houses were burned down, and property to an immense amount destroyed. No sooner did the volumes of smoke that swept along the sky and the deep red glare of the flames announce the disaster than the blacks of the mountains were again in motion, and the scenes of Cape Haytien were renewed. Houses which the fire had not reached were attacked by the mob, and defended with desperate energy, though with various success, by their masters. The authorities were paralyzed, and it was not until the savages returned, glutted with blood and plunder, to their haunts, that they made any attempt to assert the majesty of government. Malouet might now have exclaimed, with reason, 'Il faut que la colonie de Saint Domingue soit encore dans les ténèbres; car je cherche sa police, et je ne la trouve pas.' The weakness of the government now became evident. If they could not repress an unorganized multitude, what could they do against a real revolt? The argument was cogent; and, towards the end of January, it was resolved to be doing. A place called Praslin was selected as the scene of the first overt act, which circumstance has gained for the leaders of the revolution the name of the 'Heroes of Praslin.' The commandant of artillery, Rivière Herard, (absurdly reproached by the 'Jamaica Gazette,' which has furnished us with some valuable materials, with being a horse-breaker,) here assumed the title of chief of the executive. Aux Cayes was now invested, and General Borgella, who held it for Boyer, compelled to capitulate.

When General Herard proposed to treat with Boyer, the only answer he received was, that no negotiation could be opened with rebels having arms in their hands. But as the troops began to exhibit signs of disaffection, and even to go over to the popular party, it became evident that the most prompt and energetic measures would alone suffice. These, however, there seemed no one capable of resorting to. General Inginac, the secretary of state, came trembling back from Goave with his forces towards Port-au-Prince, without waiting for the enemy. Herard, meanwhile, and his rapidly increasing army, remained stationary at Tiburon, whither Boyer should have marched and driven him into the sea. But he suffered the whole country to be excited to such an extent, that at length to attempt to exert his authority would have been merely to betray his weakness. On

the other hand, the committee of public safety, at Jeremie, agitated the country with untiring perseverance; and, at length, began to advance its forces along the promontory eastward towards the mainland and the capital. At Pestel took place the first serious collision, in which General Lamarre, commanding for the president, was shot by one of his own officers. In a second battle, not far from Jeremie, another of Boyer's generals, Cazeau, was killed, and his men routed or taken prisoners. Herard then marched upon Little Goave, the troops of the president retiring before him, and dispersing as they went; but at Leogane he came up with a force which, though much inferior to his own, gave him battle. The result was decisive of Boyer's fate. He now resolved on flight, applied to the officer of a British sloop of war then in port to take him on board with his family, collected about 40,000*l.* in money, with a quantity of jewels, and having published a proclamation, by which he formally abdicated the presidency, embarked unregretted and unpitied. All felt that something was removed from over their heads which had cast a sombre shadow on their souls. His tyranny had rather been continuous and depressing than wild and bloody. Accordingly, many who did not precisely hate him felt relieved when he was gone, and looked forward with something like hope to the provisional government which was shortly installed at Port-au-Prince.

We shall pass over the remaining events of the year with a remark or two. The victory achieved by the blacks did not enable them to take that prominent position in the government which they had expected. This may be explained by the fact that nearly all the great military offices having been in the hands of the mulattoes, they alone were qualified to command. Accordingly, on the 17th of December, General Rivière Herard was proclaimed president by his troops and adherents. There was a momentary show of opposition; Quixotic allusions were made to the illegality of a military election—the poor people thought themselves in a free country—they had cheated themselves with a name; but on the 9th of January, 1844, the choice made in the camp was confirmed in the city, and the news spread over the world that Herard had been elected by the unanimous suffrages of his fellow-citizens. Sanguine politicians began, thereupon, to indulge in delightful anticipations. We

were now to have a real black republic. Every packet was expected to announce the appearance of a negro Solon at Port-au-Prince. Philosophers and philanthropists, whigs, and even Tories, indulged the fond delusion; and many enthusiastic advocates of emancipation began to look forward, already, to the reception of the rights of citizenship. But alas for the mutability of the affairs of this world!

It is well known, that in 1822 the Spanish portion of the island, occupying two-thirds of its whole extent, but comparatively unpeopled, was annexed to the republic by President Boyer. This was consummated with the utmost ease. The French, it is true, and this is worthy of remark, endeavored to prevent it, but were foiled. The Spaniards, one and all, were weary of the rule of the mother country; but a portion of them only desired to be united with Hayti; the others would have preferred the yoke of Colombia, separated from them by seven hundred miles of ocean. However, Boyer's rapid march silenced all discussions among the Dons, and the whole island was united under his rule. Whatever may have been the faults of this distinguished man he cannot be refused a capacity for government superior to most of his fellow-islanders. From 1818 to 1843 he maintained the integrity of his dominions, and it is only since his abdication that a sort of centrifugal tendency has shown itself in various parts of Hayti.—January and February of this year passed away in quietness. It was thought that, satisfied with this amended constitution, in which the principal feature was the reduction of the term of the presidentship to four years, the Haytians would now work out their own regeneration. But, on the 1st of March, the Spaniards set forth their grievances in a public manifesto, and flying to arms declared themselves a free and independent state separate from the Haytian republic. The charges made against Boyer and the Haytian government are expressed by the Dominican people in vague language; but one fact is established, namely, that the white portion of the population of the eastern division looked upon the black with the utmost hatred and abhorrence. It appears also that the Spanish portion of the island had greatly deteriorated under Boyer's rule, and that he had committed many acts of oppression, and treated the people as if they had been conquered by force. But the immediate cause of the Spanish revolt

was the excitement which spread like a contagion to every nook of the state in 1843, and the disappointment that was general throughout the country when Rivière Herard took the lead. The Dominicans complain that in the interval during which this general governed by martial law, he traversed the department of St. Jago, stripped the churches, sold employments, annulled elections; and they point to the notorious fact that he reached the presidency by means of his army. Not the least offensive of his acts was his incarceration in the dungeons of Port-au-Prince of a number of Spaniards accused of entertaining designs of going over to Colombia. It is a curious circumstance that Boyer, during his stay at Jamaica, was detected intriguing with some Colombian officers to join him in endeavoring to recover his power. Another fact must be coupled with this, namely, that in May the ex-president was seen at Havre on his way to the West Indies. Has he received any encouragement from the French government? Several reasons may be assigned for believing that he has. On the 13th of January last arrived for the first time at St. Domingo, the focus of the Spanish insurrection, a French consul, by name M. Juchereau de St. Denis. On the 16th his official installation took place, the French flag was hoisted and honored by a salute of twenty-one guns. 'The arrival of our consul,' says the writer of a letter in the 'Journal du Havre,' 'seems to have caused much satisfaction in the town, *where every thing is at present tranquil. The articles of the new constitution were already known, and its promulgation was expected every day.*'

Is there not here an evident presentiment that all would shortly be not so very quiet, and that whatever disturbance took place would be in consequence of dissatisfaction with the constitution, just as was ostensibly the case? To our mind the connexion of M. Juchereau with the affairs of St. Domingo, however the French journals may deny the fact, is as evident as that of M. Lesseps with those of Barcelona. As to the papers containing plans of French domination found on Colonel Pimentel when he was taken prisoner by Herard, they may or may not have been the offspring of his own imagination; but we confess it appears to us very unlikely that he should have no ground whatever for his speculations. Certain it is, however, that when the garrison of St. Do-

mingo was surrounded by an overwhelming force, it was the French consul who negotiated their capitulation; and it is equally certain that Admiral Moges, commanding the French West India squadron, offered his *mediation* to Herard. This, however, was indignantly rejected.

The more recent events in Hayti, though full of interest, cannot arrest us long. Accounts are so contradictory, that it is almost impossible to state any thing positive concerning any but the most leading facts. The general outline, however, seems to be that Herard marched with what he conceived to be an overwhelming force upon the Spanish side, that his forces were encountered and defeated in a pitched battle, and that as he was preparing to renew the contest, intelligence of another insurrection of the blacks in the neighborhood of Aux Cayes, compelled him to retrace his steps. But it was now too late. A general rising against the mulattoes, who were compelled to fly into the ships in the harbor and escape to Jamaica, proclaimed the true state of feeling in the island. The movement rapidly spread, and we learn by the last accounts that General Guerrier, a black, has been elected president. How all this will end it is impossible to say; but it seems that, if the blacks are as powerful as their numbers would testify, they will without check or control exercise supreme sway. The independence of the Dominicans is for the time, at least, achieved. There will be struggles, however, both between them and their neighbors; and between the various parties of the Haytian republic. May the end of the strife be peace. All we hope is, that on the one hand, France may desist before it is too late from her endeavors to avenge her former defeats by inciting her conquerors to destroy each other; and that on the other, the Haytians will abstain from any propagandist system, such as that of which they are accused in Cuba. If they are let alone, and if they themselves are content to fight out their own quarrels on their own soil, they may at length, weary of bloodshed, settle down into some rational form of government.

MR. BRIGHT'S MSS.—The MSS. of the late Mr. Bright, of Bristol, are advertised for sale on Tuesday next, at Messrs. Sotheby's, in Wellington-street. No one knew the treasures in Mr. Bright's possession till his death. He kept his books to himself, hid behind glass and green silk,

and miser-like, hung over them when alone. Here is the journal kept by Sir Henry Wotton, when in the suite of the Earl of Essex—it is unpublished, and has escaped the notice of all Sir Henry Wotton's biographers. Here, too, is the unpublished autobiography of Archbishop Wake, with a large quarto volume of his correspondence. Here is the 'Pocket Diary of Clarendon's friend, Mr. Secretary Nicholas'—a volume of original letters, addressed to Sir Julius Cæsar—an early, fine, and uncollated copy of 'Chaucer's Canterbury Tales'—an unpublished work by Abraham Fraunces, addressed to Sir Philip Sidney—the works of Fulke Greville, Lord Brooke, in six volumes, with the author's own corrections—a fine illuminated Psalter of the fourteenth century—a copy of Sir Philip Sidney's Sonnets, in (it is said) the handwriting of the poet Daniel. But "the Jew's eye" of the collection is a manuscript volume upon vellum, containing the miracle plays exhibited by the incorporated trades of the city of York, on the Festival of Corpus Christi, at various periods in the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries, and particularly in the year 1553. Of the several series of corporation plays, that formerly existed, four alone have survived into the nineteenth century—the Chester, Coventry, Widdikirk, and York. The York turned up at the Strawberry Hill sale, and is described in the catalogue of that collection, as a volume of Old English Poetry upon vellum! Walpole bought it at Thoresby's sale, we suppose, for a trifle, and Mr. Bright at Walpole's sale, for £235. The York Plays are as yet unpublished—the other three are in print. This well deserves publication; let the British Museum secure the book, and Sir Frederick Madden undertake the task of publication for the Shakspeare Society. We have no wish for a second Mr. Bright to bury the volumes.—*Athenæum*.

DOUBLE ALLIANCE.—Accounts from Modena mention that a double alliance has been concluded between two daughters of the Duke of Modena and two Sardinian princes. The Duchess Maria Therese, eldest daughter of the Duke of Modena, born July 14, 1817, has been destined for Prince Ferdinand, Duke of Genoa, born Nov. 15, 1822; and the Duchess Maria Beatrix to Prince Eugene Savoy's Parignan, born April 14, 1816.—*Court Journal*.

FLOWER MARKET.—Some idea of the extent of the flower market in Covent Garden may be formed, when it is stated by salesmen that the average supply of geraniums at this time of the year is from 500 to 600 dozen daily, some of the growers sending each from fifty to sixty dozen. There are about 100 of the choicest varieties included in this amount. To see this part of the market in perfection, it is necessary to pay an early visit, as the principal business is transacted and finished by four or five o'clock in the morning, and the plants are then on their way to all parts of the metropolis and its suburbs.—*Court Journal*.



OLD CRIES.

BY ELIZA COOK.

From the New Monthly Magazine.

Oh, dearly do I love "Old Cries"
That touch my heart, and bid me look
On "Bowpots" plucked 'neath summer skies,
And "Watercresses" from the brook.
It may be vain, it may be weak,
To list when common voices speak,
But rivers with their broad, deep course,
Pour from a mean and unmarked source;
And so my warmest tide of soul
From strange unheeded springs will roll.

"Old cries," "old cries"—there is not one
But hath a mystic tissue spun
Around it, flinging on the ear
A magic mantle rich and dear,
From "Hautboys," pottled in the sun,
To the loud wish that cometh when
The tune of midnight "waits" is done,
With "A merry Christmas, gentlemen,
And a happy new year."

The clear spring dawn is breaking, and there
Cometh with the ray,
The stripling boy with "shining face," and dame
In "hoddin gray;"
Rude melody is breathed by all—young—old—
The strong and weak,
From manhood with its burly tone, and age with
Treble squeak.
Forth come the little busy "Jacks," and forth
Come little "Gills,"
As thick and quick as working ants about their
Summer hills,
With baskets of all shapes and makes, of every
Size and sort,
Away they trudge, with eager step, through al-
ley, street, and court.
A spicy freight they bear along, and earnest is
Their care,
To guard it like a tender thing from morning's
Nipping air,
And though our rest be broken by their voices
Shrill and clear,
There's something in the well known "cry" we
Dearly love to hear.
'Tis old familiar music when "the old woman
Runs"
With "One a penny, two a penny, Hot Cross
Buns."
Full many a cake of dainty make has gained a
Good renown,
We all have lauded "gingerbread," and "parlia-
ment," done brown;

But when did luscious "Banburies," or 'even
"Sally Lunn's,"
Ere yield such merry chorus theme as "one a
penny buns?"
The pomp of palate that may be like old Vitel-
lius fed,
Can never feast as mine did on the sweet and
Fragrant bread,
When quick impatience could not wait to share
The early meal,
But eyed the pile of "Hot Cross Buns," and
Dared to snatch and steal.
Oh the soul must be uncouth as a Vandal's,
Goth's, or Hun's,
That loveth not the melody of "One a penny
buns."

There was a man in olden time,
And a troubadour was he,
Whose passing chant and lilting rhyme
Had mighty charms for me.

My eyes grew big with a sparkling stare,
And my heart began to swell,
When I heard his loud song filling the air
About "Young lambs to sell."
His flocks were white as the falling snow,
With collars of shining gold,
And I chose from the pretty ones "all of a row,"
With a joy that was untold.
Oh, why did the gold become less bright,
Why did the soft fleece lose its white,
And why did the child grow old?

'Twas a blithe bold song the old man sung,
The words came fast, and the echoes rung
Merry and free as a "marriage bell;"
And a right good troubadour was he,
For the hive never swarmed to the chinking key,
As the wee things did when they gathered in
glee,
To his eloquent "cry"—"Young lambs to
sell."

Ah, well-a-day! it hath passed away,
With my holiday pence and my holiday play—
I wonder if I could listen again,
As I listened then to that old man's strain.

And there was "a cry," in the days gone by,
That ever came when my pillow was nigh;
When tired and spent I was passively led
By a mother's hand to my own sweet bed—

My lids grew heavy—my glance was dim,
As I yawned in the midst of a cradle hymn—
When the watchman's echo lull'd me quite,
With "Past ten o'clock, and a starlight night."

Well I remember the hideous dream,
When I struggled in terror, and strove to scream,
As I took a wild leap o'er the precipice steep,
And convulsively flung off the incubus sleep—
How I loved to behold the moonshine cold,
Illume each well-known curtain-fold,
And how I was soothed by the watchman's warn-
ing,
Of "past three o'clock, and a moonlight morn-
ing."

Oh, there was music in this old "cry,"
Whose deep rough tones will never die;
No rare serenade will put to flight
The chant that proclaimed "a stormy night."
The "watchmen of the city" are gone,
The church-bell speaketh, but speaketh alone;
We hear no voice at the wintry dawning,
With "Past five o'clock, and a cloudy morning."
Ah, well-a-day! it hath passed away,
But I sadly miss the cry
That told in the night, when the stars were bright,
Or the rain-cloud veiled the sky.
Watchmen, watchmen, ye are among
The bygone things that will haunt me long.

"Three bunches a penny, primroses!"
Oh, dear is the greeting of Spring,
When she offers her dew-spangled posies,
The fairest creation can bring.

"Three bunches a penny, primroses!"
The echo resounds in the mart,
And the simple "cry" often uncloses
The worldly bars grating man's heart.

We reflect, we contrive, and we reckon
How best we can gather up wealth;
We go where bright finger-posts beckon
Till we wander from Nature and Health.

But the "old cry" shall burst on our scheming,
The song of "Primroses" shall flow,
And "Three bunches a penny" set dreaming
Of all that we loved long ago.

It brings visions of meadow and mountain,
Of valley, and streamlet, and hill,
When life's ocean but played in a fountain—
Ah, would that it sparkled so still!

It conjures back shadowless hours,
When we threaded the wild forest ways,
When our own hand went seeking the flowers,
And our own lips were shouting their praise.

The perfume and tint of the blossom
Are as fresh in vale, dingle, and glen;
But say, is the pulse of our bosom
As warm and as bounding as then?

"Three bunches a penny, primroses,"
"Three bunches a penny, come, buy;"
A blessing on all the spring posies,
And good-will to the poor ones who "cry."

"Lavender, sweet Lavender,"
With "Cherry Ripe" is coming,
While the droning beetles whirr,
And merry bees are humming.

"Lavender, sweet Lavender,"
Oh, pleasant is the crying;
While the rose-leaves scarcely stir,
And downy moths are flying.

Oh, dearly do I love "old cries,"
Your "Lilies all a blowing,"
Your blossoms blue still wet with dew,
"Sweet Violets all a growing."

Oh, happy were the days, methinks,
In truth the best of any,
When "Periwinkles, winkle, winks"
Allured my last lone penny.

Oh, what had I to do with cares
That bring the frown and furrow,
When "Walnuts" and "Fine mellow pears"
Beat Catalani thorough.

Full dearly do I love "old cries,"
And always turn to hear them;
And though they cause me some few sighs,
Those sighs do but endear them.

My heart is like the fair sea-shell,
There's music ever in it;
Though bleak the shore where it may dwell,
Some power still lives to win it.

When music fills the shell no more,
'Twill be all crushed and scattered;
And when this heart's wild tone is o'er,
'Twill be all cold and shattered.

Oh, vain will be the hope to break
Its last and dreamless slumbers,
When "old cries" come and fail to wake
Its deep and fairy numbers!

THE RUSTIC SEAT.

From Fraser's Magazine.

WOULD men be wise, and oft retreat
To solitary places, meet
For bird and brook, and count the hours
By natural, instinctive flowers—
Fair progeny of beam and breeze—
Pleasure no more to them would seem
The offspring of unearthly dream,
Where every thing could please.

With no unhealthiness of thought
This rustic seat, this quiet spot,
Have met beneath the open sky;
Well judged the penetrated eye
Of sun and shade, of wave and leaf,
That here the sympathetic mind
The ecstasy of bliss might find,
The loveliness of grief.

The whispering drapery of leaves
The viewless hand of summer weaves—

A snowy blossom here and there,
Like jewels on a maiden's hair ;
And, parted by the breeze,
Holy promises are given ;
Momentary gleams of heaven,
Smiling through the trees.

Messengers of gentle airs,
Unsubstantial wanderers,
Golden clouds at eve are seen,
Glimmering through the breathing green ;
While the sleeping families
Of flowers around my feet are dreaming,
Beautiful as planets gleaming
O'er the silent skies.

No unsocial solitude
Leads me here alone to brood.
Oft as we hear a hidden brook
Murmuring in a shady nook
Of the unseen soul of things,
Yonder spire, that fills the sky,
Speaks of homes that round it lie—
Calm, domestic visitings.

These waters, like the voice of God,
Tell of loneliest abode
O'erhanging, as a mountain bell,
The bosom of a leafy dell ;
And they have paused by peopled steep,
Listening to as sweet a tale
As ever charmed yon radiant sail.—
A traveller of the deep.

Haply a solitary bleat
May solemnize my lone retreat,
And trooping lambs be idly seen
On visionary hill-side green ;
Or melancholy, dream-like note
From yonder church-tower, where the ray
Is lingering o'er the grave of day,
Across the mellowing waves may float.

The dial, with its blossom pale—
A moral of the touching tale—
To me a holy thing appears,
Commissioned with the voice of years ;
And crumbling 'neath me lie
The ivy-mantled abbey-towers,
Haunted by laughing bands of flowers,
Like smiles of Memory.

So, pausing on a sun-lit hill,
When passion's winds and waves are still,
The heaven-befriended traveller sees
Beneath him ruined palaces,
Tinged with a mournful ray—
Dim emblems of a lost regret,
Catching the gleams of fancy yet
Through glimmerings of the way.

Should shadows of too dark a grief
Sadden around the ivy leaf,—
If too desponding moans the wood
By Rothe's ancient solitude,
Then, falcon-like, will rise
To yonder aged rock, my soul,
And hear the gladdening waters roll
Their breeze-like melodies !

THE WASTE OF LIFE.

From the Literary Gazette.

WHAT are lives, the countless units that make up
the human race,
Unto him who looks o'er kingdoms from domin-
ion's haughty place,
In whose view the breath of being is but fuel still
supplied
To the fierce and greedy furnace of the nation's
power and pride ?

See the soldiers, file and squadron, dogged sailing
to the strand
Where unsated Death, awaiting, marks his vic-
tims as they land ;
Year by year the cry of thousands well might
startle them who prate,
In some council-chamber sitting, of the glories of
the state.

See the pallor of the factory—hear the rattle in
its hall,
Where the hot air faintly flutters with the en-
gine's rise and fall ;
And the "few of days" and weary tend the never
weary loom,
By the great, who time their labor, sent untimely
to the tomb.

Look again—your eye shall traverse quite as
dense a crowd as this,
In the camp or in the factory not a straggler you
shall miss ;
So the number be unlesser'd, so the work go on
as swift,
There are few to pause and reckon where the
dead and dying drift.

In the crush of savage millions for the scanty loaf
of bread,
Many sickly ones and helpless under foot their
fellows tread,
But the wheels of state go briskly, flashing splen-
dor as they run,
And the gap is fill'd at morning that was left by
yester sun.

Oh, this age of dead machinery ! but are living
men machines,
That, ye statesmen, ye should waste them as
your power's insensate means ?
Are man's limbs but cranks and pulleys ? is his
soul but vapor-breath ?
Is there not a present madness ? is there not an
after-death ?

Hath he not a fleshy bosom keen as yours can be
to pain ?
Hath he not a mind as noble as your restless,
plotting brain ?
Ye forget th' immortal spirits in the masses cast
away,
Yet not one shall be forgotten at the dreadful
judgment-day !

E. A. H. O.

THE MESMERIST.

BY MRS. ABDY.

From the Metropolitan.

HE stands before a gathered throng, strange know-
ledge to unfold,
Charming the dazzled fancy like the fairy-tales
of old;
Yet must he brook the idle jest, the cold and
doubting sneer,
He hath no beaten path to tread, no practised
course to steer.

The wondrous science that he strives to bring to
life and light,
Is softly, faintly, breaking from the misty shades
of night,
And scoffing Prejudice upbraids the pure and ge-
nial ray,
Because it doth not burst at once to bright and
beaming day.

He tells the healing benefits that through this
power arise,
How sweet and soothing sleep may seal the
weary mourner's eyes,
How raging madness may be check'd, how suf-
ferers may obtain
The boon of deep oblivion through the keenest
throbs of pain.

Anon he dwells on loftier themes, and shows how
Mind may claim
An empire independent of the still and slumber-
ing frame;
Can ye doubt the proofs, ye careless throng, sub-
mitted to your view?
Can ye hold them in derision, because yet untried
and new?

Know that improvements, ever wend a tardy
course on earth,
And though Wisdom's mighty goddess gained
perfection at her birth,
Her children reach by slow degrees the vigor of
their prime,
For the wisdom of this lower world requires the
growth of time.

None wish ye on the statements of a single voice
to rest,
The marvels ye have witnessed ye are urged to
prove and test;
Survey them in their varied forms,—inquire—ob-
serve—inspect—
Watch—meditate—compare—delay—do all
things but neglect!

If ye bear in mind the lessons that to-day ye
have been taught,
Ye need not lack materials for intense and stirring
thought,
And my simple lay can little aid an orator's dis-
course,
So gifted with the energy of intellectual force.

But I ask ye, if your cherished ones sharp an-
guish should endure,
Which the stated arts of medicine had in vain
essay'd to cure,

Would it not grieve you to reflect ye *might* those
pangs allay,
But that jestingly and mockingly ye cast the
means away?

Mistake me not—I prize not aught, however great
or wise,
If held not in subjection to the God who rules the
skies;
To me all knowledge would be poor, all splendor
would be dim,
All boons unsafe, all joys untrue, unless derived
from Him.

And if eagerly this wondrous power I witness
and approve,
It is because I know no bounds to Heaven's
amazing love,
And I cannot by the pedant rules of critic caution
scan
The depth of those exhaustless gifts His mercy
pours on man.

SONNET,

PENCILLED ON THE MARGINS OF A METAPHYSICAL
TREATISE.

From the Metropolitan.

EYE cannot paint itself;* thought may not scan
Its springs, nor trace the trembling cords that
knit
The sleepless life-works to the ruling wit—
How, then, the Thought of thought, that knew to
plan
That maze of Godlike mechanism, man!—
The Mind, embodied in Creation,—writ
On nature's brow, inspir'd frame most fit
To fold Omniscience in its boundless span!
Nay—through the tender grass-plumes as they
grow
Whence course the veins?—What fibry bones
pervade
The frail anatomy? On the seed we sow
What builds the slender oaten shaft,—the blade
Of sunniest gold?—What—what does know-
ledge know?—
Is human wisdom wise?—ah yes! in answer-
ing "NO!"

Waked by the lowly echo, from the height
Of Love's o'erwatching realms, descending, see
New-born of thought, serene Humility
Conduct the deep-eyed faith, whose steps are
Light.
Divine Interpreter! who read'st aright
Earth's prophet-page where blooms "Eternity,"
All greenly grav'n. Bright Creation's key,
That op'st the starry volume of the night,
And thread'st the heart's intricacies, till—lo!—
Seen by that torch, the stranger, Self, is
known!
Through her the rustic reaps. Her lessons show
To use th' Intelligence, that cast our own,
And shapes the need;—thence—thence to seek,
and know
Wisdom, the sought on high is wisdom found
below! "p."

* The illustration is Locke's.



SCIENCE AND ART.

NORTHERN ANTIQUARIES.—An obliging correspondent has forwarded to us a report of the proceedings of the Society of Northern Antiquaries, which met at Copenhagen on the 27th ult. under the presidency of the Crown Prince. The most important publication of the Society during the past year, is an edition of the ancient Sagas of Iceland, embracing the annals of that island and its inhabitants from the ninth to the fourteenth century. The first volume contains two works by Iceland's earliest historian, Are, surnamed Frode or the Learned (*b.* 1068, *d.* 1148). In the latter are related the earliest voyages of discovery from Denmark, the Faroe Islands, and Norway, with the emigration to Iceland caused by the conquests of Harold Haarfager. To the *Historical Monuments of Greenland*, two supplements have been added by Dr. Pingel, who having resided and travelled for some time in that country, undertook to draw up a general account of the most important expeditions which have been made in modern times from Denmark and Norway, to explore the various localities which have been brought to light by the exertions of the Society. A new edition of Rafn's *Memoir on the Discovery of America*, being a supplement to his great work, the *Antiquitates Americanae*, was laid before the meeting, together with communications from the American Section, confirmatory of the learned author's views and deductions. The *Memoires*, 1840-1843, contain a disquisition on the connexion between Sanscrit and Icelandic; a memoir of Einar Sokkason, the Greenlandic, translated from the Icelandic; an account of human remains and remarkable antiquities found at Fall River, Massachusetts, &c. Remarks on two Icelandic chairs with ornamental carving and Runic inscriptions; and a description of the frontiers between Norway, Sweden, and Russia, in the Middle Ages, taken from an ancient vellum MS. It was stated that H. R. H. the President had caused several barrows on the Fockr island to be opened and examined during the preceding summer. In one of these was found an urn, surrounded and overlaid with

iron articles. The urn was filled with burnt bones, upon which lay an iron buckle bent together after having been exposed to fire, and which had probably belonged to a shield or head ornament; four fragments of a remarkable iron sword thirty inches in length, lay also above the urn; this had evidently been submitted to the action of fire, and then broken or bent together, as if to prevent the weapon being again used. It was generally supposed that the similar fragments of swords in the museum had become broken and injured by the effect of rust and time, but it would now appear that they were intentionally placed in that condition at the time of being deposited in the earth.—*Athenæum*.

COMBUSTION OF COAL.—The practical recommendations are, that the supply of air should be as free as possible; the entrance into the ashpit should not be less than one-fourth part of the area of the fire grate; the depth of the ashpit should be about two feet and a half, no advantage being found to result from its being deeper: the space between the fire bars should be 7-16th inch, but that depth should be regulated by the kind of coal used; for any kind of coal it should not be less than 3-8th inch, nor more than half inch; the fire bars were recommended to be made as thin as was consistent with their required strength; half inch in width had been found to be a good proportion. The space in the furnace above the fire bars was recommended to be made large, about three cubic feet to each superficial foot of fire grate, when such an amount could be obtained. The proper area of the flue was next considered with reference to the bulk of the products of combustion and their velocity, showing that the area requisite for the quantity chemically required was found to be much too small, and that in practice it should not be less than two square inches for the products of combustion from each pound of coal consumed in the grate per hour. Taking a furnace in which thirteen pounds of coals were burned on each square foot

of fire grate per hour (which was stated to be a usual rate of combustion in steam boilers), the area of the flue to every superficial foot of the grate would be twenty-six square inches. The area of the chimney was recommended to be three-fourths of that of the flue. The mode of conducting the flue to the chimney, and the angles formed in its passage, were also considered. The time occupied by the gases in passing through the flues of a boiler, from the instant of their generation to that of their reaching the chimney, was shown not to be of importance, provided that the incandescent gases were to be subdivided, that all the particles were brought into contact with the boiler, and were made to part with their caloric, as was the object in the construction of locomotive and other tubular boilers. The amount of heating surface recommended was in the proportion of eighteen square feet to each foot of fire grate where the combustion was carried on at the rate of 13 lb. per square foot per hour, though a larger amount might be employed in land boilers, where there was no objection against cooling down the products of combustion in a greater degree. The principles were stated to be applicable to all kinds of boilers, used either for land or for marine purposes.—*Ibid.*

ANTIQUITIES.—"To the north of Texas," says a traveller, "in the country situated between Santa Fé and the Pacific Ocean, are found immense ruins of buildings—temples or houses—especially in the neighborhood of the Rio-Puerco, and on the Colorado, in the west. On one of the branches of the Rio Puerco, at a short distance from Santa Fé, there are ruins belonging apparently to an ancient temple, remarkable for its extent. Portions of the walls are still standing. They are composed of enormous hewn stones, cemented together. The temple must have occupied about an acre of ground, and had three stories. The roof is gone, but several chambers, all square in form, are still in a state of preservation. From the shores of the Colorado to the Gulf of California, a country little frequented by Europeans, the traveller meets with imposing ruins at every step."—*Ibid.*

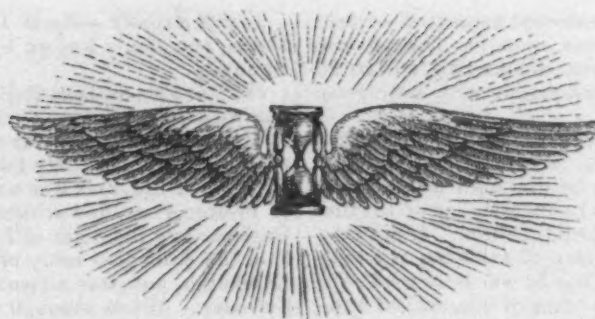
THE TAGUA NUT, OR VEGETABLE IVORY.—This article, which is coming into pretty general use for ornamental purposes, is the produce of the palm found on the banks of the Magdalena, in the republic of Colombia, South America. The Colombians call it Tagua, or Cabeza de Negro (Negro's head,) in allusion, we presume, to the figure of the nut; and the term *vegetable ivory* is given to it by Europeans, from the close resemblance it bears, when polished, to the animal ivory of the elephant's tooth. Almost all we know about it is contained in the following memorandum by the Spanish botanists Ruiz and Pavon, who give it the generic name of *phytelephas* or elephant plant, distinguishing two species, the *macrocarpa*, or large fruited, and the *microcarpa* or small fruited. "The Indians cover their cottages with the leaves of this most beautiful palm. The fruit at first contains a clear insipid fluid, by which travellers allay their thirst; afterwards the same liquid becomes milky and sweet, and changes its taste by degrees as it acquires solidity, till at last it is almost as hard as ivory. The

liquor contained in the young fruits becomes acid if they are cut from the tree and kept for some time. From the kernel the Indians fashion the knobs of walking-sticks, the reels of spindles, and little toys, which are whiter than ivory, and as hard, if they are not put under water; and if they are, they become white and hard again when dried. Bears devour the young fruit with avidity." According to the Gardeners' Chronicle, from which we derive the substance of our information, the part of the kernel which is similar to ivory is of the same nature as the meat of the cocoa-nut; this kernel becoming very hard in several palm-trees, such as the date, but not of sufficient size to be of value to the turner. The noum, or forking-palm of Thebes, the fruits of which are called ginger-bread nuts at Alexandria, has a similar albumen, which is turned into beads for rosaries; and that of the double cocoa-nut, or coco-de-mer, is also susceptible of a fine polish.—*Chambers's Journal.*

ARCHÆOLOGICAL DISCOVERIES.—M. Le Bas, a Member of the Academy, lately arrived at Athens from Caria, where he is said to have made important archæological discoveries. He was about to depart for Phocis; and intended to follow up the discoveries amid the ruins of Delphi, fatally interrupted by the melancholy accident to Ottfried Muller. M. Le Bas has caused to be modelled, at Athens (see *ante*, p. 527), for the School of the Fine Arts in Paris, all its finest remains of sculpture; and hoped ere his term expired, to supply that institution with the complete order of the four finest temples of antiquity.—*Athenæum.*

STATISTICS OF THE PARIS EXPOSITION.—The *Presse* estimates at 2,500,000*f.* the expenses of the manufacturers in depositing their specimens at the Exposition. On the other hand, the amount of business transacted there is estimated at 100,000,000*f.* which at an average profit of ten per cent. would give an amount of 10,000,000*f.* to 3,900 persons who have sent specimens there. Supposing that the 300,000 strangers who have visited the capital expend 15*f.* a day, that would produce a sum of 90,000,000*f.* which, added to 100,000,000 of purchases, would produce a circulation of capital to the amount of 200,000,000*f.* in two months. This demonstrates the advantage which these expositions procure for the city of Paris every five years.—*Times.*

EARL OF DURHAM.—A monument to the late Earl is proposed for erection on Pensher-hill, near the base of which runs the great Northern line of railway. "The design," says the *Durham Advertiser*, "is an approximation to the Temple of Theseus, and is to consist of a rectangular base of solid masonry 97 feet long, and 54 in width, rising 10 feet above the platform of the hill, and surmounted by 18 lofty, open, equidistant columns, supporting at each end a magnificent pediment, and on each side a broad, deep entablature, which will serve as a promenade. The edifice will be at least 70 feet in height, and will be visible from a great portion of the surrounding country. The trench for the foundation has been dug down to the limestone rock, and in a short time the foundation stone may be expected to be laid."—*Athenæum.*



OBITUARY.

DEATH OF DR. HOPE, LATE PROFESSOR OF CHEMISTRY.—We regret to announce the death of this learned gentleman, who for nearly half a century has filled the chair of Chemistry in Edinburgh University, which event occurred at his house in Moray-place, at about a quarter past one o'clock in the morning of Thursday last. The doctor's health has been failing considerably during the last few months, and on Friday, the 7th inst., we understand he was struck by paralysis, from the severity of which he never rallied. He had very nearly completed the 77th year of his age. At the close of the winter session before last he felt himself compelled, by increasing years to resign the professorship which he had so long and so ably filled.—*Scottish Record.*

MR. THOMAS CAMPBELL.—This distinguished man—the most classical of our recent poets—died at Boulogne on Saturday last. Time was, when such an announcement would not have been made without its prelude of lamentation; but as years advance, we feel that such bereavements have a solemnity too deep for the oft-repeated language of regret.

Mr. Campbell, the tenth and youngest child of his parents, was born at Glasgow on the 27th of July, 1777. His father was a retired merchant; as the name imports, of old Highland family; and, according to testimony, an intelligent and cultivated man. The son of his age (for Thomas was born when he was sixty-seven) seems to have been early "laid out" for honors. An excellent education was given to him at the college of Glasgow, but the poet, like the rest of the fraternity, was but an idle schoolboy. His superiority, however, flashed out once or twice. He carried off a bursary when only thirteen, from a competitor twice his age; and won a prize for a translation of 'The Clouds' of Aristophanes, which was pronounced as unique among college exercises. When still a young man, Mr. Campbell removed to Edinburgh, and there made himself honorably known among the choice spirits of the place: devoting himself to private tuition. He published 'The Pleasures of Hope' in 1799, that is, in the twenty-second year of his age. So familiar has every line of that work become, that to dwell on it were absurd, to value it aright has now become difficult. Some aid to the adjustment of its place, however may be given, by comparing it, not only with the didactic and descriptive poems which had preceded it (Cowper's not forgotten), but also with the usual quality of attempts issued by youths at the years of discretion.

Now-a-days a reputation is claimed on the score of fragments and fugitive verses.

'The Pleasures of Hope' was profitable to its author in more ways than one: since its success enabled Mr. Campbell to take the German tour, the earlier and later fruits of which were the noblest lyrics of modern time, 'Hohenlinden,'—'Ye Mariners of England,' written at Hamburg with a Danish war in prospect,—'The Exile of Erin,' a gentler breathing of the affections, but also referable to the poet's casual encounter with some of the banished Irish rebels,—may be all dated from this tour. How they ran from lip to lip, and from heart to heart, wherever the British tongue was spoken, is now "a dream of the days of other years." They live, and will live, so long as wood grows and water runs,—sacred as a cherished part of our thoughts, our language, and ourselves!

Returning from the continent, Mr. Campbell again sojourned for a while in Edinburgh, and there wrote other of his celebrated ballads and poems. In 1803, he was drawn southward by the attractions of London. He married his cousin, Miss Matilda Sinclair, in the autumn of the same year; and at once commenced a course of literary activity of which few traces remain. A history of England (probably a continuation of Hume and Smollett's work) is mentioned by himself in a memorandum, to which we have had access. His conversational powers drew round him many friends: and to these probably, as much as to the liberal principles which he unflinchingly maintained from first to last, may be ascribed the interest taken in him by Charles Fox, who placed him on the pension list. After six years of anxiety, drudgery for the press, &c., and the other trials which await the working author, yet destroy no energy capable of better things, Mr. Campbell gave a proof that his poetry was not merely an affair of youthful enthusiasm, or of

—retired leisure,

That in trim gardens takes his pleasure,

by publishing 'Gertrude,' and 'Lord Ullin's Daughter,' and 'The Battle of the Baltic'—adding to a subsequent edition that most haunting, perhaps, of all his ballads, 'O'Connor's Child.' He was now in the zenith of his popularity: known as one who could discourse upon—as well as write poetry. In this capacity, he was engaged to deliver a course of lectures, at the Royal Institution: the success of these led Mr. Murray to engage him in the well-known 'Critical Essays and Specimens,' which established him on our library shelves as a prose-writer, and is

the best of his unrhymed—not unpoetical—works. Subsequent publications may be charged with carelessness in collection of materials, and an uncertainty of style, incompatible with lasting reputation.

In the year 1820, Mr. Campbell entered upon the editorship of *The New Monthly Magazine*, which was conducted by him with a spirit and a resource worthy of his reputation, and of the then palmy estate of periodical literature. If not practical and patient as a man of business, as an editor he was brilliant. But he was busy with other things, during the ten years of his critical rule; he published his 'Theodric'—the feeblest of his long poems—he interested himself eagerly in the foundation of the London University—he took an active part in the cause of Greece (as subsequently in that of Poland)—he was also elected twice Lord Rector to the University of Glasgow. In 1830—in which year he had to suffer the loss of his wife—Mr. Campbell resigned the editorship of the magazine, and from that time to his decease, the decline of health and energy became evident, in sad and steady progress. He established, it is true, *The Metropolitan Magazine*; he successively published the 'The Life of Mrs. Siddons,' the 'Letters from the South,' 'The Life of Petrarch,' and lent his name editorially to a reprint and a compilation or two—but the oil was seen to burn lower and lower in the lamp, year by year, and the social wit waxed faint, or moved perplexedly among old recollections, where it had formerly struck out bright creations. It was a sorrowful thing to see him gliding about like a shadow—to hear that his health compelled him to retreat more and more from the world he had once so adorned. At last he was missed from his accustomed places. It is melancholy, that he should have had to retreat abroad, in the decline of his days, to recruit shattered bodily powers and faded spirits. The end was not long in coming: but his name and fame will not be forgotten "to the third and fourth generation."

Application has been made by Mr. Campbell's executors to the Dean and Chapter of Westminster, for the purpose of ascertaining whether permission would be granted, on application, for the interment of his remains in the Poet's Corner of the Abbey. The answer, of course, was in the affirmative.—*Athenæum*.

MADAME THIERRY.—The Paris papers lament a touching calamity, which has befallen the historian M. Augustin Thierry, in the death of his wife, who has a double literary interest, as a clever writer herself, and the amanuensis of her distinguished husband, in his blindness. Madame Thierry, the daughter of the Admiral de Quérangal, smitten with admiration for the works of the historian, had formed an ardent wish to soothe the sufferings of his life, and lighten his darkness with the perpetual presence of a friend, and having become his wife, thirteen years have passed away in a devotedness, the details of which it is affecting to read, and her loss to this frail and sightless man it is painful to think of. To the outer world of literature Madame Thierry was known by her romance of *Adélaïde* and her *Scènes de Maurs aux dix-huitième et dix-neuvième Siècles*. She was attended to her grave by the most eminent literary men in the capital, with the veteran Chateaubriand at their head.—*Ibid*.

JAMES STUART.—April 11. Aged 116, James Stuart, commonly known by the name of Jemmy Strength.

He was born on Dec. 25, 1728, at Charleston, in South Carolina, United States. His father General John Stuart was a near relative of the Pretender Prince Charles. He left America when seven years of age, and was a spectator at the battle of Preston Pans, and witnessed the death of Col. Gardiner and the flight of Johnny Cope. He beheld the triumphal entry of Prince Charles into Edinburgh, and was a spectator at the battle of Culloden. When about 20 years of age he enlisted in the 42nd Highlanders, in which regiment he remained about seven years. He was an ensign in General Wolfe's army, and fought at the battle of Quebec; after that war he sold his commission, but very soon after he again entered the army, and served during the American war, and was at the battle of Bunker's Hill. After this he entered the Navy, and served under Rodney. He was also for several years a sailor on board of merchant vessels. About sixty years ago he settled in Berwick-upon-Tweed, or rather in Tweed-mouth, and during that period he has travelled the borders as a wandering minstrel, scraping upon a wretched violin. He has had five wives and 27 children. Ten of his sons were killed in battle—five in the East Indies, two at Trafalgar, one at Waterloo, and two at Algiers. He was short in stature, but of remarkable strength; he is said upon one occasion, about 30 years ago, to have gone beneath a cart loaded with hay, and carried it on his back for several yards. A fund was raised some time since which enabled the old man to spend the evening of his long and eventful life in comparative ease and comfort. He said a few weeks ago that he "had na been sae weel aff this hunder year."

His death was caused by an injury which he received from a fall on Thursday April 4. The remains of this extraordinary man were, on Sunday, April 14, consigned to the tomb in Tweed-mouth churchyard.—*Gentleman's Magazine*.

CAPT. R. FAIR, R. N.—*Lately*.—At [the Cape of Good Hope, Robert Fair, Esq. Captain R.N. and K. H. commanding the Conway 26.

He was a native of the county Cork. His services were distinguished and eminently meritorious. In 1804, when master of the Beaver sloop, with her boats and those of the Scorpion he assisted in cutting out the Dutch brig Atlanta, of 16 guns; and while holding the same rank in the Amethyst, he was officially praised for his gallantry at the captures of the French frigates Thetis, in 1808, and the Niemen, in 1809. Subsequently, when lieutenant, he commanded a gunboat in the Walcheren expedition, and afterwards, in command of the Locust gun-brig in 1811, he drove ashore near Calais and caused the destruction of a French brig of war. He was also at the blockade and siege of Dantzic in 1812. The Locust was paid off in July, 1814, and Lieutenant Fair appointed to the Tay 24, on the 5th Sept. following. He subsequently commanded the Griper revenue cruiser, received a handsome sword from Lloyd's for his humane and meritorious conduct on some particular occasion, and was promoted to the rank of Commander from the Royal Sovereign yacht, Sept. 6th, 1823.—*Ibid*.

BIBLIOGRAPHICAL NOTICES.

Biographical Dictionary.—Longman & Co.

Just when we supposed that the Society for the Diffusion of Useful Knowledge had committed suicide, or was in so melancholy a condition that it might be expected to do so, it announced its intention of publishing a complete Biographical Dictionary; and seven half-volumes of this great undertaking have already issued from the press. The desirableness of such a work, if written in the spirit of liberality, and carried on with uniformity, cannot be doubted, and at the present time, abundance of material exists for rendering it much more complete than any hitherto published. There are, however, many drawbacks on the probable success of such a work; and amongst the most prominent is the want of a definite plan on which the whole may be executed, so as to insure the same amount of labor, not only to each article of like importance, but to each successive volume as it issues from the press; and this arises from the uncertainty connected with the sale of the work, as well as from the multitude of laborers required. In order to secure this necessary uniformity, a society which has no pecuniary profit as its end is more likely to succeed than a private publisher: at the same time the love of diffusing knowledge is a less energetic motive than the love of profits; and undertakings based on the former are more likely to fail than the latter. We hope, however, as the Society has had energy enough to commence this Dictionary, that it will be able to complete it.

A great difficulty, and which will require vigilance in the superintendence of a work of this kind, is to secure impartiality. Unfortunately, this desirable end cannot always be accomplished. The writers of lives of others too frequently look at them through the medium of some prejudice, and instead of being supplied with materials for forming the estimate of the man, we have the distorted picture of him which his biographer has been pleased to draw. At the same time, the brevity required in a dictionary must always tend to keep down a one-sided development of character, and confine the writer to a statement of important facts. We have carefully examined the articles which have at present appeared in these volumes, and have no reason to complain of any want of uniformity. There seems to have been, on the whole, a judicious apportioning of space, according to the importance of the individual. In many of the longer articles the tendencies of the writers are evident, and these are sometimes expressed so strongly as to warrant the supposition that they may not have been altogether impartial. The names of the writers, however, being appended to each article, make them responsible. With regard to the style, execution, and completeness of the articles, they are, on the whole, superior to those of any biographical dictionary with which we are acquainted. The only one with which, for completeness, it can be compared, is the French '*Biographie Universelle*,' but in this respect it has very greatly the advantage. In fact, we have often been surprised, in looking into the '*Biographie Universelle*,' when we recollected the names of its editors and authors, to find how very generally its articles were erroneous and imperfect. The Supplement to this work is not yet completed,

and we do not wonder that its publication should have ceased, when we see the prolixity, inaccuracy, and frivolousness of many of its later articles. These are faults, however, to which much of French biography is, to a greater or less extent, exposed. In the English language we have no dictionaries or cyclopedias that can pretend to completeness in the department of biography, nor have the laborious Germans even attempted, as far as we are aware, a work exclusively devoted to a complete biography. So that the present work must not only be regarded as a labor for Great Britain, but a labor for Europe.

The work is, we find, intrusted to the editorship of Professor Long, under whose superintendence the Penny Cyclopaedia was successfully brought to a close. If one individual was more competent to this work than another, it was Mr. Long. At the same time, it is a question whether it would not have been advantageous to have had more than one editor, as it is impossible that one individual should give an effective supervision over every department of literature, science, and art, which such a work must necessarily embrace. On looking over the list of contributors, we are glad to observe that there is no parade of great names. Great men have something else to do, besides writing articles for dictionaries, and do not always form the most unbiassed opinions of others, more especially of those who may have been contemporaries and antagonists.

The volumes at present published carry the work to the end of letter A. We shall not attempt here to analyze or criticise any of the articles; some of them may afterwards form subjects for a notice in our pages. As far as the work has at present gone, there is a preponderance of classical articles, which arises from the great number of Greek names in A. Many of these are valuable contributions to our literature, especially those by the editor, Dr. Schmitz, Dr. Platé, and the one on Aristotle, by Professor Becker. In all the articles there are two points in which they are more accurate than any previous work of the kind, and these are the titles, dates, and places of the publication of books, and their editions, and the sources from whence the materials have been derived for the biography.

It must be admitted, that the Society has entered on a great work, one that is wanted, and that will do them great credit if they go on as they have begun; but still it will be asked with anxiety, Will this gigantic work—the first seven half-volumes of which have been devoted to the letter A—be completed? We hope that the Society has well considered this question, and that it has not rashly commenced a work which it is not prepared to carry through.—*Athenæum*.

Historic Fancies. By the Hon. George Sydney Smythe, M. P. Colburn.

This book lies quite out of the beaten track. The spirit by which it is inspired is fresh—its style is new—its matter, and its mode of treatment, are equally curious and uncommon.

It consists of about fifty different articles in prose and verse upon a great variety of subjects, some historical, some personal, some literary, some controversial, but all bearing, as a whole, upon that general creed in religion and politics which was recently expounded in a more direct

and declaratory shape by Mr. D'Israeli in the novel of "Coningsby."

The nature of a volume filled with such variegated essays must necessarily be desultory. But the prevalence of the same spirit throughout gives it, nevertheless, a distinctive and individual character. This is the leading peculiarity of "Historic Fancies"—a peculiarity which is worth notice, since it is not unlikely to become the exclusive mark of all the works of Young England.

The aristocracy of France in the contrasted periods of their power and their decline—the difference between the two great creeds, Reason and Faith, Private Judgment and Church Unity, (with a large balance in favor of the latter)—the sacredness of the Sovereignty—the loyalist principle of the Vendée—the death of Mary Stuart, and the banishment of James II., both full of a sweet and earnest and highly poetical sympathy—Versailles and the Tuileries, with their Royal memories—and the heroes, or, as it may be, demons of the first French revolution—form the leading topics of the book. From this enumeration, a tolerably accurate notion may be formed of the general tendencies of the work; but it is only by a perusal of the whole that a proper estimate can be made of the fantastic but refined genius of the writer.

It will be seen that France occupies a large share of the author's attention. He has a special reason for this. By seizing upon the events and the men of French history—all of which are, in their way, representatives of elementary principles—he avoids the risk of offending living surrounding prejudices, or of challenging invidious discussions over his favorite topics. He has the field open and clear before him—a ground on which great questions may be quietly argued without invoking the animosities of party, or disturbing the ashes of domestic feuds. Besides, France has been the theatre of almost every form of struggle needful for the contemplation of the philosophic politician. "It is here," says Mr. Smythe, "that we have seen the most perfect theory of Absolutism. It is here that we have looked upon the most perfect theory of a Republic. It is here that the Great Compromise between the two will be most broadly tried, most severely tested, most earnestly discussed."

But we must turn from the grave interests of this volume to its pleasanter aspects, its pictures of life and beauty, its graceful prose sketches, and its musical lyrics. The verse suits us best. It is better adapted to the uses of this sheet, which acknowledges no great admiration for politics of any kind, even when they have that wizard air and system-disturbing energy with which the poet statesmen of Young England contrive to endow their picturesque treatises. We think Mr. Smythe's prose very good, and very original. It is thoughtful and earnest, and teems with proofs of high intellectual intelligence and sincerity of purpose. But we like his poetry better. It is occasionally as grand and gorgeous as a piece of rich tapestry; and the flow of the melody everywhere satisfies the ear, like a flood of old cathedral music.—*Court Journal*.

The Despatches and Letters of Admiral Lord Viscount Nelson. Edited by Sir Harris Nicholas, G. C. M. G.

It is intended to insert all Letters of LORD NEL-

son's of any interest, and no effort will be left untied to obtain such Despatches and Letters as have not yet been printed. For assistance in this essential object the Editor confidently appeals to individuals who may possess originals or copies of Nelson's Letters, his Public Orders, and Professional Memoranda. He earnestly invites them to favor him with the loan of such papers, or to send him correct transcripts of them; and the contributions will be thankfully acknowledged in the printed work. He begs leave to address this request more particularly to distinguished living Officers, the friends and companions in arms of Nelson, as well as to the families of those who are no more, believing that no one who loves or reveres his memory will refuse his co-operation.—*United Service Magazine*.

The Public and Private Life of Lord Chancellor Eldon; with selections from his Correspondence. By Horace Twiss, Esq., one of Her Majesty's Counsel. 3 vols. 8vo. J. Murray.

Although published only one week, many hundred copies of this work (nearly the whole of a large edition, we believe) are already in the hands of readers, who are devouring its pages, wherever we have heard them mentioned, with very high gratification.

Lord Eldon has, we think, been fortunate in his choice of a biographer to put together and cement the history of his illustrious grandsire. Much information, judgment, and skill were requisite for the proper performance of the task. A man conversant with the world, and especially with those classes of society among which the lord chancellor lived, was needed to select its lighter and anecdotal features. A man of legal attainments was required to superintend all that related to the lawyer and administration of the laws. A man of much political intelligence, who had sat in parliament and held office, was peculiarly pointed out as the fittest person to estimate the acts of the statesman, show the bearings of his policy, and discuss his relations with the distinguished individuals, his associates or his adversaries, in the important conflicts of half a century of clashing opinions and most momentous events. Add to these, a general attachment to literature from the earliest youth; and you have in Mr. Twiss all the qualifications which have done justice to his theme, and made this book, at the same time, one of the most agreeable for its mere entertainment, and instructive for its historical statements, which has issued from the press during the many years we have had cognizance of its doings.—*Literary Gazette*.

Frederick the Great, his Court and Times. Edited, with an Introduction, by Thomas Campbell, Esq., Author of the Pleasures of Hope, &c. 2 Vols.

We hail with much satisfaction this revised and condensed edition of one of the most entertaining and instructive works for the library of every soldier. There is not a page throughout the two compact volumes which will not bear many times reading.—*United Service Magazine*.

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